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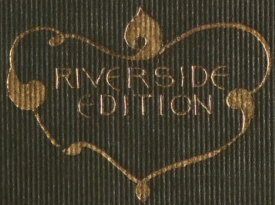

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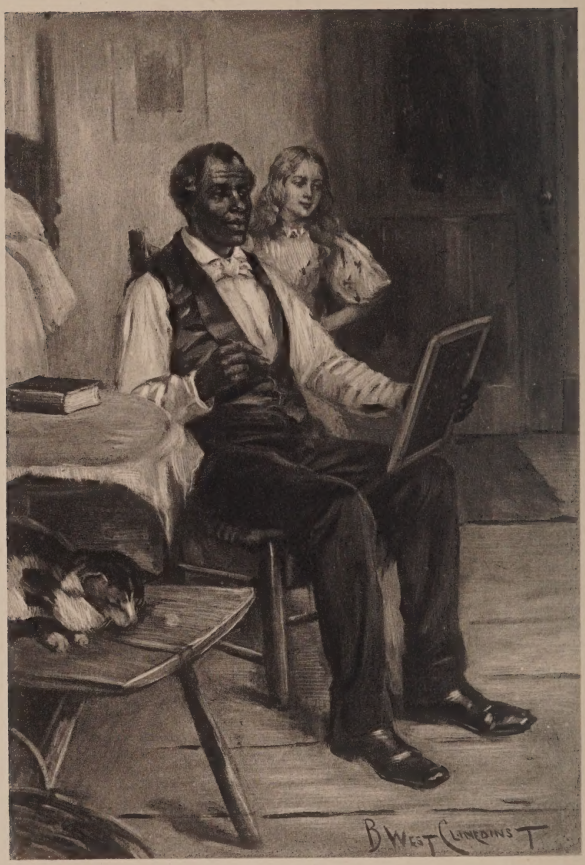
THE WRITINGS OF

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

IN SIXTEEN VOLUMES

VOLUME II


B. West Clinedinst

The Writings of Harriet Beecher Stowe

Riverside Edition

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN

Or, Life Among the Lowly

BY

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION SETTING FORTH THE HISTORY OF THE NOVEL

AND

A KEY TO UNCLE TOM'S CABIN

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOLUME II

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
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UNCLE TOM'S CABIN

OR

LIFE AMONG THE LOWLY

CHAPTER XXII

"THE GRASS WITHERETH — THE FLOWER FADETH"

LIFE passes with us all a day at a time; so it passed with our friend Tom, till two years were gone. Though parted from all his soul held dear, and though often yearning for what lay beyond, still was he never positively and consciously miserable; for, so well is the harp of human feeling strung, that nothing but a crash that breaks every string can wholly mar its harmony; and, on looking back to seasons which in review appear to us as those of deprivation and trial, we can remember that each hour as it glided brought its diversions and alleviations, so that, though not happy wholly, we were not, either, wholly miserable.

Tom read, in his only literary cabinet, of one who had "learned in whatsoever state he was, therewith to be content." It seemed to him good and reasonable doctrine, and accorded well with the settled and thoughtful habit which he had acquired from the reading of that same book.

His letter homeward, as we related in the last chapter, was in due time answered by Master George, in a good, round, school-boy hand, that Tom said might be read "most acrost the room." It contained various refreshing items of

home intelligence, with which our reader is fully acquainted; stated how Aunt Chloe had been hired out to a confectioner in Louisville, where her skill in the pastry line was gaining wonderful sums of money, all of which, Tom was informed, was to be laid up to go to make up the sum of his redemption money; Mose and Pete were thriving, and the baby was trotting all about the house, under the care of Sally and the family generally.

Tom's cabin was shut up for the present; but George expatiated brilliantly on ornaments and additions to be made to it when Tom came back.

The rest of this letter gave a list of George's school studies, each one headed by a flourishing capital; and also told the names of four new colts that appeared on the premises since Tom left; and stated, in the same connection, that father and mother were well. The style of the letter was decidedly concise and terse; but Tom thought it the most wonderful specimen of composition that had appeared in modern times. He was never tired of looking at it, and even held a council with Eva on the expediency of getting it framed, to hang up in his room. Nothing but the difficulty of arranging it so that both sides of the page would show at once stood in the way of this undertaking.

The friendship between Tom and Eva had grown with the child's growth. It would be hard to say what place she held in the soft, impressible heart of her faithful attendant. He loved her as something frail and earthly, yet almost worshiped her as something heavenly and divine. He gazed on her as the Italian sailor gazes on his image of the child Jesus, — with a mixture of reverence and tenderness; and to humor her graceful fancies, and meet those thousand simple wants which invest childhood like a many-colored rainbow, was Tom's chief delight. In the market, at morning, his eyes were always on the flower-stalls for rare bouquets for her, and the choicest peach or orange was

slipped into his pocket to give to her when he came back; and the sight that pleased him most was her sunny head looking out the gate for his distant approach, and her childish question, — "Well, Uncle Tom, what have you got for me to-day?"

Nor was Eva less zealous in kind offices in return. Though a child, she was a beautiful reader; — a fine musical ear, a quick poetic fancy, and an instinctive sympathy with what is grand and noble, made her such a reader of the Bible as Tom had never before heard. At first, she read to please her humble friend; but soon her own earnest nature threw out its tendrils, and wound itself around the majestic book; and Eva loved it, because it woke in her strange yearnings, and strong, dim emotions, such as impassioned, imaginative children love to feel.

The parts that pleased her most were the Revelation and the Prophecies, — parts whose dim and wondrous imagery and fervent language impressed her the more that she questioned vainly of their meaning; and she and her simple friend, the old child and the young one, felt just alike about it. All that they knew was, that they spoke of a glory to be revealed, — a wondrous something yet to come, wherein their soul rejoiced, yet knew not why; and though it be not so in the physical, yet in moral science that which cannot be understood is not always profitless. For the soul awakes, a trembling stranger, between two dim eternities, — the eternal past, the eternal future. The light shines only on a small space around her; therefore, she needs must yearn towards the unknown; and the voices and shadowy movings which come to her from out the cloudy pillar of inspiration have each one echoes and answers in her own expecting nature. Its mystic imageries are so many talismans and gems inscribed with unknown hieroglyphics; she folds them in her bosom, and expects to read them when she passes beyond the veil.

At this time in our story, the whole St. Clare establishment is, for the time being, removed to their villa on Lake Pontchartrain. The heats of summer had driven all who were able to leave the sultry and unhealthy city, to seek the shores of the lake and its cool sea-breezes.

St. Clare's villa was an East-Indian cottage, surrounded by light verandas of bamboo-work, and opening on all sides into gardens and pleasure grounds. The common sitting-room opened on to a large garden, fragrant with every picturesque plant and flower of the tropics, where winding paths ran down to the very shores of the lake, whose silvery sheet of water lay there, rising and falling in the sunbeams, — a picture never for an hour the same, yet every hour more beautiful.

It is now one of those intensely golden sunsets which kindles the whole horizon into one blaze of glory, and makes the water another sky. The lake lay in rosy or golden streaks, save where white-winged vessels glided hither and thither, like so many spirits, and little golden stars twinkled through the glow, and looked down at themselves as they trembled in the water.

Tom and Eva were seated on a little mossy seat, in an arbor, at the foot of the garden. It was Sunday evening, and Eva's Bible lay open on her knee. She read, "And I saw a sea of glass, mingled with fire."

"Tom," said Eva, suddenly stopping, and pointing to the lake; "there 't is."

"What, Miss Eva?"

"Don't you see, — there?" said the child, pointing to the glassy water, which, as it rose and fell, reflected the golden glow of the sky. "There 's a 'sea of glass, mingled with fire.'"

"True enough, Miss Eva," said Tom; and Tom sang: —

"Oh, had I the wings of the morning,
I 'd fly away to Canaan's shore;

Bright angels should convey me home,
To the new Jerusalem."

"Where do you suppose new Jerusalem is, Uncle Tom?" said Eva.

"Oh, up in the clouds, Miss Eva."

"Then I think I can see it," said Eva. "Look in those clouds! — they look like great gates of pearl; and you can see beyond them, — far, far off, — it's all gold. Tom, sing about 'spirits bright.'"

Tom sung the words of a well-known Methodist hymn: —

"I see a band of spirits bright,
That taste the glories there;
They all are robed in spotless white,
And conquering palms they bear."

"Uncle Tom, I've seen *them*," said Eva.

Tom had no doubt of it at all; it did not surprise him in the least. If Eva had told him she had been to heaven, he would have thought it entirely probable.

"They come to me sometimes in my sleep, those spirits;" and Eva's eyes grew dreamy, and she hummed, in a low voice, —

"They all are robed in spotless white,
And conquering palms they bear."

"Uncle Tom," said Eva, "I'm going there."

"Where, Miss Eva?"

The child rose, and pointed her little hand to the sky; the glow of evening lit her golden hair and flushed cheek with a kind of unearthly radiance, and her eyes were bent earnestly on the skies.

"I'm going *there*," she said, "to the spirits bright, Tom; *I'm going before long*."

The faithful old heart felt a sudden thrust; and Tom thought how often he had noticed, within six months, that Eva's little hands had grown thinner, and her skin more transparent, and her breath shorter; and how, when she

ran or played in the garden, as she once could for hours, she became soon so tired and languid. He had heard Miss Ophelia speak often of a cough, that all her medicaments could not cure; and even now that fervent cheek and little hand were burning with hectic fever; and yet the thought that Eva's words suggested had never come to him till now.

Has there ever been a child like Eva? Yes, there have been; but their names are always on gravestones, and their sweet smiles, their heavenly eyes, their singular words and ways, are among the buried treasures of yearning hearts. In how many families do you hear the legend that all the goodness and graces of the living are nothing to the peculiar charms of one who *is not!* It is as if Heaven had an especial band of angels, whose office it was to sojourn for a season here, and endear to them the wayward human heart, that they might bear it upward with them in their homeward flight. When you see that deep, spiritual light in the eye, — when the little soul reveals itself in words sweeter and wiser than the ordinary words of children, — hope not to retain that child; for the seal of Heaven is on it, and the light of immortality looks out from its eyes.

Even so, beloved Eva! fair star of thy dwelling! Thou art passing away; but they that love thee dearest know it not.

The colloquy between Tom and Eva was interrupted by a hasty call from Miss Ophelia.

"Eva — Eva! — why, child, the dew is falling; you must n't be out there!"

Eva and Tom hastened in.

Miss Ophelia was old and skilled in the tactics of nursing. She was from New England, and knew well the first guileful footsteps of that soft, insidious disease, which sweeps away so many of the fairest and loveliest, and, before one fibre of life seems broken, seals them irrevocably for death.

She had noted the slight, dry cough, the daily brightening cheek; nor could the lustre of the eye, and the airy buoyancy born of fever, deceive her.

She tried to communicate her fears to St. Clare; but he threw back her suggestions with a restless petulance, unlike his usual careless good humor.

"Don't be croaking, cousin, — I hate it!" he would say; "don't you see that the child is only growing? Children always lose strength when they grow fast."

"But she has that cough!"

"Oh, nonsense of that cough! — it is not anything. She has taken a little cold, perhaps."

"Well, that was just the way Eliza Jane was taken, and Ellen and Maria Sanders."

"Oh, stop these hobgoblin nurse-legends. You old hands get so wise that a child cannot cough or sneeze but you see desperation and ruin at hand. Only take care of the child, keep her from the night air, and don't let her play too hard, and she'll do well enough."

So St. Clare said; but he grew nervous and restless. He watched Eva feverishly day by day, as might be told by the frequency with which he repeated over that "the child was quite well," — that there was n't anything in that cough, — it was only some little stomach affection, such as children often had. But he kept by her more than before, took her oftener to ride with him, brought home every few days some receipt or strengthening mixture, — "not," he said, "that the child *needed* it, but then it would not do her any harm."

If it must be told, the thing that struck a deeper pang to his heart than anything else was the daily increasing maturity of the child's mind and feelings. While still retaining all a child's fanciful graces, yet she often dropped, unconsciously, words of such a reach of thought and strange unworldly wisdom that they seemed to be an inspiration.

At such times, St. Clare would feel a sudden thrill, and clasp her in his arms, as if that fond clasp could save her; and his heart rose up with wild determination to keep her, never to let her go.

The child's whole heart and soul seemed absorbed in works of love and kindness. Impulsively generous she had always been; but there was a touching and womanly thoughtfulness about her now, that every one noticed. She still loved to play with Topsy and the various colored children; but she now seemed rather a spectator than an actor of their plays, and she would sit for half an hour at a time laughing at the odd tricks of Topsy, — and then a shadow would seem to pass across her face, her eyes grew misty, and her thoughts were afar.

"Mamma," she said suddenly to her mother one day, "why don't we teach our servants to read?"

"What a question, child! People never do."

"Why don't they?" said Eva.

"Because it is no use for them to read. It don't help them to work any better, and they are not made for anything else."

"But they ought to read the Bible, mamma, to learn God's will."

"Oh, they can get that read to them all *they* need."

"It seems to me, mamma, the Bible is for every one to read themselves. They need it a great many times when there is nobody to read it."

"Eva, you are an odd child," said her mother.

"Miss Ophelia has taught Topsy to read," continued Eva.

"Yes, and you see how much good it does. Topsy is the worst creature I ever saw!"

"Here's poor Mammy!" said Eva. "She does love the Bible so much, and wishes so she could read! And what will she do when I can't read to her?"

Marie was busy turning over the contents of a drawer, as she answered, —

"Well, of course, by and by, Eva, you will have other things to think of besides reading the Bible round to servants. Not but that is very proper; I've done it myself, when I had health. But when you come to be dressing and going into company, you won't have time. See here!" she added, "these jewels I'm going to give you when you come out. I wore them to my first ball. I can tell you, Eva, I made a sensation."

Eva took the jewel-case, and lifted from it a diamond necklace. Her large, thoughtful eyes rested on them, but it was plain her thoughts were elsewhere.

"How sober you look, child!" said Marie.

"Are these worth a great deal of money, mamma?"

"To be sure, they are. Father sent to France for them. They are worth a small fortune."

"I wish I had them," said Eva, "to do what I pleased with!"

"What would you do with them?"

"I'd sell them, and buy a place in the free States, and take all our people there, and hire teachers, to teach them to read and write."

Eva was cut short by her mother's laughing.

"Set up a boarding-school! Would n't you teach them to play on the piano and paint on velvet?"

"I'd teach them to read their own Bible, and write their own letters, and read letters that are written to them," said Eva steadily. "I know, mamma, it does come very hard on them, that they can't do these things. Tom feels it. Mammy does, — a great many of them do. I think it's wrong."

"Come, come, Eva; you are only a child! You don't know anything about these things," said Marie; "besides, your talking makes my head ache."

Marie always had a headache on hand for any conversation that did not exactly suit her.

Eva stole away; but after that, she assiduously gave Mammy reading lessons.

CHAPTER XXIII

HENRIQUE

About this time, St. Clare's brother Alfred, with his eldest son, a boy of twelve, spent a day or two with the family at the lake.

No sight could be more singular and beautiful than that of these twin brothers. Nature, instead of instituting resemblances between them, had made them opposites on every point; yet a mysterious tie seemed to unite them in a closer friendship than ordinary.

They used to saunter, arm in arm, up and down the alleys and walks of the garden, — Augustine, with his blue eyes and golden hair, his ethereally flexible form and vivacious features; and Alfred, dark-eyed, with haughty Roman profile, firmly knit limbs, and decided bearing. They were always abusing each other's opinions and practices, and yet never a whit the less absorbed in each other's society; in fact, the very contrariety seemed to unite them, like the attraction between opposite poles of the magnet.

Henrique, the eldest son of Alfred, was a noble dark-eyed, princely boy, full of vivacity and spirit; and, from the first moment of introduction, seemed to be perfectly fascinated by the spirituelle graces of his cousin Evangeline.

Eva had a little pet pony, of a snowy whiteness. It was easy as a cradle, and as gentle as its little mistress; and this pony was now brought up to the back veranda by Tom, while a little mulatto boy of about thirteen led along a small black Arabian, which had just been imported at a great expense for Henrique.

Henrique had a boy's pride in his new possession; and as he advanced, and took the reins out of the hands of his little groom, he looked carefully over him, and his brow darkened.

"What 's this, Dodo, you little lazy dog! you have n't rubbed my horse down this morning."

"Yes, Mas'r," said Dodo submissively; "he got that dust on his own self."

"You rascal, shut your mouth!" said Henrique, violently raising his riding-whip. "How dare you speak?"

The boy was a handsome, bright-eyed mulatto, of just Henrique's size, and his curling hair hung round a high bold forehead. He had white blood in his veins, as could be seen by the quick flush in his cheek and the sparkle of his eye, as he eagerly tried to speak.

"Mas'r Henrique" — he began.

Henrique struck him across the face with his riding-whip, and, seizing one of his arms, forced him on to his knees, and beat him till he was out of breath.

"There, you impudent dog! Now will you learn not to answer back when I speak to you? Take the horse back, and clean him properly. I 'll teach you your place!"

"Young Mas'r," said Tom, "I specs what he was gwine to say was, that the horse would roll when he was bringing him up from the stable; he 's so full of spirits, — that 's the way he got that dirt on him; I looked to his cleaning."

"You hold your tongue till you're asked to speak!" said Henrique, turning on his heel, and walking up the steps to speak to Eva, who stood in her riding-dress.

"Dear cousin, I 'm sorry this stupid fellow has kept you waiting," he said. "Let 's sit down here, on this seat, till they come. What 's the matter, cousin? — you look sober."

"How could you be so cruel and wicked to poor Dodo?" said Eva.

"Cruel, — wicked!" said the boy, with unaffected surprise. "What do you mean, dear Eva?"

"I don't want you to call me dear Eva, when you do so," said Eva.

"Dear cousin, you don't know Dodo; it is the only way to manage him, he 's so full of lies and excuses. The only way is to put him down at once, — not let him open his mouth; that 's the way papa manages."

"But Uncle Tom said it was an accident, and he never tells what is n't true."

"He 's an uncommon old nigger, then!" said Henrique. "Dodo will lie as fast as he can speak."

"You frighten him into deceiving, if you treat him so."

"Why, Eva, you 've really taken such a fancy to Dodo that I shall be jealous."

"But you beat him, — and he did n't deserve it."

"Oh, well, it may go for some time when he does, and don't get it. A few cuts never come amiss with Dodo, — he 's a regular spirit, I can tell you; but I won't beat him again before you, if it troubles you."

Eva was not satisfied, but found it in vain to try to make her handsome cousin understand her feelings.

Dodo soon appeared with the horses.

"Well, Dodo, you 've done pretty well this time," said his young master, with a more gracious air. "Come, now, and hold Miss Eva's horse, while I put her on the saddle."

Dodo came and stood by Eva's pony. His face was troubled, his eyes looked as if he had been crying.

Henrique, who valued himself on his gentlemanly adroitness in all matters of gallantry, soon had his fair cousin in the saddle, and, gathering the reins, placed them in her hands.

But Eva bent to the other side of the horse, where Dodo was standing, and said, as he relinquished the reins, — "That 's a good boy, Dodo; — thank you!"

Dodo looked up in amazement into the sweet young face; the blood rushed to his cheeks, and tears to his eyes.

"Here, Dodo," said his master imperiously.

Dodo sprang and held the horse, while his master mounted.

"There 's a picayune for you to buy candy with, Dodo," said Henrique; "go get some."

And Henrique cantered down the walk after Eva. Dodo stood looking after the two children. One had given him money; and one had given him what he wanted far more, — a kind word, kindly spoken. Dodo had been only a few months away from his mother. His master had bought him at a slave warehouse, for his handsome face, to be a match to the handsome pony; and he was now getting his breaking in, at the hands of his young master.

The scene of the beating had been witnessed by the two brothers St. Clare, from another part of the garden.

Augustine's cheek flushed; but he only observed with his usual sarcastic carelessness, —

"I suppose that 's what we may call republican education, Alfred?"

"Henrique is a devil of a fellow, when his blood 's up," said Alfred carelessly.

"I suppose you consider this an instructive practice for him," said Augustine dryly.

"I could n't help it, if I did n't. Henrique is a regular little tempest; — his mother and I have given him up long ago. But, then, that Dodo is a perfect sprite — no amount of whipping can hurt him."

"And this by way of teaching Henrique the first verse of a republican's catechism, 'All men are born free and equal!'"

"Poh!" said Alfred; "one of Tom Jefferson's pieces of French sentiment and humbug. It 's perfectly ridiculous to have that going the rounds among us, to this day."

"I think it is," said St. Clare significantly.

"Because," said Alfred, "we can see plainly enough that

all men are *not* born free nor born equal; they are born anything else. For my part, I think half this republican talk sheer humbug. It is the educated, the intelligent, the wealthy, the refined, who ought to have equal rights, and not the *canaille*."

"If you can keep the *canaille* of that opinion," said Augustine. "They took *their* turn once, in France."

"Of course, they must be *kept down*, consistently, steadily, as I *should*," said Alfred, setting his foot down hard, as if he were standing on somebody.

"It makes a terrible slip when they get up," said Augustine, — "in St. Domingo, for instance."

"Poh!" said Alfred, "we'll take care of that, in this country. We must set our face against all this educating, elevating talk, that is getting about now; the lower class must not be educated."

"That is past praying for," said Augustine; "educated they will be, and we have only to say how. Our system is educating them in barbarism and brutality. We are breaking all humanizing ties, and making them brute beasts; and, if they get the upper hand, such we shall find them."

"They never shall get the upper hand!" said Alfred.

"That's right," said St. Clare; "put on the steam, fasten down the escape-valve, and sit on it, and see where you'll land."

"Well," said Alfred, "we *will* see. I'm not afraid to sit on the escape-valve, as long as the boilers are strong and the machinery works well."

"The nobles in Louis XVI.'s time thought just so; and Austria and Pius IX. think so now; and, some pleasant morning, you may all be caught up to meet each other in the air, *when the boilers burst*."

"*Dies declarabit*," said Alfred, laughing.

"I tell you," said Augustine, "if there is anything that is revealed with the strength of a divine law in our times, it

is that the masses are to rise, and the under class become the upper one."

"That's one of your red republican humbugs, Augustine! Why didn't you ever take to the stump; — you'd make a famous stump orator! Well, I hope I shall be dead before this millennium of your greasy masses comes on."

"Greasy or not greasy, they will govern *you*, when their time comes," said Augustine; "and they will be just such rulers as you make them. The French *noblesse* chose to have the people '*sans culotte*,' and they had '*sans culotte*' governors to their hearts' content. The people of Hayti" —

"Oh, come, Augustine, as if we had n't had enough of that abominable, contemptible Hayti! The Haytiens were not Anglo-Saxons; if they had been, there would have been another story. The Anglo-Saxon is the dominant race of the world, and *is to be so*."

"Well, there is a pretty fair infusion of Anglo-Saxon blood among our slaves now," said Augustine. "There are plenty among them who have only enough of the African to give a sort of tropical warmth and fervor to our calculating firmness and foresight. If ever the San Domingo hour comes, Anglo-Saxon blood will lead on the day. Sons of white fathers, with all our haughty feelings burning in their veins, will not always be bought and sold and traded. They will rise, and raise with them their mother's race."

"Stuff! — nonsense!"

"Well," said Augustine, "there goes an old saying to this effect: 'As it was in the days of Noah, so shall it be; they ate, they drank, they planted, they builded, and knew not till the flood came and took them.'"

"On the whole, Augustine, I think your talents might do for a circuit-rider," said Alfred, laughing. "Never you fear for us; possession is our nine points. We've got the power. This subject race," said he, stamping firmly, "is

down, and shall *stay* down! We have energy enough to manage our own powder."

"Sons trained like your Henrique will be grand guardians of your powder-magazines," said Augustine, — "so cool and self-possessed! The proverb says, 'They that cannot govern themselves cannot govern others.'"

"There is a trouble there," said Alfred thoughtfully; "there 's no doubt that our system is a difficult one to train children under. It gives too free scope to the passions altogether, which, in our climate, are hot enough. I find trouble with Henrique. The boy is generous and warm-hearted, but a perfect fire-cracker when excited. I believe I shall send him North for his education, where obedience is more fashionable, and where he will associate more with equals and less with dependants."

"Since training children is the staple work of the human race," said Augustine, "I should think it something of a consideration that our system does not work well there."

"It does not for some things," said Alfred; "for others, again, it does. It makes boys manly and courageous; and the very vices of an abject race tend to strengthen in them the opposite virtues. I think Henrique, now, has a keener sense of the beauty of truth, from seeing lying and deception the universal badge of slavery."

"A Christian-like view of the subject, certainly!" said Augustine.

"It 's true, Christian-like or not; and is about as Christian-like as most other things in the world," said Alfred.

"That may be," said St. Clare.

"Well, there 's no use in talking, Augustine. I believe we 've been round and round this old track five hundred times, more or less. What do you say to a game of backgammon?"

The two brothers ran up the veranda steps, and were soon seated at a light bamboo stand, with the backgam-

mon-board between them. As they were setting their men, Alfred said, —

"I tell you, Augustine, if I thought as you do, I should do something."

"I dare say you would, — you are one of the doing sort, — but what?"

"Why, elevate your own servants, for a specimen," said Alfred, with a half-scornful smile.

"You might as well set Mount Ætna on them flat, and tell them to stand up under it, as tell me to elevate my servants under all the superincumbent mass of society upon them. One man can do nothing against the whole action of a community. Education, to do anything, must be a state education; or there must be enough agreed in it to make a current."

"You take the first throw," said Alfred; and the brothers were soon lost in the game, and heard no more till the scraping of horses' feet was heard under the veranda.

"There come the children," said Augustine, rising. "Look here, Alf! Did you ever see anything so beautiful?" And, in truth, it *was* a beautiful sight. Henrique, with his bold brow, and dark, glossy curls, and glowing cheek, was laughing gayly, as he bent towards his fair cousin as they came on. She was dressed in a blue riding-dress, with a cap of the same color. Exercise had given a brilliant hue to her cheeks, and heightened the effect of her singularly transparent skin and golden hair.

"Good heavens! what perfectly dazzling beauty!" said Alfred. "I tell you, Auguste, won't she make some hearts ache one of these days?"

"She will, too truly, — God knows I 'm afraid so!" said St. Clare, in a tone of sudden bitterness, as he hurried down to take her off her horse.

"Eva, darling! you 're not much tired?" he said, as he clasped her in his arms.

"No, papa," said the child; but her short, hard breathing alarmed her father.

"How could you ride so fast, dear? — you know it's bad for you."

"I felt so well, papa, and liked it so much, I forgot."

St. Clare carried her in his arms into the parlor, and laid her on the sofa.

"Henrique, you must be careful of Eva," said he; "you must n't ride fast with her."

"I 'll take her under my care," said Henrique, seating himself by the sofa, and taking Eva's hand.

Eva soon found herself much better. Her father and uncle resumed their game, and the children were left together.

"Do you know, Eva, I 'm so sorry papa is only going to stay two days here, and then I sha'n't see you again for ever so long! If I stay with you, I 'd try to be good, and not be cross to Dodo, and so on. I don't mean to treat Dodo ill; but, you know, I 've got such a quick temper. I 'm not really bad to him, though. I give him a picayune now and then; and you see he dresses well. I think, on the whole, Dodo 's pretty well off."

"Would you think you were well off, if there were not one creature in the world near you to love you?"

"I? — Well, of course not."

"And you have taken Dodo away from all the friends he ever had, and now he has not a creature to love him; — nobody can be good that way."

"Well, I can't help it, as I know of. I can't get his mother, and I can't love him myself, nor anybody else, as I know of."

"Why can't you?" said Eva.

"*Love* Dodo! Why, Eva, you would n't have me! I may *like* him well enough; but you don't *love* your servants."

"I do, indeed."

"How odd!"

"Don't the Bible say we must love everybody?"

"Oh, the Bible! To be sure, it says a great many such things; but, then, nobody ever thinks of doing them, — you know, Eva, nobody does."

Eva did not speak; her eyes were fixed and thoughtful for a few moments.

"At any rate," she said, "dear cousin, do love poor Dodo, and be kind to him, for my sake!"

"I could love anything, for your sake, dear cousin; for I really think you are the loveliest creature that I ever saw!" And Henrique spoke with an earnestness that flushed his handsome face. Eva received it with perfect simplicity, without even a change of feature; merely saying, "I 'm glad you feel so, dear Henrique! I hope you will remember."

The dinner-bell put an end to the interview.

CHAPTER XXIV

FORESHADOWINGS

Two days after this, Alfred St. Clare and Augustine parted; and Eva, who had been stimulated by the society of her young cousin to exertions beyond her strength, began to fail rapidly. St. Clare was at last willing to call in medical advice, — a thing from which he had always shrunk, because it was the admission of an unwelcome truth. But for a day or two Eva was so unwell as to be confined to the house; and the doctor was called.

Marie St. Clare had taken no notice of the child's gradually decaying health and strength, because she was completely absorbed in studying out two or three new forms of disease to which she believed she herself was a victim. It was the first principle of Marie's belief that nobody ever was or could be so great a sufferer as *herself;* and, therefore, she always repelled quite indignantly any suggestion that any one around her could be sick. She was always sure, in such a case, that it was nothing but laziness or want of energy; and that, if they had had the suffering *she* had, they would soon know the difference.

Miss Ophelia had several times tried to awaken her maternal fears about Eva; but to no avail.

"I don't see as anything ails the child," she would say; "she runs about, and plays."

"But she has a cough."

"Cough! you don't need to tell *me* about a cough. I've always been subject to a cough all my days. When I was of Eva's age, they thought I was in a consumption. Night

after night Mammy used to sit up with me. Oh, Eva's cough is not anything."

"But she gets weak, and is short-breathed."

"Law! I've had that years and years; it's only a nervous affection."

"But she sweats so, nights!"

"Well, I have, these ten years. Very often, night after night, my clothes will be wringing wet. There won't be a dry thread in my night-clothes, and the sheets will be so that Mammy has to hang them up to dry! Eva does n't sweat anything like that!"

Miss Ophelia shut her mouth for a season. But now that Eva was fairly and visibly prostrated, and a doctor called, Marie, all on a sudden, took a new turn.

She knew it, she said; she always felt it, that she was destined to be the most miserable of mothers. Here she was, with her wretched health, and her only darling child going down to the grave before her eyes! And Marie routed up Mammy nights, and rumpussed and scolded, with more energy than ever all day on the strength of this new misery.

"My dear Marie, don't talk so!" said St. Clare. "You ought not to give up the case so at once."

"You have not a mother's feelings, St. Clare. You never could understand me! — you don't now."

"But don't talk so, as if it were a gone case!"

"I can't take it as indifferently as you can, St. Clare. If *you* don't feel when your only child is in this alarming state, *I* do. It's a blow too much for me, with all I was bearing before."

"It's true," said St. Clare, "that Eva is very delicate, *that* I always knew; and that she has grown so rapidly as to exhaust her strength; and that her situation is critical. But just now she is only prostrated by the heat of the weather, and by the excitement of her cousin's visit, and

the exertions she made. The physician says there is room for hope."

"Well, of course, if you can look on the bright side, pray do; it 's a mercy if people have n't sensitive feelings in this world. I am sure I wish I did n't feel as I do; it only makes me completely wretched! I wish I *could* be as easy as the rest of you!"

And the "rest of them" had good reason to breathe the same prayer, for Marie paraded her new misery as the reason and apology for all sorts of inflictions on every one about her. Every word that was spoken by anybody, everything that was done or was not done everywhere, was only a new proof that she was surrounded by hard-hearted, insensible beings, who were unmindful of her peculiar sorrows. Poor Eva heard some of these speeches; and nearly cried her little eyes out, in pity for her mamma, and in sorrow that she should make her so much distress.

In a week or two there was a great improvement of symptoms, — one of those deceitful lulls by which her inexorable disease so often beguiles the anxious heart, even, on the verge of the grave. Eva's step was again in the garden, — in the balconies; she played and laughed again, — and her father, in a transport, declared that they should soon have her as hearty as anybody. Miss Ophelia and the physician alone felt no encouragement from this illusive truce. There was one other heart, too, that felt the same certainty, and that was the little heart of Eva. What is it that sometimes speaks in the soul so calmly, so clearly, that its earthly time is short? Is it the secret instinct of decaying nature, or the soul's impulsive throb, as immortality draws on? Be it what it may, it rested in the heart of Eva, a calm, sweet, prophetic certainty that heaven was near; calm as the light of sunset, sweet as the bright stillness of autumn, there her little heart reposed, only troubled by sorrow for those who loved her so dearly.

For the child, though nursed so tenderly, and though life was unfolding before her with every brightness that love and wealth could give, had no regret for herself in dying.

In that book which she and her simple old friend had read so much together, she had seen and taken to her young heart the image of One who loved the little child; and, as she gazed and mused, he had ceased to be an image and a picture of the distant past, and come to be a living, all-surrounding reality. His love enfolded her childish heart with more than mortal tenderness; and it was to him, she said, she was going, and to his home.

But her heart yearned with sad tenderness for all that she was to leave behind. Her father most, — for Eva, though she never distinctly thought so, had an instinctive perception that she was more in his heart than any other. She loved her mother because she was so loving a creature, and all the selfishness that she had seen in her only saddened and perplexed her; for she had a child's implicit trust that her mother could not do wrong. There was something about her that Eva never could make out; and she always smoothed it over with thinking that, after all, it was mamma, and she loved her very dearly indeed.

She felt, too, for those fond, faithful servants, to whom she was as daylight and sunshine. Children do not usually generalize; but Eva was an uncommonly mature child, and the things that she had witnessed of the evils of the system under which they were living had fallen, one by one, into the depths of her thoughtful, pondering heart. She had vague longings to do something for them, — to bless and save not only them, but all in their condition, — longings that contrasted sadly with the feebleness of her little frame.

"Uncle Tom," she said one day, when she was reading to her friend, "I can understand why Jesus *wanted* to die for us."

"Why, Miss Eva?"

"Because I've felt so, too."

"What is it, Miss Eva? — I don't understand."

"I can't tell you; but when I saw those poor creatures on the boat, you know, when you came up and I, — some had lost their mothers, and some their husbands, and some mothers cried for their little children, — and when I heard about poor Prue, — oh, was n't that dreadful! — and a great many other times, I've felt that I would be glad to die, if my dying could stop all this misery. I *would die* for them, Tom, if I could," said the child earnestly, laying her little thin hand on his.

Tom looked at the child with awe; and when she, hearing her father's voice, glided away, he wiped his eyes many times, as he looked after her.

"It's jest no use tryin' to keep Miss Eva here," he said to Mammy, whom he met a moment after. "She's got the Lord's mark in her forehead."

"Ah, yes, yes," said Mammy, raising her hands; "I've allers said so. She was n't never like a child that's to live, — there was allers something deep in her eyes. I've told Missis so many the time; it's comin' true, — we all sees it, — dear, little, blessed lamb!"

Eva came tripping up the veranda steps to her father. It was late in the afternoon, and the rays of the sun formed a kind of glory behind her, as she came forward in her white dress, with her golden hair and glowing cheeks, her eyes unnaturally bright with the slow fever that burned in her veins.

St. Clare had called her to show a statuette that he had been buying for her; but her appearance, as she came on, impressed him suddenly and painfully. There is a kind of beauty so intense, yet so fragile, that we cannot bear to look at it. Her father folded her suddenly in his arms, and almost forgot what he was going to tell her.

"Eva, dear, you are better nowadays, — are you not?"

"Papa," said Eva, with sudden firmness, "I 've had things I wanted to say to you a great while. I want to say them now, before I get weaker."

St. Clare trembled as Eva seated herself in his lap. She laid her head on his bosom, and said, —

"It 's all no use, papa, to keep it to myself any longer. The time is coming that I am going to leave you. I am going, and never to come back!" and Eva sobbed.

"Oh, now, my dear little Eva!" said St. Clare, trembling as he spoke, but speaking cheerfully; "you 've got nervous and low-spirited; you must n't indulge such gloomy thoughts. See here, I 've bought a statuette for you!"

"No, papa," said Eva, putting it gently away, "don't deceive yourself! — I am *not* any better, I know it perfectly well, — and I am going before long. I am not nervous, — I am not low-spirited. If it were not for you, papa, and my friends, I should be perfectly happy. I want to go, — I long to go!"

"Why, dear child, what has made your poor little heart so sad? You have had everything to make you happy, that could be given you."

"I had rather be in heaven; though, only for my friends' sake, I would be willing to live. There are a great many things here that make me sad, that seem dreadful to me; I had rather be there; but I don't want to leave you, — it almost breaks my heart!"

"What makes you sad, and seems dreadful, Eva?"

"Oh, things that are done, and done all the time. I feel sad for our poor people; they love me dearly, and they are all good and kind to me. I wish, papa, they were all *free*."

"Why, Eva, child, don't you think they are well enough off now?"

"Oh, but, papa, if anything should happen to you, what would become of them? There are very few men like you,

papa. Uncle Alfred is n't like you, and mamma is n't; and then, think of poor old Prue's owners! What horrid things people do, and can do!" and Eva shuddered.

"My dear child, you are too sensitive. I 'm sorry I ever let you hear such stories."

"Oh, that 's what troubles me, papa. You want me to live so happy, and never to have any pain, — never suffer anything, — not even hear a sad story, when other poor creatures have nothing but pain and sorrow all their lives; — it seems selfish. I ought to know such things, I ought to feel about them! Such things always sunk into my heart; they went down deep; I 've thought and thought about them. Papa, is n't there anyway to have all slaves made free?"

"That 's a difficult question, dearest. There 's no doubt that this way is a very bad one; a great many people think so; I do myself. I heartily wish that there were not a slave in the land; but, then, I don't know what is to be done about it!"

"Papa, you are such a good man, and so noble, and kind, and you always have a way of saying things that is so pleasant, could n't you go all round and try to persuade people to do right about this? When I am dead, papa, then you will think of me, and do it for my sake. I would do it if I could."

"When you are dead, Eva!" said St. Clare passionately. "Oh, child, don't talk to me so! You are all I have on earth."

"Poor old Prue's child was all that she had, — and yet she had to hear it crying, and she could n't help it! Papa, these poor creatures love their children as much as you do me. Oh, do something for them! There 's poor Mammy loves her children; I 've seen her cry when she talked about them. And Tom loves his children; and it 's dreadful, papa, that such things are happening all the time!"

"There, there, darling," said St. Clare soothingly; "only

don't distress yourself, and don't talk of dying, and I will do anything you wish."

"And promise me, dear father, that Tom shall have his freedom as soon as" — she stopped, and said, in a hesitating tone — "I am gone!"

"Yes, dear, I will do anything in the world, — anything you could ask me to."

"Dear papa," said the child, laying her burning cheek against his, "how I wish we could go together!"

"Where, dearest?" said St. Clare.

"To our Saviour's home; it's so sweet and peaceful there, — it is all so loving there!" The child spoke unconsciously, as of a place where she had often been. "Don't you want to go, papa?" she said.

St. Clare drew her closer to him, but was silent.

"You will come to me," said the child, speaking in a voice of calm certainty which she often used unconsciously.

"I shall come after you. I shall not forget you."

The shadows of the solemn evening closed round them deeper and deeper as St. Clare sat silently holding the little frail form to his bosom. He saw no more the deep eyes, but the voice came over him as a spirit voice, and, as in a sort of judgment vision, his whole past life rose in a moment before his eyes: his mother's prayers and hymns; his own early yearnings and aspirings for good; and, between them and this hour, years of worldliness and skepticism, and what man calls respectable living. We can think *much*, very much, in a moment. St. Clare saw and felt many things, but spoke nothing; and, as it grew darker, he took his child to her bedroom; and, when she was prepared for rest, he sent away the attendants, and rocked her in his arms, and sung to her till she was asleep.

CHAPTER XXV

THE LITTLE EVANGELIST

It was Sunday afternoon. St. Clare was stretched on a bamboo lounge in the veranda, solacing himself with a cigar. Marie lay reclined on a sofa, opposite the window opening on the veranda, closely secluded, under an awning of transparent gauze, from the outrages of the mosquitoes, and languidly holding in her hand an elegantly bound prayer-book. She was holding it because it was Sunday, and she imagined she had been reading it, — though, in fact, she had been only taking a succession of short naps, with it open in her hand.

Miss Ophelia, who, after some rummaging, had hunted up a small Methodist meeting within riding distance, had gone out, with Tom as driver, to attend it, and Eva had accompanied them.

"I say, Augustine," said Marie, after dozing awhile, "I must send to the city after my old Dr. Posey; I 'm sure I 've got the complaint of the heart."

"Well; why need you send for him? This doctor that attends Eva seems skillful."

"I would not trust him in a critical case," said Marie; "and I think I may say mine is becoming so! I 've been thinking of it, these two or three nights past; I have such distressing pains and such strange feelings."

"Oh, Marie, you are blue; I don't believe it 's heart complaint."

"I dare say *you* don't," said Marie; "I was prepared to expect *that*. You can be alarmed enough if Eva coughs,

or has the least thing the matter with her; but you never think of me."

"If it's particularly agreeable to you to have heart disease, why, I'll try and maintain you have it," said St. Clare; "I did n't know it was."

"Well, I only hope you won't be sorry for this when it's too late!" said Marie; "but, believe it or not, my distress about Eva, and the exertions I have made with that dear child, have developed what I have long suspected."

What the *exertions* were which Marie referred to, it would have been difficult to state. St. Clare quietly made this commentary to himself, and went on smoking, like a hard-hearted wretch of a man as he was, till a carriage drove up before the veranda, and Eva and Miss Ophelia alighted.

Miss Ophelia marched straight to her own chamber, to put away her bonnet and shawl, as was always her manner, before she spoke a word on any subject; while Eva came, at St. Clare's call, and was sitting on his knee, giving him an account of the services they had heard.

They soon heard loud exclamations from Miss Ophelia's room, which, like the one in which they were sitting, opened on to the veranda, and violent reproof addressed to somebody.

"What new witchcraft has Tops been brewing?" asked St. Clare. "That commotion is of her raising, I'll be bound!"

And, in a moment after, Miss Ophelia, in high indignation, came dragging the culprit along.

"Come out here, now!" she said. "I *will* tell your master!"

"What's the case now?" asked Augustine."

"The case is, that I cannot be plagued with this child any longer! It's past all bearing; flesh and blood cannot endure it! Here I locked her up, and gave her a hymn to study; and what does she do, but spy out where I put my

key, and has gone to my bureau, and got a bonnet-trimming, and cut it all to pieces, to make dolls' jackets! I never saw anything like it in my life!"

"I told you, cousin," said Marie, "that you'd find out that these creatures can't be brought up without severity. If I had *my* way, now," she said, looking reproachfully at St. Clare, "I'd send that child out, and have her thoroughly whipped; I'd have her whipped till she couldn't stand!"

"I don't doubt it," said St. Clare. "Tell me of the lovely rule of woman! I never saw above a dozen women that would n't half kill a horse, or a servant, either, if they had their own way with them! — let alone a man."

"There is no use in this shilly-shally way of yours, St. Clare!" said Marie. "Cousin is a woman of sense, and she sees it now, as plain as I do."

Miss Ophelia had just the capability of indignation that belongs to the thorough-paced housekeeper, and this had been pretty actively roused by the artifice and wastefulness of the child; in fact, many of my lady readers must own that they should have felt just so in her circumstances; but Marie's words went beyond her, and she felt less heat.

"I would n't have the child treated so for the world," she said; "but I am sure, Augustine, I don't know what to do. I've taught and taught; I've talked till I'm tired; I've whipped her; I've punished her in every way I can think of, and still she's just what she was at first."

"Come here, Tops, you monkey!" said St. Clare, calling the child up to him.

Topsy came up; her round, hard eyes glittering and blinking with a mixture of apprehensiveness and their usual odd drollery.

"What makes you behave so?" said St. Clare, who could not help being amused with the child's expression.

"Spects it's my wicked heart," said Topsy demurely; "Miss Feely says so."

"Don't you see how much Miss Ophelia has done for you? She says she has done everything she can think of."

"Lor, yes, Mas'r! old Missis used to say so, too. She whipped me a heap harder, and used to pull my har, and knock my head agin the door; but it did n't do me no good! I spects, if they 's to pull every spear o' har out o' my head, it would n't do no good, neither, — I 's so wicked! Laws! I 's nothin' but a nigger, noways."

"Well, I shall have to give her up," said Miss Ophelia. "I can't have that trouble any longer."

"Well, I 'd just like to ask one question," said St. Clare.

"What is it?"

"Why, if your gospel is not strong enough to save one heathen child, that you can have at home here, all to yourself, what 's the use of sending one or two poor missionaries off with it among thousands of just such? I suppose this child is about a fair sample of what thousands of your heathen are."

Miss Ophelia did not make an immediate answer; and Eva, who had stood a silent spectator of the scene thus far, made a silent sign to Topsy to follow her. There was a little glass room at the corner of the veranda, which St. Clare used as a sort of reading-room; and Eva and Topsy disappeared into this place.

"What's Eva going about, now?" said St. Clare; "I mean to see."

And, advancing on tiptoe, he lifted up a curtain that covered the glass door, and looked in. In a moment, laying his finger on his lips, he made a silent gesture to Miss Ophelia to come and look. There sat the two children on the floor, with their side faces towards them. Topsy, with her usual air of careless drollery and unconcern; but, opposite to her, Eva, her whole face fervent with feeling, and tears in her large eyes.

"What does make you so bad, Topsy? Why won't you try and be good? Don't you love *anybody*, Topsy?"

"Dunno nothing 'bout love; I loves candy and sich, that's all," said Topsy.

"But you love your father and mother?"

"Never had none, ye know. I telled ye that, Miss Eva."

"Oh, I know," said Eva sadly; "but had n't you any brother, or sister, or aunt, or" —

"No, none on 'em, — never had nothing nor nobody."

"But, Topsy, if you'd only try to be good, you might" —

"Could n't never be nothin' but a nigger, if I was ever so good," said Topsy. "If I could be skinned, and come white, I 'd try then."

"But people can love you if you are black, Topsy. Miss Ophelia would love you if you were good."

Topsy gave the short, blunt laugh that was her common mode of expressing incredulity.

"Don't you think so?" said Eva.

"No; she can't bar me, 'cause I 'm a nigger! — she 'd 's soon have a toad touch her! There can't nobody love niggers, and niggers can't do nothin'! *I* don't care," said Topsy, beginning to whistle.

"Oh, Topsy, poor child, *I* love you!" said Eva, with a sudden burst of feeling, and laying her little thin, white hand on Topsy's shoulder; "I love you because you have n't had any father, or mother, or friends; — because you 've been a poor, abused child! I love you, and I want you to be good. I am very unwell, Topsy, and I think I sha'n't live a great while; and it really grieves me to have you be so naughty. I wish you would try to be good, for my sake; — it 's only a little while I shall be with you."

The round, keen eyes of the black child were overcast with tears; — large, bright drops rolled heavily down, one

by one, and fell on the little white hand. Yes, in that moment, a ray of real belief, a ray of heavenly love, had penetrated the darkness of her heathen soul! She laid her head down between her knees, and wept and sobbed, — while the beautiful child, bending over her, looked like the picture of some bright angel stooping to reclaim a sinner.

"Poor Topsy!" said Eva, "don't you know that Jesus loves all alike? He is just as willing to love you as me. He loves you just as I do, — only more, because he is better. He will help you to be good; and you can go to heaven at last, and be an angel forever, just as much as if you were white. Only think of it, Topsy! — *you* can be one of those spirits bright Uncle Tom sings about."

"Oh, dear Miss Eva, dear Miss Eva!" said the child, "I will try, I will try; I never did care nothin' about it before."

St. Clare, at this instant, dropped the curtain. "It puts me in mind of mother," he said to Miss Ophelia. "It is true what she told me: if we want to give sight to the blind, we must be willing to do as Christ did, — call them to us, and *put our hands on them.*"

"I've always had a prejudice against negroes," said Miss Ophelia, "and it's a fact, I never could bear to have that child touch me; but I did n't think she knew it."

"Trust any child to find that out," said St. Clare; "there's no keeping it from them. But I believe that all the trying in the world to benefit a child, and all the substantial favors you can do them, will never excite one emotion of gratitude, while that feeling of repugnance remains in the heart; — it's a queer kind of a fact, — but so it is."

"I don't know how I can help it," said Miss Ophelia; "they *are* disagreeable to me, — this child in particular, — how can I help feeling so?"

"Eva does, it seems."

"Well, she 's so loving! After all, though, she 's no more than Christ-like," said Miss Ophelia; "I wish I were like her. She might teach me a lesson."

"It would n't be the first time a little child had been used to instruct an old disciple, if it *were* so," said St. Clare.

CHAPTER XXVI

DEATH

"Weep not for those whom the veil of the tomb,
In life's early morning, hath hid from our eyes."

EVA'S bedroom was a spacious apartment, which, like all the other rooms in the house, opened on to the broad veranda. The room communicated, on one side, with her father and mother's apartment; on the other, with that appropriated to Miss Ophelia. St. Clare had gratified his own eye and taste, in furnishing this room in a style that had a peculiar keeping with the character of her for whom it was intended. The windows were hung with curtains of rose-colored and white muslin; the floor was spread with a matting which had been ordered in Paris, to a pattern of his own device, having round it a border of rosebuds and leaves, and a centre-piece with full-blown roses. The bedstead, chairs, and lounges were of bamboo, wrought in peculiarly graceful and fanciful patterns. Over the head of the bed was an alabaster bracket, on which a beautiful sculptured angel stood, with drooping wings, holding out a crown of myrtle-leaves. From this depended, over the bed, light curtains of rose-colored gauze, striped with silver, supplying that protection from mosquitoes which is an indispensable addition to all sleeping accommodation in that climate. The graceful bamboo lounges were amply supplied with cushions of rose-colored damask, while over them, depending from the hands of sculptured figures, were gauze curtains similar to those of the bed. A light, fanciful bamboo table stood in the middle of the room, where a

Parian vase, wrought in the shape of a white lily, with its buds, stood, ever filled with flowers. On this table lay Eva's books and little trinkets, with an elegantly wrought alabaster writing-stand which her father had supplied to her when he saw her trying to improve herself in writing. There was a fireplace in the room, and on the marble mantel above stood a beautifully wrought statuette of Jesus receiving little children, and on either side marble vases, for which it was Tom's pride and delight to offer bouquets every morning. Two or three exquisite paintings of children, in various attitudes, embellished the wall. In short, the eye could turn nowhere without meeting images of childhood, of beauty, and of peace. Those little eyes never opened, in the morning light, without falling on something which suggested to the heart soothing and beautiful thoughts.

The deceitful strength which had buoyed Eva up for a little while was fast passing away; seldom and more seldom her light footstep was heard in the veranda, and oftener and oftener she was found reclined on a little lounge by the open window, her large, deep eyes fixed on the rising and falling waters of the lake.

It was towards the middle of the afternoon, as she was so reclining, — her Bible half open, her little transparent fingers lying listlessly between the leaves; suddenly she heard her mother's voice, in sharp tones, in the veranda.

"What now, you baggage! — what new piece of mischief! You've been picking the flowers, hey?" and Eva heard the sound of a smart slap.

"Law, Missis! — they's for Miss Eva," she heard a voice say, which she knew belonged to Topsy.

"Miss Eva! A pretty excuse! — you suppose she wants *your* flowers, you good-for-nothing nigger! Get along off with you!"

In a moment, Eva was off from her lounge, and in the veranda.

"Oh, don't, mother! I should like the flowers; do give them to me; I want them!"

"Why, Eva, your room is full now."

"I can't have too many," said Eva. "Topsy, do bring them here."

Topsy who had stood sullenly holding down her head, now came up and offered her flowers. She did it with a look of hesitation and bashfulness, quite unlike the eldrich boldness and brightness which was usual with her.

"It's a beautiful bouquet!" said Eva, looking at it.

It was rather a singular one, — a brilliant scarlet geranium, and one single white japonica, with its glossy leaves. It was tied up with an evident eye to the contrast of color, and the arrangement of every leaf had carefully been studied.

Topsy looked pleased, as Eva said, "Topsy, you arrange flowers very prettily. Here," she said, "is this vase I have n't any flowers for. I wish you 'd arrange something every day for it."

"Well, that's odd!" said Marie. "What in the world do you want that for?"

"Never mind, mamma; you 'd as lief as not Topsy should do it, — had you not?"

"Of course, anything you please, dear! Topsy, you hear your young mistress; — see that you mind."

Topsy made a short curtsy, and looked down; and, as she turned away, Eva saw a tear roll down her dark cheek.

"You see, mamma, I knew poor Topsy wanted to do something for me," said Eva to her mother.

"Oh, nonsense! it's only because she likes to do mischief. She knows she must n't pick flowers, — so she does it, that's all there is to it. But if you fancy to have her pluck them, so be it."

"Mamma, I think Topsy is different from what she used to be; she's trying to be a good girl."

"She 'll have to try a good while before *she* gets to be good," said Marie with a careless laugh.

"Well, you know, mamma, poor Topsy! everything has always been against her."

"Not since she 's been here, I 'm sure. If she has n't been talked to, and preached to, and every earthly thing done that anybody could do; — and she 's just so ugly, and always will be; you can't make anything of the creature!"

"But, mamma, it 's so different to be brought up as I 've been, with so many friends, so many things to make me good and happy; and to be brought up as she 's been, all the time, till she came here!"

"Most likely," said Marie, yawning, — "dear me, how hot it is!"

"Mamma, you believe, don't you, that Topsy could become an angel, as well as any of us, if she were a Christian?"

"Topsy! what a ridiculous idea! Nobody but you would ever think of it. I suppose she could, though."

"But, mamma, is n't God her father as much as ours? Is n't Jesus her Saviour?"

"Well, that may be. I suppose God made everybody," said Marie. "Where is my smelling-bottle?"

"It 's such a pity, — oh! *such* a pity!" said Eva, looking out on the distant lake, and speaking half to herself.

"What 's a pity?" said Marie.

"Why, that any one, who could be a bright angel, and live with angels, should go all down, down, down, and nobody help them! — Oh, dear!"

"Well, we can't help it; it 's no use worrying, Eva! I don't know what 's to be done; we ought to be thankful for our own advantages."

"I hardly can be," said Eva, "I 'm so sorry to think of poor folks that have n't any."

"That 's odd enough," said Marie; — "I 'm sure my religion makes me thankful for my advantages."

"Mamma," said Eva, "I want to have some of my hair cut off, — a good deal of it."

"What for?" said Marie.

"Mamma, I want to give some away to my friends, while I am able to give it to them myself. Won't you ask aunty to come and cut it for me?"

Marie raised her voice, and called Miss Ophelia from the other room.

The child half rose from her pillow as she came in, and, shaking down her long golden-brown curls, said, rather playfully, "Come, aunty, shear the sheep!"

"What's that?" said St. Clare, who just then entered with some fruit he had been out to get for her.

"Papa, I just want aunty to cut off some of my hair; — there's too much of it, and it makes my head hot. Besides, I want to give some of it away."

Miss Ophelia came, with her scissors.

"Take care, — don't spoil the looks of it!" said her father; "cut underneath, where it won't show. Eva's curls are my pride."

"Oh, papa!" said Eva sadly.

"Yes, and I want them kept handsome against the time I take you up to your uncle's plantation, to see Cousin Henrique," said St. Clare, in a gay tone.

"I shall never go there, papa; — I am going to a better country. Oh, do believe me! Don't you see, papa, that I get weaker every day?"

"Why do you insist that I shall believe such a cruel thing, Eva?" said her father.

"Only because it is *true*, papa; and if you will believe it now, perhaps you will get to feel about it as I do."

St. Clare closed his lips, and stood gloomily eyeing the long, beautiful curls, which, as they were separated from the child's head, were laid, one by one, in her lap. She raised them up, looked earnestly at them, twined them around her

thin fingers, and looked from time to time anxiously at her father.

"It 's just what I 've been foreboding!" said Marie; "it 's just what has been preying on my health, from day to day, bringing me downward to the grave, though nobody regards it. I have seen this long. St. Clare, you will see, after a while, that I was right."

"Which will afford you great consolation, no doubt!" said St. Clare, in a dry, bitter tone.

Marie lay back on a lounge, and covered her face with her cambric handkerchief.

Eva's clear blue eye looked earnestly from one to the other. It was the calm, comprehending gaze of a soul half loosed from its earthly bonds; it was evident she saw, felt, and appreciated the difference between the two.

She beckoned with her hand to her father. He came, and sat down by her.

"Papa, my strength fades away every day, and I know I must go. There are some things I want to say and do, — that I ought to do; and you are so unwilling to have me speak a word on the subject. But it must come; there 's no putting it off. Do be willing I should speak now!"

"My child, I *am* willing!" said St. Clare, covering his eyes with one hand, and holding up Eva's hand with the other.

"Then, I want to see all our people together. I have some things I *must* say to them," said Eva.

"*Well*," said St. Clare, in a tone of dry endurance.

Miss Ophelia dispatched a messenger, and soon the whole of the servants were convened in the room.

Eva lay back on her pillows; her hair hanging loosely about her face, her crimson cheeks contrasting painfully with the intense whiteness of her complexion and the thin contour of her limbs and features, and her large, soul-like eyes fixed earnestly on every one.

The servants were struck with a sudden emotion. The spiritual face, the long locks of hair cut off and lying by her, her father's averted face, and Marie's sobs, struck at once upon the feelings of a sensitive and impressible race; and, as they came in, they looked one on another, sighed, and shook their heads. There was a deep silence, like that of a funeral.

Eva raised herself, and looked long and earnestly round at every one. All looked sad and apprehensive. Many of the women hid their faces in their aprons.

"I sent for you all, my dear friends," said Eva, "because I love you. I love you all; and I have something to say to you, which I want you always to remember. . . . I am going to leave you. In a few more weeks you will see me no more" —

Here the child was interrupted by bursts of groans, sobs and lamentations, which broke from all present, and in which her slender voice was lost entirely. She waited a moment, and then, speaking in a tone that checked the sobs of all, she said, —

"If you love me you must not interrupt me so. Listen to what I say. I want to speak to you about your souls. . . . Many of you, I am afraid, are very careless. You are thinking only about this world. I want you to remember that there is a beautiful world where Jesus is. I am going there, and you can go there. It is for you as much as me. But if you want to go there, you must not live idle, careless, thoughtless lives. You must be Christians. You must remember that each one of you can become angels, and be angels forever. . . . If you want to be Christians, Jesus will help you. You must pray to him; you must read" —

The child checked herself, looked piteously at them, and said sorrowfully, —

"Oh, dear! you *can't* read, — poor souls!" and she hid

her face in the pillow and sobbed, while many a smothered sob from those she was addressing, who were kneeling on the floor, aroused her.

"Never mind," she said, raising her face, and smiling brightly through her tears, "I have prayed for you; and I know Jesus will help you, even if you can't read. Try all to do the best you can; pray every day; ask him to help you, and get the Bible read to you whenever you can; and I think I shall see you all in heaven."

"Amen," was the murmured response from the lips of Tom and Mammy, and some of the elder ones, who belonged to the Methodist Church. The younger and more thoughtless ones, for the time completely overcome, were sobbing, with their heads bowed upon their knees.

"I know," said Eva, "you all love me."

"Yes, oh, yes! indeed we do! Lord bless her!" was the involuntary answer of all.

"Yes, I know you do! There is n't one of you that has n't always been very kind to me; and I want to give you something that, when you look at, you shall always remember me. I 'm going to give all of you a curl of my hair; and, when you look at it, think that I loved you and am gone to heaven, and that I want to see you all there."

It is impossible to describe the scene as, with tears and sobs, they gathered round the little creature, and took from her hands what seemed to them a last mark of her love. They fell on their knees; they sobbed, and prayed, and kissed the hem of her garment; and the elder ones poured forth words of endearment, mingled in prayers and blessings, after the manner of their susceptible race.

As each one took their gift, Miss Ophelia, who was apprehensive for the effect of all this excitement on her little patient, signed to each one to pass out of the apartment.

At last, all were gone but Tom and Mammy.

"Here, Uncle Tom," said Eva, "is a beautiful one for

you. Oh, I am so happy, Uncle Tom, to think I shall see you in heaven, — for I 'm sure I shall; and Mammy, — dear, good, kind Mammy!" she said, fondly throwing her arms round her old nurse, — "I know you 'll be there, too."

"Oh, Miss Eva, don't see how I can live without ye, nohow!" said the faithful creature. "'Pears like it 's just taking everything off the place to oncet!" and Mammy gave way to a passion of grief.

Miss Ophelia pushed her and Tom gently from the apartment, and thought they were all gone; but, as she turned, Topsy was standing there.

"Where did you start up from?" she said suddenly.

"I was here," said Topsy, wiping the tears from her eyes. "Oh, Miss Eva, I 've been a bad girl; but won't you give *me* one, too?"

"Yes, poor Topsy! to be sure I will. There — every time you look at that, think that I love you, and wanted you to be a good girl!"

"Oh, Miss Eva, I *is* tryin'!" said Topsy earnestly; "but, Lor, it 's so hard to be good. 'Pears like I ain't used to it, noways!"

"Jesus knows it, Topsy; he is sorry for you; he will help you."

Topsy, with her eyes hid in her apron, was silently passed from the apartment by Miss Ophelia; but, as she went, she hid the precious curl in her bosom.

All being gone, Miss Ophelia shut the door. That worthy lady had wiped away many tears of her own during the scene; but concern for the consequence of such an excitement to her young charge was uppermost in her mind.

St. Clare had been sitting, during the whole time, with his hand shading his eyes, in the same attitude. When they were all gone, he sat so, still.

"Papa!" said Eva gently, laying her hand on his.

He gave a sudden start and shiver; but made no answer.

"Dear papa!" said Eva.

"I *cannot*," said St. Clare, rising, — "I *cannot* have it so! The Almighty hath dealt *very bitterly* with me!" and St. Clare pronounced these words with a bitter emphasis indeed.

"Augustine! has not God a right to do what he will with his own?" said Miss Ophelia.

"Perhaps so; but that does n't make it any easier to bear," said he, with a dry, hard, tearless manner, as he turned away.

"Papa, you break my heart!" said Eva, rising and throwing herself into his arms; "you must not feel so!" and the child sobbed and wept with a violence which alarmed them all, and turned her father's thoughts at once to another channel.

"There, Eva, — there, dearest! Hush! hush! I was wrong; I was wicked. I will feel any way, do any way, — only don't distress yourself; don't sob so. I will be resigned; I was wicked to speak as I did."

Eva soon lay like a wearied dove in her father's arms; and he, bending over her, soothed her by every tender word he could think of.

Marie rose and threw herself out of the apartment into her own, when she fell into violent hysterics.

"You did n't give me a curl, Eva," said her father, smiling sadly.

"They are all yours, papa," said she smiling, — "yours and mamma's; and you must give dear aunty as many as she wants. I only gave them to our poor people myself, because you know, papa, they might be forgotten when I am gone, and because I hoped it might help them remember. . . . You are a Christian, are you not, papa?" said Eva doubtfully.

"Why do you ask me?"

"I don't know. You are so good, I don't see how you can help it."

"What is being a Christian, Eva?"

"Loving Christ most of all," said Eva.

"Do you, Eva?"

"Certainly I do."

"You never saw him," said St. Clare.

"That makes no difference," said Eva. "I believe him, and in a few days I shall *see* him;" and the young face grew fervent, radiant with joy.

St. Clare said no more. It was a feeling which he had seen before in his mother; but no chord within vibrated to it.

Eva, after this, declined rapidly; there was no more any doubt of the event; the fondest hope could not be blinded. Her beautiful room was avowedly a sick-room, and Miss Ophelia day and night performed the duties of a nurse, — and never did her friends appreciate her value more than in that capacity. With so well-trained a hand and eye, such perfect adroitness and practice in every art which could promote neatness and comfort, and keep out of sight every disagreeable incident of sickness, — with such a perfect sense of time, such a clear, untroubled head, such exact accuracy in remembering every prescription and direction of the doctor's, — she was everything to him. They who had shrugged their shoulders at her little peculiarities and setnesses, so unlike the careless freedom of Southern manners, acknowledged that now she was the exact person that was wanted.

Uncle Tom was much in Eva's room. The child suffered much from nervous restlessness, and it was a relief to her to be carried; and it was Tom's greatest delight to carry her little frail form in his arms, resting on a pillow, now up and down her room, now out into the veranda; and when the fresh sea-breezes blew from the lake, — and the child felt freshest in the morning, — he would some-

times walk with her under the orange-trees in the garden, or, sitting down in some of their old seats, sing to her their favorite old hymns.

Her father often did the same thing; but his frame was slighter, and when he was weary, Eva would say to him, —

"Oh, papa, let Tom take me. Poor fellow! it pleases him, and you know it's all he can do now, and he wants to do something!"

"So do I, Eva!" said her father.

"Well, papa, you can do everything, and are everything to me. You read to me, — you sit up nights, — and Tom has only this one thing, and his singing; and I know, too, he does it easier than you can. He carries me so strong!"

The desire to do something was not confined to Tom. Every servant in the establishment showed the same feeling, and in their way did what they could.

Poor Mammy's heart yearned towards her darling; but she found no opportunity, night or day, as Marie declared that the state of her mind was such it was impossible for her to rest; and of course it was against her principles to let any one else rest. Twenty times in a night, Mammy would be roused to rub her feet, to bathe her head, to find her pocket-handkerchief, to see what the noise was in Eva's room, to let down a curtain because it was too light, or to put it up because it was too dark; and in the daytime, when she longed to have some share in the nursing of her pet, Marie seemed unusually ingenious in keeping her busy anywhere and everywhere all over the house, or about her own person; so that stolen interviews and momentary glimpses were all she could obtain.

"I feel it my duty to be particularly careful of myself now," she would say, "feeble as I am, and with the whole care and nursing of that dear child upon me."

"Indeed, my dear," said St. Clare, "I thought our cousin relieved you of that."

"You talk like a man, St. Clare, — just as if a mother *could* be relieved of the care of a child in that state; but then it 's all alike, — no one ever knows what I feel! I can't throw things off as you do."

St. Clare smiled. You must excuse him, he could n't help it, — for St. Clare could smile yet. For so bright and placid was the farewell voyage of the little spirit, — by such sweet and fragrant breezes was the small bark borne towards the heavenly shores, — that it was impossible to realize that it was death that was approaching. The child felt no pain, — only a tranquil, soft weakness, daily and almost insensibly increasing; and she was so beautiful, so loving, so trustful, so happy, that one could not resist the soothing influence of that air of innocence and peace which seemed to breathe around her. St. Clare found a strange calm coming over him. It was not hope, — that was impossible; it was not resignation; it was only a calm resting in the present, which seemed so beautiful that he wished to think of no future. It was like that hush of spirit which we feel amid the bright, mild woods of autumn, when the bright hectic flush is on the trees, and the last lingering flowers by the brook; and we joy in it all the more because we know that soon it will all pass away.

The friend who knew most of Eva's own imaginings and foreshadowings was her faithful bearer, Tom. To him she said what she would not disturb her father by saying. To him she imparted those mysterious intimations which the soul feels, as the cords begin to unbind, ere it leaves its clay forever.

Tom, at last, would not sleep in his room, but lay all night in the outer veranda, ready to rouse at every call.

"Uncle Tom, what alive have you taken to sleeping anywhere and everywhere, like a dog, for?" said Miss Ophelia. "I thought you was one of the orderly sort, that liked to lie in bed in a Christian way."

"I do, Miss Feely," said Tom mysteriously, — "I do; but now" —

"Well, what now?"

"We must n't speak loud; Mas'r St. Clare won't hear on 't; but, Miss Feely, you know there must be somebody watchin' for the bridegroom."

"What do you mean, Tom?"

"You know it says in Scripture, 'At midnight there was a great cry made, Behold, the bridegroom cometh.' That 's what I 'm spectin' now every night, Miss Feely, — and I could n't sleep out o' hearin', noways."

"Why, Uncle Tom, what makes you think so?"

"Miss Eva, she talks to me. The Lord, he sends his messenger in the soul. I must be thar, Miss Feely; for when that ar blessed child goes into the kingdom, they 'll open the door so wide we 'll all get a look in at the glory, Miss Feely."

"Uncle Tom, did Miss Eva say she felt more unwell than usual to-night?"

"No, but she telled me, this morning, she was coming nearer, — thar 's them that tells it to the child, Miss Feely. It 's the angels, — 'it 's the trumpet sound afore the break o' day,'" said Tom, quoting from a favorite hymn.

This dialogue passed between Miss Ophelia and Tom, between ten and eleven one evening, after her arrangements had all been made for the night, when, on going to bolt her outer door, she found Tom stretched along by it, in the outer veranda.

She was not nervous or impressible; but the solemn, heart-felt manner struck her. Eva had been unusually bright and cheerful that afternoon, and had sat raised in her bed, and looked over all her little trinkets and precious things, and designated the friends to whom she would have them given; and her manner was more animated, and her voice more natural, than they had known it for weeks. Her

father had been in, in the evening, and had said that Eva appeared more like her former self than ever she had done since her sickness; and when he kissed her for the night, he said to Miss Ophelia, "Cousin, we may keep her with us, after all; she is certainly better;" and he had retired with a lighter heart in his bosom than he had had for weeks.

But at midnight, — strange, mystic hour! — when the veil between the frail present and the eternal future grows thin, — then came the messenger!

There was a sound in that chamber, first of one who stepped quickly. It was Miss Ophelia, who had resolved to sit up all night with her little charge, and who, at the turn of the night, had discerned what experienced nurses significantly call "a change." The outer door was quickly opened, and Tom, who was watching outside, was on the alert, in a moment.

"Go for the doctor, Tom! lose not a moment," said Miss Ophelia; and, stepping across the room, she rapped at St. Clare's door.

"Cousin," she said, "I wish you would come."

Those words fell on his heart like clods upon a coffin. Why did they? He was up and in the room in an instant, and bending over Eva, who still slept.

What was it he saw that made his heart stand still? Why was no word spoken between the two? Thou canst say, who hast seen that same expression on the face dearest to thee, — that look indescribable, hopeless, unmistakable, that says to thee that thy beloved is no longer thine.

On the face of the child, however, there was no ghastly imprint, — only a high and almost sublime expression, — the overshadowing presence of spiritual natures, the dawning of immortal life in that childish soul.

They stood there so still, gazing upon her, that even the ticking of the watch seemed too loud. In a few moments

Tom returned with the doctor. He entered, gave one look, and stood silent as the rest.

"When did this change take place?" said he, in a low whisper to Miss Ophelia.

"About the turn of the night," was the reply.

Marie, roused by the entrance of the doctor, appeared hurriedly from the next room.

"Augustine! Cousin! — Oh! — what!" she hurriedly began.

"Hush!" said St. Clare hoarsely; "*she is dying!*"

Mammy heard the words and flew to awaken the servants. The house was soon aroused, — lights were seen, footsteps heard, anxious faces thronged the veranda, and looking tearfully through the glass doors; but St. Clare heard and said nothing, — he saw only *that look* on the face of the little sleeper.

"Oh, if she would only wake and speak once more!" he said; and, stooping over her, he spoke in her ear, "Eva darling!"

The large blue eyes unclosed, — a smile passed over her face; — she tried to raise her head and to speak.

"Do you know me, Eva?"

"Dear papa," said the child with a last effort, throwing her arms about his neck. In a moment they dropped again, and as St. Clare raised his head, he saw a spasm of mortal agony pass over the face, — she struggled for breath, and threw up her little hands.

"O God, this is dreadful!" he said, turning away in agony, and wringing Tom's hand, scarce conscious what he was doing. "Oh, Tom, my boy, it is killing me!"

Tom had his master's hands between his own; and, with tears streaming down his dark cheeks, looked up for help where he had always been used to look.

"Pray that this may be cut short!" said St. Clare, — "this wrings my heart."

"Oh, bless the Lord! it's over, — it's over, dear Master!" said Tom; "look at her."

The child lay panting on her pillows, as one exhausted, — the large clear eyes rolled up and fixed. And what said those eyes, that spoke so much of heaven? Earth was past, and earthly pain; but so solemn, so mysterious, was the triumphant brightness of that face that it choked even the sobs of sorrow. They pressed around her in breathless stillness.

"Eva," said St. Clare gently.

She did not hear.

"Oh, Eva, tell us what you see! What is it?" said her father.

A bright, a glorious smile passed over her face, and she said brokenly, "Oh! love, — joy, — peace!" gave one sigh, and passed from death unto life!

Farewell, beloved child! the bright, eternal doors have closed after thee; we shall see thy sweet face no more. Oh, woe for them who watched thy entrance into heaven, when they shall wake and find only the cold gray sky of daily life, and thou gone forever!

CHAPTER XXVII

"THIS IS THE LAST OF EARTH"

John Q. Adams.

THE statuettes and pictures in Eva's room were shrouded in white napkins, and only hushed breathings and muffled footfalls were heard there, and the light stole in solemnly through windows partially darkened by closed blinds. The bed was draped in white; and there, beneath the drooping angel figure, lay a little sleeping form, — sleeping never to waken!

There she lay, robed in one of the simple white dresses she had been wont to wear when living; the rose-colored light through the curtains cast over the icy coldness of death a warm glow. The heavy eyelashes drooped softly on the pure cheek; the head was turned a little to one side, as if in natural sleep, but there was diffused over every lineament of the face that high celestial expression, that mingling of rapture and repose, which showed it was no earthly or temporary sleep, but the long, sacred rest which "He giveth to his beloved."

There is no death to such as thou, dear Eva! neither darkness nor shadow of death; only such a bright fading as when the morning star fades in the golden dawn. Thine is the victory without the battle, — the crown without the conflict.

So did St. Clare think, as, with folded arms, he stood there gazing. Ah! who shall say what he did think? for, from the hour that voices had said, in the dying chamber, "She is gone," it had been all a dreary mist, a heavy "dimness of anguish." He had heard voices around him, he

had had questions asked, and answered them; they had asked him when he would have the funeral, and where they should lay her; and he had answered, impatiently, that he cared not.

Adolph and Rosa had arranged the chamber; volatile, fickle, and childish as they generally were, they were soft-hearted and full of feeling; and, while Miss Ophelia presided over the general details of order and neatness, it was their hands that added those soft, poetic touches to the arrangements that took from the death-room the grim and ghastly air which too often marks a New England funeral.

There were still flowers on the shelves, — all white, delicate, and fragrant, with graceful, drooping leaves. Eva's little table, covered with white, bore on it her favorite vase, with a single white moss rosebud in it. The folds of the drapery, the fall of the curtains, had been arranged and rearranged by Adolph and Rosa, with that nicety of eye which characterizes their race. Even now, while St. Clare stood there thinking, little Rosa tripped softly into the chamber with a basket of white flowers. She stepped back when she saw St. Clare, and stopped respectfully; but, seeing that he did not observe her, she came forward to place them around the dead. St. Clare saw her as in a dream, while she placed in the small hands a fair cape jessamine, and with admirable taste disposed other flowers around the couch.

The door opened again, and Topsy, her eyes swelled with crying, appeared, holding something under her apron. Rosa made a quick, forbidding gesture; but she took a step into the room.

"You must go out," said Rosa, in a sharp, positive whisper; "*you* have n't any business here!"

"Oh, do let me! I brought a flower, — such a pretty one!" said Topsy, holding up a half-blown tea rosebud. "Do let me put just one there."

"Get along," said Rosa more decidedly.

"Let her stay!" said St. Clare, suddenly stamping his foot. "She shall come."

Rosa suddenly retreated, and Topsy came forward and laid her offering at the feet of the corpse; then suddenly, with a wild and bitter cry, she threw herself on the floor alongside the bed, and wept, and moaned aloud.

Miss Ophelia hastened into the room, and tried to raise and silence her; but in vain.

"Oh, Miss Eva! oh, Miss Eva! I wish I 's dead, too, — I do!"

There was a piercing wildness in the cry; the blood flushed into St. Clare's white, marble-like face, and the first tears he had shed since Eva died stood in his eyes.

"Get up, child," said Miss Ophelia, in a softened voice; "don't cry so. Miss Eva is gone to heaven; she is an angel."

"But I can't see her!" said Topsy. "I never shall see her!" and she sobbed again.

They all stood a moment in silence.

"*She* said she *loved* me," said Topsy, — "she did! Oh, dear! Oh, dear! there ain't *nobody* left now, — there ain't!"

"That 's true enough," said St. Clare; "but do," he said to Miss Ophelia, "see if you can't comfort the poor creature."

"I jist wish I had n't never been born," said Topsy. "I did n't want to be born, noways; and I don't see no use on 't."

Miss Ophelia raised her gently but firmly, and took her from the room; but as she did so, some tears fell from her eyes.

"Topsy, you poor child," she said, as she led her into her room, "don't give up! *I* can love you, though I am not like that dear little child. I hope I 've learnt some-

thing of the love of Christ from her. I can love you; I do; and I 'll try to help you to grow up a good Christian girl."

Miss Ophelia's voice was more than her words, and more than that were the honest tears that fell down her face. From that hour she acquired an influence over the mind of the destitute child that she never lost.

"Oh, my Eva, whose little hour on earth did so much of good," thought St. Clare, "what account have I to give for my long years?"

There were, for a while, soft whisperings and footfalls in the chamber, as one after another stole in, to look at the dead; and then came the little coffin; and then there was a funeral, and carriages drove to the door, and strangers came and were seated; and there were white scarfs and ribbons, and crape bands, and mourners dressed in black crape; and there were words read from the Bible, and prayers offered; and St. Clare lived, and walked, and moved, as one who has shed every tear; to the last he saw only one thing, that golden head in the coffin; but then he saw the cloth spread over it, the lid of the coffin closed; and he walked, when he was put beside the others, down to a little place at the bottom of the garden, and there, by the mossy seat where she and Tom had talked, and sung, and read so often, was the little grave. St. Clare stood beside it, — looked vacantly down; he saw them lower the little coffin; he heard, dimly, the solemn words, "I am the Resurrection and the Life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live;" and, as the earth was cast in and filled up the little grave, he could not realize that it was his Eva that they were hiding from his sight.

Nor was it! — not Eva, but only the frail seed of that bright, immortal form with which she shall yet come forth in the day of the Lord Jesus!

And then all were gone, and the mourners went back to the place which should know her no more; and Marie's

room was darkened, and she lay on the bed, sobbing and moaning in uncontrollable grief, and calling every moment for the attentions of all her servants. Of course, they had no time to cry, — why should they? the grief was *her* grief, and she was fully convinced that nobody on earth did, could, or would feel it as she did.

"St. Clare did not shed a tear," she said; "he did n't sympathize with her; it was perfectly wonderful to think how hard-hearted and unfeeling he was, when he must know how she suffered."

So much are people the slave of their eye and ear that many of the servants really thought that Missis was the principal sufferer in the case, especially as Marie began to have hysterical spasms, and sent for the doctor, and at last declared herself dying; and, in the running and scampering, and bringing up hot bottles, and heating of flannels, and chafing, and fussing, that ensued, there was quite a diversion.

Tom, however, had a feeling at his own heart, that drew him to his master. He followed him wherever he walked, wistfully and sadly; and when he saw him sitting, so pale and quiet, in Eva's room, holding before his eyes her little open Bible, though seeing no letter or word of what was in it, there was more sorrow to Tom in that still, fixed, tearless eye than in all Marie's moans and lamentations.

In a few days the St. Clare family were back again in the city; Augustine, with the restlessness of grief, longing for another scene, to change the current of his thoughts. So they left the house and garden, with its little grave, and came back to New Orleans; and St. Clare walked the streets busily, and strove to fill up the chasm in his heart with hurry and bustle, and change of place; and people who saw him in the street, or met him at the café, knew of his loss only by the weed on his hat; for there he was, smiling and talking, and reading the newspaper, and speculating on politics, and attending to business matters; and who could see

that all this smiling outside was but a hollow shell over a heart that was a dark and silent sepulchre?

"Mr. St. Clare is a singular man," said Marie to Miss Ophelia, in a complaining tone. "I used to think, if there was anything in the world he did love, it was our dear little Eva; but he seems to be forgetting her very easily. I cannot ever get him to talk about her. I really did think he would show more feeling!"

"Still waters run deepest, they used to tell me," said Miss Ophelia oracularly.

"Oh, I don't believe in such things; it's all talk. If people have feeling, they will show it, — they can't help it; but, then, it's a great misfortune to have feeling. I'd rather have been made like St. Clare. My feelings prey upon me so!"

"Sure, Missis, Mas'r St. Clare is gettin' thin as a shadder. They say, he don't ever eat nothin'," said Mammy. "I know he don't forget Miss Eva; I know there could n't nobody, — dear, little, blessed cretur!" she added, wiping her eyes.

"Well, at all events, he has no consideration for me," said Marie; "he has n't spoken one word of sympathy, and he must know how much more a mother feels than any man can."

"The heart knoweth its own bitterness," said Miss Ophelia gravely.

"That's just what I think. I know just what I feel, — nobody else seems to. Eva used to, but she is gone!" and Marie lay back on her lounge, and began to sob disconsolately.

Marie was one of those unfortunately constituted mortals, in whose eyes whatever is lost and gone assumes a value which it never had in possession. Whatever she had, she seemed to survey only to pick flaws in it; but, once fairly away, there was no end to her valuation of it.

While this conversation was taking place in the parlor, another was going on in St. Clare's library.

Tom, who was always uneasily following his master about, had seen him go to his library some hours before; and, after vainly waiting for him to come out, determined, at last, to make an errand in. He entered softly. St. Clare lay on his lounge, at the further end of the room. He was lying on his face, with Eva's Bible open before him, at a little distance. Tom walked up, and stood by the sofa. He hesitated; and, while he was hesitating, St. Clare suddenly raised himself up. The honest face, so full of grief, and with such an imploring expression of affection and sympathy, struck his master. He laid his hand on Tom's, and bowed down his forehead on it.

"Oh, Tom, my boy, the whole world is as empty as an egg-shell."

"I know it, Mas'r, — I know it," said Tom; "but, oh, if Mas'r could only look up, — up where our dear Miss Eva is, — up to the dear Lord Jesus!"

"Ah, Tom! I do look up; but the trouble is, I don't see anything when I do. I wish I could."

Tom sighed heavily.

"It seems to be given to children, and poor, honest fellows like you, to see what we can't," said St. Clare. "How comes it?"

"Thou hast 'hid from the wise and prudent, and revealed unto babes,'" murmured Tom; "'even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight.'"

"Tom, I don't believe, — I can't believe, — I've got the habit of doubting," said St. Clare. "I want to believe this Bible, — and I can't."

"Dear Mas'r, pray to the good Lord, 'Lord, I believe; help thou my unbelief.'"

"Who knows anything about anything?" said St. Clare, his eyes wandering dreamily, and speaking to himself.

"Was all that beautiful love and faith only one of the ever-shifting phases of human feeling, having nothing real to rest on, passing away with the little breath? And is there no more Eva, — no heaven, — no Christ, — nothing?"

"Oh, dear Mas'r, there is! I know it; I 'm sure of it," said Tom, falling on his knees. "Do, do, dear Mas'r, believe it!"

"How do you know there 's any Christ, Tom? You never saw the Lord."

"Felt him in my soul, Mas'r, — feel him now! Oh, Mas'r, when I was sold away from my old woman and the children, I was jest a'most broke up. I felt as if there warn't nothin' left; and then the good Lord, he stood by me, and he says, 'Fear not, Tom;' and he brings light and joy into a poor feller's soul, makes all peace; and I 's so happy, and loves everybody, and feels willin' jest to be the Lord's, and have the Lord's will done, and be put jest where the Lord wants to put me. I know it could n't come from me, 'cause I 's a poor, complainin' cretur; it comes from the Lord; and I know he 's willin' to do for Mas'r."

Tom spoke with fast-running tears and choking voice. St. Clare leaned his head on his shoulder, and wrung the hard, faithful, black hand.

"Tom, you love me," he said.

"I 's willin' to lay down my life, this blessed day, to see Mas'r a Christian."

"Poor, foolish boy!" said St. Clare, half raising himself. "I 'm not worth the love of one good, honest heart, like yours."

"Oh, Mas'r, dere 's more than me loves you, — the blessed Lord Jesus loves you."

"How do you know that, Tom?" said St. Clare.

"Feels it in my soul. Oh, Mas'r! 'the love of Christ, that passeth knowledge.'"

"Singular!" said St. Clare, turning away, "that the

story of a man that lived and died eighteen hundred years ago can affect people so yet. But he was no man," he added suddenly. "No man ever had such long and living power! Oh, that I could believe what my mother taught me, and pray as I did when I was a boy!"

"If Mas'r pleases," said Tom, "Miss Eva used to read this so beautifully. I wish Mas'r 'd be so good as read it. Don't get no readin', hardly, now Miss Eva's gone."

The chapter was the eleventh of John, — the touching account of the raising of Lazarus. St. Clare read it aloud, often pausing to wrestle down feelings which were roused by the pathos of the story. Tom knelt before him, with clasped hands, and with an absorbed expression of love, trust, adoration, on his quiet face.

"Tom," said his master, "this is all *real* to you."

"I can jest fairly *see* it, Mas'r," said Tom.

"I wish I had your eyes, Tom."

"I wish, to the dear Lord, Mas'r had!"

"But, Tom, you know that I have a great deal more knowledge than you; what if I should tell you that I don't believe this Bible?"

"Oh, Mas'r," said Tom, holding up his hands, with a deprecating gesture.

"Would n't it shake your faith some, Tom?"

"Not a grain," said Tom.

"Why, Tom, you must know I know the most."

"Oh, Mas'r, have n't you jest read how he hides from the wise and prudent, and reveals unto babes? But Mas'r was n't in earnest, for sartin, now?" said Tom anxiously.

"No, Tom, I was not. I don't disbelieve, and I think there is reason to believe; and still I don't. It's a troublesome bad habit I've got, Tom."

"If Mas'r would only pray!"

"How do you know I don't, Tom?"

"Does Mas'r?"

"I would, Tom, if there was anybody there when I pray; but it 's all speaking unto nothing when I do. But come, Tom, you pray, now, and show me who."

Tom's heart was full; he poured it out in prayer, like waters that have been long suppressed. One thing was plain enough: Tom thought there was somebody to hear, whether there were or not. In fact, St. Clare felt himself borne, on the tide of his faith and feeling, almost to the gates of that heaven he seemed so vividly to conceive. It seemed to bring him nearer to Eva.

"Thank you, my boy," said St. Clare, when Tom rose; "I like to hear you, Tom; but go now, and leave me alone: some other time, I 'll talk more."

Tom silently left the room.

CHAPTER XXVIII

REUNION

WEEK after week glided away in the St. Clare mansion, and the waves of life settled back to their usual flow, where that little bark had gone down. For how imperiously, how coolly, in disregard of all one's feeling, does the hard, cold, uninteresting course of daily realities move on! Still must we eat, and drink, and sleep, and wake again, — still bargain, buy, sell, ask and answer questions, — pursue, in short, a thousand shadows, though all interest in them be over; the cold, mechanical habit of living remaining, after all vital interest in it has fled.

All the interests and hopes of St. Clare's life had unconsciously wound themselves around this child. It was for Eva that he had managed his property; it was for Eva that he had planned the disposal of his time; and, to do this and that for Eva, — to buy, improve, alter, and arrange, or dispose something for her, — had been so long his habit, that now she was gone, there seemed nothing to be thought of, and nothing to be done.

True, there was another life, — a life which, once believed in, stands as a solemn, significant figure before the otherwise unmeaning ciphers of time, changing them to orders of mysterious, untold value. St. Clare knew this well; and often, in many a weary hour, he heard that slender, childish voice calling him to the skies, and saw that little hand pointing to him the way of life; but a heavy lethargy of sorrow lay on him, — he could not arise. He had one of those natures which could better and more

clearly conceive of religious things from its own perceptions and instincts, than many a matter-of-fact and practical Christian. The gift to appreciate and the sense to feel the finer shades and relations of moral things often seems an attribute of those whose whole life shows a careful disregard of them. Hence Moore, Byron, Goethe, often speak words more wisely descriptive of the true religious sentiment than another man, whose whole life is governed by it. In such minds, disregard of religion is a more fearful treason, — a more deadly sin.

St. Clare had never pretended to govern himself by any religious obligation; and a certain fineness of nature gave him such an instinctive view of the extent of the requirements of Christianity that he shrank, by anticipation, from what he felt would be the exactions of his own conscience, if he once did resolve to assume them. For, so inconsistent is human nature, especially in the ideal, that not to undertake a thing at all seems better than to undertake and come short.

Still St. Clare was, in many respects, another man. He read his little Eva's Bible seriously and honestly; he thought more soberly and practically of his relations to his servants, — enough to make him extremely dissatisfied with both his past and present course; and one thing he did, soon after his return to New Orleans, and that was to commence the legal steps necessary to Tom's emancipation, which was to be perfected as soon as he could get through the necessary formalities. Meantime, he attached himself to Tom more and more every day. In all the wide world, there was nothing that seemed to remind him so much of Eva; and he would insist on keeping him constantly about him, and, fastidious and unapproachable as he was with regard to his deeper feelings, he almost thought aloud to Tom. Nor would any one have wondered at it, who had seen the expression of affection and devotion with which Tom continually followed his young master.

"Well, Tom," said St. Clare, the day after he had commenced the legal formalities for his enfranchisement, "I 'm going to make a free man of you; so, have your trunk packed, and get ready to set out for Kentuck."

The sudden light of joy that shone in Tom's face as he raised his hands to Heaven, his emphatic "Bless the Lord!" rather discomposed St. Clare; he did not like it that Tom should be so ready to leave him.

"You have n't had such very bad times here that you need be in such a rapture, Tom," he said dryly.

"No, no, Mas'r! 't ain't that, — it 's bein' a *free man!* That 's what I 'm joyin' for."

"Why, Tom, don't you think, for your own part, you 've been better off than to be free?"

"*No, indeed*, Mas'r St. Clare," said Tom, with a flash of energy. "No, indeed!"

"Why, Tom, you could n't possibly have earned, by your work, such clothes and such a living as I have given you."

"Knows all that, Mas'r St. Clare; Mas'r 's been too good; but, Mas'r, I 'd rather have poor clothes, poor house, poor everything, and have them *mine*, than have the best, and have 'em any man's else, — I had *so*, Mas'r; I think it 's natur, Mas'r."

"I suppose so, Tom, and you 'll be going off and leaving me, in a month or so," he added, rather discontentedly. "Though why you should n't, no mortal knows," he said, in a gayer tone; and, getting up, he began to walk the floor.

"Not while Mas'r is in trouble," said Tom. "I 'll stay with Mas'r as long as he wants me, — so as I can be any use."

"Not while I 'm in trouble, Tom?" said St. Clare, looking sadly out of the window. . . . "And when will *my* trouble be over?"

"When Mas'r St. Clare 's a Christian," said Tom.

"And you really mean to stay by till that day comes?" said St. Clare, half smiling, as he turned from the window, and laid his hand on Tom's shoulder. "Ah, Tom, you soft, silly boy! I won't keep you till that day. Go home to your wife and children, and give my love to all."

"I 's faith to believe that day will come," said Tom earnestly, and with tears in his eyes; "the Lord has work for Mas'r."

"A work, hey?" said St. Clare; "well, now, Tom, give me your views on what sort of a work it is; — let 's hear."

"Why, even a poor fellow like me has a work from the Lord; and Mas'r St. Clare, that has larnin', and riches, and friends — how much he might do for the Lord!"

"Tom, you seem to think the Lord needs a great deal done for him," said St. Clare, smiling.

"We does for the Lord when we does for his critturs," said Tom.

"Good theology, Tom; better than Dr. B. preaches, I dare swear," said St. Clare.

The conversation was here interrupted by the announcement of some visitors.

Marie St. Clare felt the loss of Eva as deeply as she could feel anything; and as she was a woman that had a great faculty of making everybody unhappy when she was, her immediate attendants had still stronger reason to regret the loss of their young mistress, whose winning ways and gentle intercessions had so often been a shield to them from the tyrannical and selfish exactions of her mother. Poor old Mammy, in particular, whose heart, severed from all natural domestic ties, had consoled itself with this one beautiful being, was almost heart-broken. She cried day and night, and was, from excess of sorrow, less skillful and alert in her ministrations on her mistress than

usual, which drew down a constant storm of invectives on her defenseless head.

Miss Ophelia felt the loss; but, in her good and honest heart, it bore fruit unto everlasting life. She was more softened, more gentle; and, though equally assiduous in every duty, it was with a chastened and quiet air, as one who communed with her own heart not in vain. She was more diligent in teaching Topsy, — taught her mainly from the Bible, — did not any longer shrink from her touch, or manifest an ill-repressed disgust, because she felt none. She viewed her now through the softened medium that Eva's hand had first held before her eye, and saw in her only an immortal creature, whom God had sent to be led by her to glory and virtue. Topsy did not become at once a saint; but the life and death of Eva did work a marked change in her. The callous indifference was gone; there was now sensibility, hope, desire, and the striving for good, — a strife irregular, interrupted, suspended oft, but yet renewed again.

One day, when Topsy had been sent for by Miss Ophelia, she came, hastily thrusting something into her bosom.

"What are you doing there, you limb? You 've been stealing something, I 'll be bound," said the imperious little Rosa, who had been sent to call her, seizing her, at the same time, roughly by the arm.

"You go 'long, Miss Rosa!" said Topsy, pulling from her; "'t ain't none o' your business!"

"None o' your sa'ce!" said Rosa. "I saw you hiding something, — I know yer tricks," and Rosa seized her arm, and tried to force her hand into her bosom, while Topsy, enraged, kicked and fought valiantly for what she considered her rights. The clamor and confusion of the battle drew Miss Ophelia and St. Clare both to the spot.

"She 's been stealing!" said Rosa.

"I hain't, neither!" vociferated Topsy, sobbing with passion.

"Give me that, whatever it is!" said Miss Ophelia firmly.

Topsy hesitated; but, on a second order, pulled out of her bosom a little parcel done up in the foot of one of her own old stockings.

Miss Ophelia turned it out. There was a small book, which had been given to Topsy by Eva, containing a single verse of Scripture, arranged for every day in the year, and in a paper the curl of hair that she had given her on that memorable day when she had taken her last farewell.

St. Clare was a good deal affected at the sight of it; the little book had been rolled in a long strip of black crape, torn from the funeral weeds.

"What did you wrap *this* round the book for?" said St. Clare, holding up the crape.

"'Cause, — 'cause, — 'cause 't was Miss Eva's. Oh, don't take 'em away, please!" she said; and, sitting flat down on the floor, and putting her apron over her head, she began to sob vehemently.

It was a curious mixture of the pathetic and the ludicrous, — the little old stocking, — black crape, — text-book, — fair, soft curl, — and Topsy's utter distress.

St. Clare smiled; but there were tears in his eyes, as he said, —

"Come, come, — don't cry; you shall have them!" and, putting them together, he threw them into her lap, and drew Miss Ophelia with him into the parlor.

"I really think you can make something of that concern," he said, pointing with his thumb backward over his shoulder. "Any mind that is capable of a *real sorrow* is capable of good. You must try and do something with her."

"The child has improved greatly," said Miss Ophelia. "I have great hopes of her; but, Augustine," she said, laying her hand on his arm, "one thing I want to ask; whose is this child to be? — yours or mine?"

"Why, I gave her to *you*," said Augustine.

"But not legally; — I want her to be mine legally," said Miss Ophelia.

"Whew! cousin," said Augustine. "What will the Abolition Society think? They 'll have a day of fasting appointed for this backsliding, if you become a slave-holder!"

"Oh, nonsense! I want her mine, that I may have a right to take her to the free states, and give her her liberty, that all I am trying to do be not undone."

"Oh, cousin, what an awful 'doing evil that good may come'! I can't encourage it."

"I don't want you to joke, but to reason," said Miss Ophelia. "There is no use in my trying to make this child a Christian child, unless I save her from all the chances and reverses of slavery; and, if you really are willing I should have her, I want you to give me a deed of gift, or some legal paper."

"Well, well," said St. Clare, "I will;" and he sat down, and unfolded a newspaper to read.

"But I want it done now," said Miss Ophelia.

"What 's your hurry?"

"Because now is the only time there ever is to do a thing in," said Miss Ophelia. "Come, now, here 's paper, pen, and ink; just write a paper."

St. Clare, like most men of his class of mind, cordially hated the present tense of action, generally; and, therefore, he was considerably annoyed by Miss Ophelia's downrightness.

"Why, what 's the matter?" said he. "Can't you take my word? One would think you had taken lessons of the Jews, coming at a fellow so!"

"I want to make sure of it," said Miss Ophelia. "You may die, or fail, and then Topsy be hustled off to auction, spite of all I can do."

"Really, you are quite provident. Well, seeing I 'm in the hands of a Yankee, there is nothing for it but to concede;" and St. Clare rapidly wrote off a deed of gift, which, as he was well versed in the forms of law, he could easily do, and signed his name to it in sprawling capitals, concluding by a tremendous flourish.

"There, is n't that black and white, now, Miss Vermont?" he said, as he handed it to her.

"Good boy," said Miss Ophelia, smiling. "But must it not be witnessed?"

"Oh, bother! — yes. Here," he said, opening the door into Marie's apartment, "Marie, cousin wants your autograph; just put your name down here."

"What 's this?" said Marie, as she ran over the paper. "Ridiculous! I thought cousin was too pious for such horrid things," she added, as she carelessly wrote her name, "but, if she has a fancy for that article, I am sure she 's welcome."

"There, now, she 's yours, body and soul," said St. Clare, handing the paper.

"No more mine now than she was before," said Miss Ophelia. "Nobody but God has a right to give her to me; but I can protect her now."

"Well, she 's yours by a fiction of law, then," said St. Clare, as he turned back into the parlor, and sat down to his paper.

Miss Ophelia, who seldom sat much in Marie's company, followed him into the parlor, having first carefully laid away the paper.

"Augustine," she said suddenly, as she sat knitting, "have you ever made any provision for your servants, in case of your death?"

"No," said St. Clare, as he read on.

"Then all your indulgence to them may prove a great cruelty, by and by."

St. Clare had often thought the same thing himself; but he answered negligently, —

"Well, I mean to make a provision, by and by."

"When?" said Miss Ophelia.

"Oh, one of these days."

"What if you should die first?"

"Cousin, what's the matter?" said St. Clare, laying down his paper and looking at her. "Do you think I show symptoms of yellow fever or cholera, that you are making post-mortem arrangements with such zeal?"

"'In the midst of life we are in death,'" said Miss Ophelia.

St. Clare rose up, and laying the paper down carelessly, walked to the door that stood open on the veranda to put an end to a conversation that was not agreeable to him. Mechanically, he repeated the last word again, — "*Death!*" — and, as he leaned against the railings, and watched the sparkling water as it rose and fell in the fountain, and, as in a dim and dizzy haze, saw the flowers and trees and vases of the courts, he repeated again the mystic word so common in every mouth, yet of such fearful power, — "DEATH!" "Strange that there should be such a word," he said, "and such a thing, and we ever forget it; that one should be living, warm, and beautiful, full of hopes, desires, and wants, one day, and the next be gone, utterly gone, and forever!"

It was a warm, golden evening; and, as he walked to the other end of the veranda, he saw Tom busily intent on his Bible, pointing, as he did so, with his finger to each successive word, and whispering them to himself with an earnest air.

"Want me to read to you, Tom?" said St. Clare, seating himself carelessly by him.

"If Mas'r pleases," said Tom gratefully, "Mas'r makes it so much plainer."

St. Clare took the book and glanced at the place, and began reading one of the passages which Tom had designated by the heavy marks around it. It ran as follows: —

"When the Son of man shall come in his glory, and all his holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory: and before him shall be gathered all nations; and he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats." St. Clare read on in an animated voice, till he came to the last of the verses.

"Then shall the king say unto them on his left hand, Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire: for I was an hungered, and ye gave me no meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me not in: naked, and ye clothed me not: I was sick, and in prison, and ye visited me not. Then shall they answer unto Him, Lord, when saw we thee an hungered, or athirst, or a stranger, or naked, or sick, or in prison, and did not minister unto thee? Then shall he say unto them, Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it not to me."

St. Clare seemed struck with this last passage, for he read it twice, — the second time slowly, and as if he were revolving the words in his mind.

"Tom," he said, "these folks that get such hard measure seem to have been doing just what I have, — living good, easy, respectable lives; and not troubling themselves to inquire how many of their brethren were hungry, or athirst, or sick, or in prison."

Tom did not answer.

St. Clare rose up and walked thoughtfully up and down the veranda, seeming to forget everything in his own thoughts; so absorbed was he, that Tom had to remind him twice that the tea-bell had rung, before he could get his attention.

St. Clare was absent and thoughtful, all tea-time. After tea, he and Marie and Miss Ophelia took possession of the parlor, almost in silence.

Marie disposed herself on a lounge, under a silken mosquito curtain, and was soon sound asleep. Miss Ophelia silently busied herself with her knitting. St. Clare sat down to the piano, and began playing a soft and melancholy movement with the Æolian accompaniment. He seemed in a deep reverie, and to be soliloquizing to himself by music. After a little, he opened one of the drawers, took out an old music-book whose leaves were yellow with age, and began turning it over.

"There," he said to Miss Ophelia, "this was one of my mother's books, — and here is her handwriting, — come and look at it. She copied and arranged this from Mozart's Requiem." Miss Ophelia came accordingly.

"It was something she used to sing often," said St. Clare. "I think I can hear her now."

He struck a few majestic chords, and began singing that grand old Latin piece, the "Dies Iræ."

Tom, who was listening in the outer veranda, was drawn by the sound to the very door, where he stood earnestly. He did not understand the words, of course; but the music and manner of singing appeared to affect him strongly, especially when St. Clare sang the more pathetic parts. Tom would have sympathized more heartily, if he had known the meaning of the beautiful words: —

> "Recordare Jesu pie
> Quod sum causa tuæ viæ
> Ne me perdas, illa die;
> Quærens me sedisti lassus,
> Redemisti crucem passus,
> Tantus labor non sit cassus." [1]

[1] These lines have been thus rather inadequately translated: —

> "Think, O Jesus, for what reason
> Thou enduredst earth's spite and treason,

St. Clare threw a deep and pathetic expression into the words; for the shadowy veil of years seemed drawn away, and he seemed to hear his mother's voice leading his. Voice and instrument seemed both living, and threw out with vivid sympathy those strains which the ethereal Mozart first conceived as his own dying requiem.

When St. Clare had done singing, he sat leaning his head upon his hand a few moments, and then began walking up and down the floor.

"What a sublime conception is that of a last judgment!" said he, — "a righting of all the wrongs of ages! — a solving of all moral problems, by an unanswerable wisdom! It is, indeed, a wonderful image."

"It is a fearful one to us," said Miss Ophelia.

"It ought to be to me, I suppose," said St. Clare, stopping, thoughtfully. "I was reading to Tom, this afternoon, that chapter in Matthew that gives an account of it, and I have been quite struck with it. One should have expected some terrible enormities charged to those who are excluded from heaven, as the reason; but no, — they are condemned for *not* doing positive good, as if that included every possible harm."

"Perhaps," said Miss Ophelia, "it is impossible for a person who does no good not to do harm."

"And what," said St. Clare, speaking abstractedly, but with deep feeling, "what shall be said of one whose own heart, whose education, and the wants of society have called in vain to some noble purpose; who has floated on, a dreamy, neutral spectator of the struggles, agonies, and wrongs of man, when he should have been a worker?"

"I should say," said Miss Ophelia, "that he ought to repent, and begin now."

Nor me lose, in that dread season;
Seeking me, thy worn feet hasted,
On the cross thy soul death tasted,
Let not all these toils be wasted."

"Always practical and to the point!" said St. Clare, his face breaking out into a smile. "You never leave me any time for general reflections, cousin; you always bring me short up against the actual present; you have a kind of eternal *now*, always in your mind."

"*Now* is all the time I have anything to do with," said Miss Ophelia.

"Dear little Eva, — poor child!" said St. Clare, "she had set her little simple soul on a good work for me."

It was the first time since Eva's death that he had ever said as many words as these of her, and he spoke now evidently repressing very strong feeling.

"My view of Christianity is such," he added, "that I think no man can consistently profess it without throwing the whole weight of his being against this monstrous system of injustice that lies at the foundation of all our society; and, if need be, sacrificing himself in the battle. That is, I mean that *I* could not be a Christian otherwise, though I have certainly had intercourse with a great many enlightened and Christian people who did no such thing; and I confess that the apathy of religious people on this subject, their want of perception of wrongs that filled me with horror, have engendered in me more skepticism than any other thing."

"If you knew all this," said Miss Ophelia, "why did n't you do it?"

"Oh, because I have had only that kind of benevolence which consists in lying on a sofa, and cursing the church and clergy for not being martyrs and confessors. One can see, you know, very easily, how others ought to be martyrs."

"Well, are you going to do differently now?" said Miss Ophelia.

"God only knows the future," said St. Clare. "I am braver than I was, because I have lost all; and he who has nothing to lose can afford all risks."

"And what are you going to do?"

"My duty, I hope, to the poor and lowly, as fast as I find it out," said St. Clare, "beginning with my own servants, for whom I have yet done nothing, and, perhaps, at some future day, it may appear that I can do something for a whole class; something to save my country from the disgrace of that false position in which she now stands before all civilized nations."

"Do you suppose it possible that a nation ever will voluntarily emancipate?" said Miss Ophelia.

"I don't know," said St. Clare. "This is a day of great deeds. Heroism and disinterestedness are rising up, here and there, in the earth. The Hungarian nobles set free millions of serfs, at an immense pecuniary loss; and, perhaps, among us may be found generous spirits, who do not estimate honor and justice by dollars and cents."

"I hardly think so," said Miss Ophelia.

"But, suppose we should rise up to-morrow and emancipate, who would educate these millions, and teach them how to use their freedom? They never would rise to do much among us. The fact is, we are too lazy and unpractical, ourselves, ever to give them much of an idea of that industry and energy which is necessary to form them into men. They will have to go north, where labor is the fashion, — the universal custom; and tell me, now, is there enough Christian philanthropy, among your Northern States, to bear with the process of their education and elevation? You send thousands of dollars to foreign missions; but could you endure to have the heathen sent into your towns and villages, and give your time, and thoughts, and money, to raise them to the Christian standard? That 's what I want to know. If we emancipate, are you willing to educate? How many families, in your town, would take in a negro man and woman, teach them, bear with them, and seek to make them Christians? How many

merchants would take Adolph, if I wanted to make him a clerk; or mechanics, if I wanted him taught a trade? If I wanted to put Jane and Rosa to a school, how many schools are there in the Northern States that would take them in? how many families that would board them? and yet they are as white as many a woman, north or south. You see, cousin, I want justice done us. We are in a bad position. We are the more *obvious* oppressors of the negro; but the unchristian prejudice of the north is an oppressor almost equally severe."

"Well, cousin, I know it is so," said Miss Ophelia, — "I know it was so with me, till I saw that it was my duty to overcome it; but I trust I have overcome it; and I know there are many good people at the north, who in this matter need only to be *taught* what their duty is, to do it. It would certainly be a greater self-denial to receive heathen among us, than to send missionaries to them; but I think we would do it."

"*You* would, I know," said St. Clare. "I 'd like to see anything you would n't do, if you thought it your duty!"

"Well, I 'm not uncommonly good," said Miss Ophelia. "Others would, if they saw things as I do. I intend to take Topsy home, when I go. I suppose our folks will wonder, at first; but I think they will be brought to see as I do. Besides, I know there are many people at the north who do exactly what you said."

"Yes, but they are a minority; and, if we should begin to emancipate to any extent, we should soon hear from you."

Miss Ophelia did not reply. There was a pause of some moments; and St. Clare's countenance was overcast by a sad, dreamy expression.

"I don't know what makes me think of my mother so much, to-night," he said. "I have a strange kind of feeling, as if she were near me. I keep thinking of things she

used to say. Strange, what brings these past things so vividly back to us, sometimes!"

St. Clare walked up and down the room for some minutes more, and then said, —

"I believe I 'll go down street, a few moments and hear the news, to-night."

He took his hat, and passed out.

Tom followed him to the passage, out of the court, and asked if he should attend him.

"No, my boy," said St. Clare. "I shall be back in an hour."

Tom sat down in the veranda. It was a beautiful moonlight evening, and he sat watching the rising and falling spray of the fountain, and listening to its murmur. Tom thought of his home, and that he should soon be a free man, and able to return to it at will. He thought how he should work to buy his wife and boys. He felt the muscles of his brawny arms with a sort of joy, as he thought they would soon belong to himself, and how much they could do to work out the freedom of his family. Then he thought of his noble young master, and, ever second to that, came the habitual prayer that he had always offered for him; and then his thoughts passed on to the beautiful Eva, whom he now thought of among the angels; and he thought till he almost fancied that that bright face and golden hair were looking upon him, out of the spray of the fountain. And, so musing, he fell asleep, and dreamed he saw her coming bounding towards him, just as she used to come, with a wreath of jessamine in her hair, her cheeks bright, and her eyes radiant with delight; but, as he looked, she seemed to rise from the ground; her cheeks wore a paler hue, — her eyes had a deep, divine radiance, a golden halo seemed around her head, — and she vanished from his sight; and Tom was awakened by a loud knocking, and a sound of many voices at the gate.

He hastened to undo it; and, with smothered voices and heavy tread, came several men, bringing a body, wrapped in a cloak, and lying on a shutter. The light of the lamp fell full on the face; and Tom gave a wild cry of amazement and despair that rang through all the galleries, as the men advanced, with their burden, to the open parlor door, where Miss Ophelia still sat knitting.

St. Clare had turned into a café, to look over an evening paper. As he was reading, an affray arose between two gentlemen in the room, who were both partially intoxicated. St. Clare and one or two others made an effort to separate them, and St. Clare received a fatal stab in the side with a bowie-knife, which he was attempting to wrest from one of them.

The house was full of cries and lamentations, shrieks and screams; servants frantically tearing their hair, throwing themselves on the ground, or running distractedly about lamenting. Tom and Miss Ophelia alone seemed to have any presence of mind; for Marie was in strong hysteric convulsions. At Miss Ophelia's direction, one of the lounges in the parlor was hastily prepared, and the bleeding form laid upon it. St. Clare had fainted, through pain and loss of blood; but, as Miss Ophelia applied restoratives, he revived, opened his eyes, looked fixedly on them, looked earnestly around the room, his eyes traveling wistfully over every object, and finally they rested on his mother's picture.

The physician now arrived, and made his examination. It was evident, from the expression of his face, that there was no hope; but he applied himself to dressing the wound, and he and Miss Ophelia and Tom proceeded composedly with this work, amid the lamentations and sobs and cries of the affrighted servants, who had clustered about the doors and windows of the veranda.

"Now," said the physician, "we must turn all these creatures out; all depends on his being kept quiet."

St. Clare opened his eyes, and looked fixedly on the distressed beings, whom Miss Ophelia and the doctor were trying to urge from the apartment. "Poor creatures!" he said, and an expression of bitter self-reproach passed over his face. Adolph absolutely refused to go. Terror had deprived him of all presence of mind; he threw himself along on the floor, and nothing could persuade him to rise. The rest yielded to Miss Ophelia's urgent representations, that their master's safety depended on their stillness and obedience.

St. Clare could say but little; he lay with his eyes shut, but it was evident that he wrestled with bitter thoughts. After a while, he laid his hand on Tom's, who was kneeling beside him, and said, "Tom! poor fellow!"

"What, Mas'r?" said Tom earnestly.

"I am dying!" said St. Clare, pressing his hand; "pray!"

"If you would like a clergyman" — said the physician.

St. Clare hastily shook his head, and said again to Tom, more earnestly, "Pray!"

And Tom did pray, with all his mind and strength, for the soul that was passing, — the soul that seemed looking so steadily and mournfully from those large, melancholy blue eyes. It was literally prayer offered with strong crying and tears.

When Tom ceased to speak, St. Clare reached out and took his hand, looking earnestly at him, but saying nothing. He closed his eyes, but still retained his hold; for, in the gates of eternity, the black hand and the white hold each other with an equal clasp. He murmured softly to himself, at broken intervals, —

> "Recordare Jesu pie —
>
> . . . . .
>
> Ne me perdas — illa die
> Quærens me — sedisti lassus."

It was evident that the words he had been singing that evening were passing through his mind, — words of entreaty addressed to Infinite Pity. His lips moved at intervals, as parts of the hymn fell brokenly from them.

"His mind is wandering," said the doctor.

"No! it is coming HOME, at last!" said St. Clare energetically; "at last! at last!"

The effort of speaking exhausted him. The sinking paleness of death fell on him; but with it there fell, as if shed from the wings of some pitying spirit, a beautiful expression of peace, like that of a wearied child who sleeps.

So he lay for a few moments. They saw that the mighty hand was on him. Just before the spirit parted, he opened his eyes, with a sudden light, as of joy and recognition, and said "*Mother!*" and then he was gone!

CHAPTER XXIX

THE UNPROTECTED

We hear often of the distress of the negro servants on the loss of a kind master; and with good reason, for no creature on God's earth is left more utterly unprotected and desolate than the slave in these circumstances.

The child who has lost a father has still the protection of friends, and of the law; he is something, and can do something, — has acknowledged rights and position; the slave has none. The law regards him, in every respect, as devoid of rights as a bale of merchandise. The only possible acknowledgment of any of the longings and wants of a human and immortal creature, which are given to him, comes to him through the sovereign and irresponsible will of his master; and when that master is stricken down, nothing remains.

The number of those men who know how to use wholly irresponsible power humanely and generously is small. Everybody knows this, and the slave knows it best of all; so that he feels that there are ten chances of his finding an abusive and tyrannical master, to one of his finding a considerate and kind one. Therefore is it that the wail over a kind master is loud and long, as well it may be.

When St. Clare breathed his last, terror and consternation took hold of all his household. He had been stricken down so in a moment, in the flower and strength of his youth! Every room and gallery of the house resounded with sobs and shrieks of despair.

Marie, whose nervous system had been enervated by a

constant course of self-indulgence, had nothing to support the terror of the shock, and, at the time her husband breathed his last, was passing from one fainting fit to another; and he to whom she had been joined in the mysterious tie of marriage passed from her forever, without the possibility of even a parting word.

Miss Ophelia, with characteristic strength and self-control, had remained with her kinsman to the last, — all eye, all ear, all attention; doing everything of the little that could be done, and joining with her whole soul in the tender and impassioned prayers which the poor slave had poured forth for the soul of his dying master.

When they were arranging him for his last rest, they found upon his bosom a small, plain miniature-case, opening with a spring. It was the miniature of a noble and beautiful female face; and on the reverse, under a crystal, a lock of dark hair. They laid them back on the lifeless breast, — dust to dust, — poor mournful relics of early dreams, which once made that cold heart beat so warmly!

Tom's whole soul was filled with thoughts of eternity; and while he ministered around the lifeless clay, he did not once think that the sudden stroke had left him in hopeless slavery. He felt at peace about his master; for in that hour, when he had poured forth his prayer into the bosom of his Father, he had found an answer of quietness and assurance springing up within himself. In the depths of his own affectionate nature, he felt able to perceive something of the fullness of Divine love; for an old oracle hath thus written, — "He that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him." Tom hoped and trusted, and was at peace.

But the funeral passed, with all its pageant of black crape, and prayers, and solemn faces; and back rolled the cool, muddy waves of every-day life; and up came the everlasting hard inquiry of "What is to be done next?"

It rose to the mind of Marie, as, dressed in loose morning-robes, and surrounded by anxious servants, she sat up in a great easy-chair, and inspected samples of crape and bombazine. It rose to Miss Ophelia, who began to turn her thoughts towards her northern home. It rose, in silent terrors, to the minds of the servants, who well knew the unfeeling, tyrannical character of the mistress in whose hands they were left. All knew, very well, that the indulgences which had been accorded to them were not from their mistress, but from their master; and that, now he was gone, there would be no screen between them and every tyrannous infliction which a temper soured by affliction might devise.

It was about a fortnight after the funeral, that Miss Ophelia, busied one day in her apartment, heard a gentle tap at the door. She opened it, and there stood Rosa, the pretty young quadroon, whom we have before often noticed, her hair in disorder, and her eyes swelled with crying.

"Oh, Miss Feely," she said, falling on her knees, and catching the skirt of her dress, "*do, do go* to Miss Marie for me! do plead for me! She 's goin' to send me out to be whipped, — look there!" And she handed to Miss Ophelia a paper.

It was an order, written in Marie's delicate Italian hand, to the master of a whipping establishment, to give the bearer fifteen lashes.

"What have you been doing?" said Miss Ophelia.

"You know, Miss Feely, I 've got such a bad temper; it 's very bad of me. I was trying on Miss Marie's dress, and she slapped my face; and I spoke out before I thought, and was saucy, and she said that she 'd bring me down, and have me know, once for all, that I was n't going to be so topping as I had been; and she wrote this, and says I shall carry it. I 'd rather she 'd kill me, right out."

Miss Ophelia stood considering, with the paper in her hand.

"You see, Miss Feely," said Rosa, "I don't mind the whipping so much, if Miss Marie or you was to do it; but, to be sent to a *man!* and such a horrid man, — the shame of it, Miss Feely!"

Miss Ophelia well knew that it was the universal custom to send women and young girls to whipping-houses, to the hands of the lowest of men, — men vile enough to make this their profession, — there to be subjected to brutal exposure and shameful correction. She had *known* it before; but hitherto she had never realized it, till she saw the slender form of Rosa almost convulsed with distress. All the honest blood of womanhood, the strong New England blood of liberty, flushed to her cheeks, and throbbed bitterly in her indignant heart; but, with habitual prudence and self-control, she mastered herself, and, crushing the paper firmly in her hand, she merely said to Rosa, —

"Sit down, child, while I go to your mistress."

"Shameful! monstrous! outrageous!" she said to herself, as she was crossing the parlor.

She found Marie sitting up in her easy-chair, with Mammy standing by her, combing her hair; Jane sat on the ground before her, busy in chafing her feet.

"How do you find yourself, to-day?" said Miss Ophelia.

A deep sigh, and a closing of the eyes, was the only reply, for a moment; and then Marie answered: "Oh, I don't know, cousin; I suppose I 'm as well as I ever shall be!" and Marie wiped her eyes with a cambric handkerchief, bordered with an inch deep of black.

"I came," said Miss Ophelia, with a short, dry cough, such as commonly introduces a difficult subject, — "I came to speak with you about poor Rosa."

Marie's eyes were open wide enough now, and a flush rose to her sallow cheeks, as she answered sharply, —

"Well, what about her?"

"She is very sorry for her fault."

"She is, is she? She 'll be sorrier, before I 've done with her! I 've endured that child's impudence long enough; and now I 'll bring her down, — I 'll make her lie in the dust!"

"But could not you punish her some other way, — some way that would be less shameful?"

"I mean to shame her; that 's just what I want. She has all her life presumed on her delicacy, and her good looks, and her lady-like airs, till she forgets who she is; — and I 'll give her one lesson that will bring her down, I fancy!"

"But, cousin, consider that, if you destroy delicacy and a sense of shame in a young girl, you deprave her very fast."

"Delicacy!" said Marie, with a scornful laugh, — "a fine word for such as she! I 'll teach her, with all her airs, that she 's no better than the raggedest black wench that walks the streets! She 'll take no more airs with me!"

"You will answer to God for such cruelty!" said Miss Ophelia, with energy.

"Cruelty, — I 'd like to know what the cruelty is! I wrote orders for only fifteen lashes, and told him to put them on lightly. I 'm sure, there 's no cruelty there!"

"No cruelty!" said Miss Ophelia. "I 'm sure any girl might rather be killed outright!"

"It might seem so to anybody with your feeling; but all these creatures get used to it; it 's the only way they can be kept in order. Once let them feel that they are to take any airs about delicacy, and all that, and they 'll run all over you, just as my servants always have. I 've begun now to bring them under; and I 'll have them all to know that I 'll send one out to be whipped as soon as an-

other, if they don't mind themselves!" said Marie, looking around her decidedly.

Jane hung her head and cowered at this, for she felt as if it was particularly directed to her. Miss Ophelia sat for a moment, as if she had swallowed some explosive mixture, and were ready to burst. Then, recollecting the utter uselessness of contention with such a nature, she shut her lips resolutely, gathered herself up, and walked out of the room.

It was hard to go back and tell Rosa that she could do nothing for her; and, shortly after, one of the man-servants came to say that her mistress had ordered him to take Rosa with him to the whipping-house, whither she was hurried, in spite of her tears and entreaties.

A few days after, Tom was standing musing by the balconies, when he was joined by Adolph, who, since the death of his master, had been entirely crestfallen and disconsolate. Adolph knew that he had always been an object of dislike to Marie; but while his master lived he had paid but little attention to it. Now that he was gone, he had moved about in daily dread and trembling, not knowing what might befall him next. Marie had held several consultations with her lawyer; after communicating with St. Clare's brother, it was determined to sell the place, and all the servants, except her own personal property, and these she intended to take with her, and go back to her father's plantation.

"Do ye know, Tom, that we 've all got to be sold?" said Adolph.

"How did you hear that?" said Tom.

"I hid myself behind the curtains when Missis was talking with the lawyer. In a few days we shall all be sent off to auction, Tom."

"The Lord's will be done!" said Tom, folding his arms and sighing heavily.

"We 'll never get another such a master," said Adolph apprehensively; "but I 'd rather be sold than take my chance under Missis."

Tom turned away; his heart was full. The hope of liberty, the thought of distant wife and children, rose up before his patient soul, as to the mariner shipwrecked almost in port rises the vision of the church-spire and loving roofs of his native village, seen over the top of some black wave only for one last farewell. He drew his arms tightly over his bosom, and choked back the bitter tears, and tried to pray. The poor old soul had such a singular, unaccountable prejudice in favor of liberty, that it was a hard wrench for him; and the more he said, "Thy will be done," the worse he felt.

He sought Miss Ophelia, who, ever since Eva's death, had treated him with marked and respectful kindness.

"Miss Feely," he said, "Mas'r St. Clare promised me my freedom. He told me that he had begun to take it out for me; and now, perhaps, if Miss Feely would be good enough to speak about it to Missis, she would feel like goin' on with it, as it was Mas'r St. Clare's wish."

"I 'll speak for you, Tom, and do my best," said Miss Ophelia; "but, if it depends on Mrs. St. Clare, I can't hope much for you; — nevertheless, I will try."

This incident occurred a few days after that of Rosa, while Miss Ophelia was busied in preparations to return north.

Seriously reflecting within herself, she considered that perhaps she had shown too hasty a warmth of language in her former interview with Marie; and she resolved that she would now endeavor to moderate her zeal, and to be as conciliatory as possible. So the good soul gathered herself up, and, taking her knitting, resolved to go into Marie's room, be as agreeable as possible, and negotiate Tom's case with all the diplomatic skill of which she was mistress.

She found Marie reclining at length upon a lounge, supporting herself on one elbow by pillows, while Jane, who had been out shopping, was displaying before her certain samples of thin black stuffs.

"That will do," said Marie, selecting one; "only I 'm not sure about its being properly mourning."

"Laws, Missis," said Jane volubly, "Mrs. General Derbennon wore just this very thing, after the General died, last summer; it makes up lovely!"

"What do you think?" said Marie to Miss Ophelia.

"It 's a matter of custom, I suppose," said Miss Ophelia. "You can judge about it better than I."

"The fact is," said Marie, "that I have n't a dress in the world that I can wear; and, as I am going to break up the establishment, and go off, next week, I must decide upon something."

"Are you going so soon?"

"Yes. St. Clare's brother has written, and he and the lawyer think that the servants and furniture had better be put up at auction, and the place left with our lawyer."

"There 's one thing I wanted to speak with you about," said Miss Ophelia. "Augustine promised Tom his liberty, and began the legal forms necessary to it. I hope you will use your influence to have it perfected."

"Indeed, I shall do no such thing!" said Marie sharply. "Tom is one of the most valuable servants on the place, — it could n't be afforded, anyway. Besides, what does he want of liberty? He 's a great deal better off as he is."

"But he does desire it, very earnestly, and his master promised it," said Miss Ophelia.

"I dare say he does want it," said Marie; "they all want it, just because they are a discontented set, — always wanting what they have n't got. Now, I 'm principled against emancipating, in any case. Keep a negro under the

care of a master, and he does well enough, and is respectable; but set them free, and they get lazy, and won't work, and take to drinking, and go all down to be mean, worthless fellows. I've seen it tried, hundreds of times. It's no favor to set them free."

"But Tom is so steady, industrious, and pious."

"Oh, you needn't tell me! I've seen a hundred like him. He'll do very well, as long as he's taken care of, — that's all."

"But, then, consider," said Miss Ophelia, "when you set him up for sale, the chances of his getting a bad master."

"Oh, that's all humbug!" said Marie; "it isn't one time in a hundred that a good fellow gets a bad master; most masters are good, for all the talk that is made. I've lived and grown up here, in the south, and I never yet was acquainted with a master that didn't treat his servants well, — quite as well as is worth while. I don't feel any fears on that head."

"Well," said Miss Ophelia energetically, "I know it was one of the last wishes of your husband that Tom should have his liberty; it was one of the promises that he made to dear little Eva on her death-bed, and I should not think you would feel at liberty to disregard it."

Marie had her face covered with her handkerchief at this appeal, and began sobbing and using her smelling-bottle, with great vehemence.

"Everybody goes against me!" she said. "Everybody is so inconsiderate! I shouldn't have expected that *you* would bring up all these remembrances of my troubles to me, — it's so inconsiderate! But nobody ever does consider, — my trials are so peculiar! It's so hard, that when I had only one daughter, she should have been taken! — and when I had a husband that just exactly suited me, — and I'm so hard to be suited! — he should be taken! And

you seem to have so little feeling for me, and keep bringing it up to me so carelessly, — when you know how it overcomes me! I suppose you mean well; but it is very inconsiderate, — very!" And Marie sobbed, and gasped for breath, and called Mammy to open the window, and to bring her the camphor-bottle, and to bathe her head, and unhook her dress. And, in the general confusion that ensued, Miss Ophelia made her escape to her apartment.

She saw, at once, that it would do no good to say anything more; for Marie had an indefinite capacity for hysteric fits; and, after this, whenever her husband's or Eva's wishes with regard to the servants were alluded to, she always found it convenient to set one in operation. Miss Ophelia, therefore, did the next best thing she could for Tom, — she wrote a letter to Mrs. Shelby for him, stating his troubles, and urging them to send to his relief.

The next day, Tom and Adolph, and some half a dozen other servants, were marched down to a slave warehouse, to await the convenience of the trader, who was going to make up a lot for auction.

CHAPTER XXX

THE SLAVE WAREHOUSE

A SLAVE warehouse! Perhaps some of my readers conjure up horrible visions of such a place. They fancy some foul, obscure den, some horrible *Tartarus* "*informis, ingens, cui lumen ademptum.*" But no, innocent friend; in these days men have learned the art of sinning expertly and genteelly, so as not to shock the eyes and senses of respectable society. Human property is high in the market; and is, therefore, well fed, well cleaned, tended, and looked after, that it may come to sale sleek, and strong, and shining. A slave warehouse in New Orleans is a house externally not much unlike many others, kept with neatness; and where every day you may see arranged, under a sort of shed along the outside, rows of men and women, who stand there as a sign of the property sold within.

Then you shall be courteously entreated to call and examine, and shall find an abundance of husbands, wives, brothers, sisters, fathers, mothers, and young children, to be "sold separately, or in lots, to suit the convenience of the purchaser;" and that soul immortal, once bought with blood and anguish by the Son of God, when the earth shook, and the rocks were rent, and the graves were opened, can be sold, leased, mortgaged, exchanged for groceries or dry goods, to suit the phases of trade, or the fancy of the purchaser.

It was a day or two after the conversation between Marie and Miss Ophelia, that Tom, Adolph, and about

half a dozen others of the St. Clare estate, were turned over to the loving kindness of Mr. Skeggs, the keeper of a depot on —— street, to await the auction next day.

Tom had with him quite a sizable trunk full of clothing, as had most others of them. They were ushered, for the night, into a long room, where many other men, of all ages, sizes, and shades of complexion, were assembled, and from which roars of laughter and unthinking merriment were proceeding.

"Ah, ha! that's right. Go it, boys, — go it!" said Mr. Skeggs, the keeper. "My people are always so merry! Sambo, I see!" he said, speaking approvingly to a burly negro who was performing tricks of low buffoonery, which occasioned the shouts which Tom had heard.

As might be imagined, Tom was in no humor to join these proceedings; and, therefore, setting his trunk as far as possible from the noisy group, he sat down on it, and leaned his face against the wall.

The dealers in the human article make scrupulous and systematic efforts to promote noisy mirth among them, as a means of drowning reflection, and rendering them insensible to their condition. The whole object of the training to which the negro is put, from the time he is sold in the northern market till he arrives south, is systematically directed towards making him callous, unthinking, and brutal.

The slave-dealer collects his gang in Virginia or Kentucky, and drives them to some convenient, healthy place, — often a watering-place, — to be fattened. Here they are fed full daily; and, because some incline to pine, a fiddle is kept commonly going among them, and they are made to dance daily; and he who refuses to be merry — in whose soul thoughts of wife, or child, or home, are too strong for him to be gay — is marked as sullen and dangerous, and subjected to all the evils which the ill will of an utterly irresponsible and hardened man can inflict upon him.

Briskness, alertness, and cheerfulness of appearance, especially before observers, are constantly enforced upon them, both by the hope of thereby getting a good master, and the fear of all that the driver may bring upon them, if they prove unsalable.

"What dat ar nigger doin' here?" said Sambo, coming up to Tom, after Mr. Skeggs had left the room. Sambo was a full black, of great size, very lively, voluble, and full of trick and grimace.

"What you doin' here?" said Sambo, coming up to Tom, and poking him facetiously in the side. "Meditatin', eh?"

"I am to be sold at the auction, to-morrow!" said Tom quietly.

"Sold at auction, — haw! haw! boys, ain't this yer fun? I wish 't I was gwine that ar way! — tell ye, would n't I make 'em laugh? But how is it, — dis yer whole lot gwine to-morrow?" said Sambo, laying his hand freely on Adolph's shoulder.

"Please to let me alone!" said Adolph fiercely, straightening himself up, with extreme disgust.

"Law, now, boys! dis yer 's one o' yer white niggers, — kind o' cream-color, ye know, scented!" said he, coming up to Adolph and snuffing. "O Lor! he 'd do for a tobaccer-shop; they could keep him to scent snuff! Lor, he 'd keep a whole shop a-gwine, — he would!"

"I say, keep off, can't you?" said Adolph enraged.

"Lor, now, how touchy we is, — we white niggers! Look at us, now!" and Sambo gave a ludicrous imitation of Adolph's manner; "here 's de airs and graces. We 's been in a good family, I specs."

"Yes," said Adolph; "I had a master that could have bought you all for old truck!"

"Laws, now, only think," said Sambo, "the gentlemens that we is!"

"I belonged to the St. Clare family," said Adolph proudly.

"Lor, you did! Be hanged if they arn't lucky to get shet of ye. Spects they 's gwine to trade ye off with a lot o' cracked teapots and sich like!" said Sambo, with a provoking grin.

Adolph, enraged at this taunt, flew furiously at his adversary, swearing and striking on every side of him. The rest laughed and shouted, and the uproar brought the keeper to the door.

"What now, boys? Order, — order!" he said, coming in and flourishing a large whip.

All fled in different directions, except Sambo, who, presuming on the favor which the keeper had to him as a licensed wag, stood his ground, ducking his head with a facetious grin, whenever the master made a dive at him.

"Lor, Mas'r, 't ain't us, — we 's reg'lar stiddy, — it 's these yer new hands; they 's real aggravatin', — kinder pickin' at us, all time!"

The keeper, at this, turned upon Tom and Adolph, and distributing a few kicks and cuffs without much inquiry, and leaving general orders for all to be good boys and go to sleep, left the apartment.

While this scene was going on in the men's sleeping-room, the reader may be curious to take a peep at the corresponding apartment allotted to the women. Stretched out in various attitudes over the floor, he may see numberless sleeping forms of every shade of complexion, from the purest ebony to white, and of all years, from childhood to old age, lying now asleep. Here is a fine bright girl, of ten years, whose mother was sold out yesterday, and who to-night cried herself to sleep when nobody was looking at her. Here, a worn old negress, whose thin arms and callous fingers tell of hard toil, waiting to be sold to-morrow, as a cast-off article, for what can be got for her; and some

forty or fifty others, with heads variously enveloped in blankets or articles of clothing, lie stretched around them. But, in a corner, sitting apart from the rest, are two females of a more interesting appearance than common. One of these is a respectably dressed mulatto woman between forty and fifty, with soft eyes and a gentle and pleasing physiognomy. She has on her head a high-raised turban, made of a gay red Madras handkerchief, of the first quality, and her dress is neatly fitted, and of good material, showing that she has been provided for with a careful hand. By her side, and nestling closely to her, is a young girl of fifteen, — her daughter. She is a quadroon, as may be seen from her fairer complexion, though her likeness to her mother is quite discernible. She has the same soft, dark eye, with longer lashes, and her curling hair is of a luxuriant brown. She also is dressed with great neatness, and her white, delicate hands betray very little acquaintance with servile toil. These two are to be sold to-morrow, in the same lot with the St. Clare servants; and the gentleman to whom they belong, and to whom the money for their sale is to be transmitted, is a member of a Christian church in New York, who will receive the money, and go thereafter to the sacrament of his Lord and theirs, and think no more of it.

These two, whom we shall call Susan and Emmeline, had been the personal attendants of an amiable and pious lady of New Orleans, by whom they had been carefully and piously instructed and trained. They had been taught to read and write, diligently instructed in the truths of religion, and their lot had been as happy an one as in their condition it was possible to be. But the only son of their protectress had the management of her property; and, by carelessness and extravagance, involved it to a large amount, and at last failed. One of the largest creditors was the respectable firm of B. & Co., in New York.

B. & Co. wrote to their lawyer in New Orleans, who attached the real estate (these two articles and a lot of plantation hands formed the most valuable part of it), and wrote word to that effect to New York. Brother B., being, as we have said, a Christian man, and a resident in a free state, felt some uneasiness on the subject. He did n't like trading in slaves and souls of men, — of course, he did n't; but, then, there were thirty thousand dollars in the case, and that was rather too much money to be lost for a principle; and so, after much considering, and asking advice from those that he knew would advise to suit him, Brother B. wrote to his lawyer to dispose of the business in the way that seemed to him the most suitable, and remit the proceeds.

The day after the letter arrived in New Orleans, Susan and Emmeline were attached, and sent to the depot to await a general auction on the following morning; and as they glimmer faintly upon us in the moonlight which steals through the grated window, we may listen to their conversation. Both are weeping, but each quietly, that the other may not hear.

"Mother, just lay your head on my lap, and see if you can't sleep a little," says the girl, trying to appear calm.

"I have n't any heart to sleep, Em; I can't; it 's the last night we may be together!"

"Oh, mother, don't say so! perhaps we shall get sold together, — who knows?"

"If 't was anybody's else case, I should say so, too, Em," said the woman; "but I 'm so 'feard of losin' you that I don't see anything but the danger."

"Why, mother, the man said we were both likely, and would sell well."

Susan remembered the man's looks and words. With a deadly sickness at her heart, she remembered how he had looked at Emmeline's hands, and lifted up her curly hair,

and pronounced her a first-rate article. Susan had been trained as a Christian, brought up in the daily reading of the Bible, and had the same horror of her child's being sold to a life of shame that any other Christian mother might have; but she had no hope, — no protection.

"Mother, I think we might do first-rate, if you could get a place as cook, and I as chambermaid or seamstress, in some family. I dare say we shall. Let 's both look as bright and lively as we can, and tell all we can do, and perhaps we shall," said Emmeline

"I want you to brush your hair all back straight, to-morrow," said Susan.

"What for, mother? I don't look near so well, that way."

"Yes, but you 'll sell better so."

"I don't see why!" said the child.

"Respectable families would be more apt to buy you, if they saw you looked plain and decent, as if you was n't trying to look handsome. I know their ways better 'n you do," said Susan.

"Well, mother, then I will."

"And, Emmeline, if we should n't ever see each other again, after to-morrow, — if I 'm sold way up on a plantation somewhere, and you somewhere else, — always remember how you 've been brought up, and all Missis has told you; take your Bible with you, and your hymn-book; and if you 're faithful to the Lord, he 'll be faithful to you."

So speaks the poor soul, in sore discouragement; for she knows that to-morrow any man, however vile and brutal, however godless and merciless, if he only has money to pay for her, may become owner of her daughter, body and soul; and then, how is the child to be faithful? She thinks of all this, as she holds her daughter in her arms, and wishes that she were not handsome and attractive. It

seems almost an aggravation to her to remember how purely and piously, how much above the ordinary lot, she has been brought up. But she has no resort but to *pray;* and many such prayers to God have gone up from those same trim, neatly arranged, respectable slave-prisons, — prayers which God has not forgotten, as a coming day shall show; for it is written, "Whoso causeth one of these little ones to offend, it were better for him that a mill-stone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depths of the sea."

The soft, earnest, quiet moonbeam looks in fixedly, marking the bars of the grated windows on the prostrate, sleeping forms. The mother and daughter are singing together a wild and melancholy dirge, common as a funeral hymn among the slaves: —

"Oh, where is weeping Mary?
Oh, where is weeping Mary?
'Rived in the goodly land.
She is dead and gone to heaven;
She is dead and gone to heaven;
'Rived in the goodly land."

These words, sung by voices of a peculiar and melancholy sweetness, in an air which seemed like the sighing of earthly despair after heavenly hope, floated through the dark prison-rooms with a pathetic cadence, as verse after verse was breathed out, —

"Oh, where are Paul and Silas?
Oh, where are Paul and Silas?
Gone to the goodly land.
They are dead and gone to heaven;
They are dead and gone to heaven;
'Rived in the goodly land."

Sing on, poor souls! The night is short, and the morning will part you forever!

But now it is morning, and everybody is astir; and the worthy Mr. Skeggs is busy and bright, for a lot of goods is to be fitted out for auction. There is a brisk lookout

on the toilet; injunctions passed around to every one to put on their best face and be spry; and now all are arranged in a circle for a last review, before they are marched up to the Bourse.

Mr. Skeggs, with his palmetto on and his cigar in his mouth, walks around to put farewell touches on his wares.

"How 's this?" he said, stepping in front of Susan and Emmeline. "Where 's your curls, gal?"

The girl looked timidly at her mother, who, with the smooth adroitness common among her class, answers, —

"I was telling her, last night, to put up her hair smooth and neat, and not havin' it flying about in curls; looks more respectable so."

"Bother!" said the man peremptorily, turning to the girl; "you go right along, and curl yourself real smart!" He added, giving a crack to a rattan he held in his hand, "And be back in quick time, too!"

"You go and help her," he added, to the mother. "Them curls may make a hundred dollars difference in the sale of her."

. . . . . .

Beneath a splendid dome were men of all nations, moving to and fro, over the marble pave. On every side of the circular area were little tribunes, or stations, for the use of speakers and auctioneers. Two of these, on opposite sides of the area, were now occupied by brilliant and talented gentlemen, enthusiastically forcing up, in English and French commingled, the bids of connoisseurs in their various wares. A third one, on the other side, still unoccupied, was surrounded by a group, waiting the moment of sale to begin. And here we may recognize the St. Clare servants, — Tom, Adolph, and others; and there, too, Susan and Emmeline, awaiting their turn with anxious and dejected faces. Various spectators, intending to purchase, or not intending, as the case might be, gathered around the

group, handling, examining, and commenting on their various points and faces with the same freedom that a set of jockeys discuss the merits of a horse.

"Hulloa, Alf! what brings you here?" said a young exquisite, slapping the shoulder of a sprucely dressed young man, who was examining Adolph through an eyeglass.

"Well, I was wanting a valet, and I heard that St. Clare's lot was going. I thought I 'd just look at his" —

"Catch me ever buying any of St. Clare's people! Spoilt niggers, every one. Impudent as the devil!" said the other.

"Never fear that!" said the first. "If I get 'em, I 'll soon have their airs out of them; they 'll soon find that they 've another kind of master to deal with than Monsieur St. Clare. 'Pon my word, I 'll buy that fellow. I like the shape of him."

"You 'll find it 'll take all you 've got to keep him. He 's deucedly extravagant!"

"Yes, but my lord will find that he *can't* be extravagant with *me*. Just let him be sent to the calaboose a few times, and thoroughly dressed down! I 'll tell you if it don't bring him to a sense of his ways! Oh, I 'll reform him, up hill and down, — you 'll see. I buy him, that 's flat!"

Tom had been standing wistfully examining the multitude of faces thronging around him, for one whom he would wish to call master. And if you should ever be under the necessity, sir, of selecting, out of two hundred men, one who was to become your absolute owner and disposer, you would, perhaps, realize, just as Tom did, how few there were that you would feel at all comfortable in being made over to. Tom saw abundance of men, — great, burly, gruff men; little, chirping, dried men; long-favored, lank, hard men; and every variety of stubbed-looking, commonplace men, who pick up their fellow men as one picks

up chips, putting them into the fire or a basket with equal unconcern, according to their convenience; but he saw no St. Clare.

A little before the sale commenced, a short, broad, muscular man, in a checked shirt considerably open at the bosom, and pantaloons much the worse for dirt and wear, elbowed his way through the crowd, like one who is going actively into a business; and, coming up to the group, began to examine them systematically. From the moment that Tom saw him approaching, he felt an immediate and revolting horror at him, that increased as he came near. He was evidently, though short, of gigantic strength. His round bullet-head, large, light-gray eyes, with their shaggy, sandy eyebrows and stiff, wiry, sunburned hair, were rather unprepossessing items, it is to be confessed; his large, coarse mouth was distended with tobacco, the juice of which, from time to time, he ejected from him with great decision and explosive force; his hands were immensely large, hairy, sunburned, freckled, and very dirty, and garnished with long nails, in a very foul condition. This man proceeded to a very free personal examination of the lot. He seized Tom by the jaw, and pulled open his mouth to inspect his teeth; made him strip up his sleeve, to show his muscle; turned him round, made him jump and spring, to show his paces.

"Where was you raised?" he added briefly to these investigations.

"In Kintuck, Mas'r," said Tom, looking about, as if for deliverance.

"What have you done?"

"Had care of Mas'r's farm," said Tom.

"Likely story!" said the other shortly, as he passed on. He paused a moment before Dolph; then spitting a discharge of tobacco-juice on his well-blacked boots, and giving a contemptuous umph, he walked on. Again he

stopped before Susan and Emmeline. He put out his heavy, dirty hand, and drew the girl towards him; passed it over her neck and bust, felt her arms, looked at her teeth, and then pushed her back against her mother, whose patient face showed the suffering she had been going through at every motion of the hideous stranger.

The girl was frightened, and began to cry.

"Stop that, you minx!" said the salesman: "no whimpering here, — the sale is going to begin."

And accordingly the sale began.

Adolph was knocked off, at a good sum, to the young gentleman who had previously stated his intention of buying him; and the other servants of the St. Clare lot went to various bidders.

"Now, up with you, boy! d' ye hear?" said the auctioneer to Tom.

Tom stepped upon the block, gave a few anxious looks round; all seemed mingled in a common, indistinct noise, — the clatter of the salesman crying off his qualifications in French and English, the quick fire of French and English bids; and almost in a moment came the final thump of the hammer, and the clear ring on the last syllable of the word "dollars," as the auctioneer announced his price, and Tom was made over. — He had a master.

He was pushed from the block; the short, bull-headed man, seizing him roughly by the shoulder, pushed him to one side, saying, in a harsh voice, "Stand there, *you!*"

Tom hardly realized anything; but still the bidding went on, — rattling, clattering, now French, now English. Down goes the hammer again, — Susan is sold! She goes down from the block, stops, looks wistfully back, — her daughter stretches her hands towards her. She looks with agony in the face of the man who has bought her, — a respectable, middle-aged man, of benevolent countenance.

"Oh, Mas'r, please do buy my daughter!"

"I 'd like to, but I 'm afraid I can't afford it!" said the gentleman, looking, with painful interest, as the young girl mounted the block, and looked around her with a frightened and timid glance.

The blood flushes painfully in her otherwise colorless cheek, her eye has a feverish fire, and her mother groans to see that she looks more beautiful than she ever saw her before. The auctioneer sees his advantage, and expatiates volubly in mingled French and English, and bids rise in rapid succession.

"I 'll do anything in reason," said the benevolent-looking gentleman, pressing in and joining with the bids. In a few moments they have run beyond his purse. He is silent; the auctioneer grows warmer; but bids gradually drop off. It lies now between an aristocratic old citizen and our bullet-headed acquaintance. The citizen bids for a few turns, contemptuously measuring his opponent; but the bullet-head has the advantage over him, both in obstinacy and concealed length of purse, and the controversy lasts but a moment; the hammer falls, — he has got the girl, body and soul, unless God help her.

Her master is Mr. Legree, who owns a cotton plantation on the Red River. She is pushed along into the same lot with Tom and two other men, and goes off, weeping as she goes.

The benevolent gentleman is sorry; but, then, the thing happens every day! One sees girls and mothers crying, at these sales, *always!* it can't be helped, etc.; and he walks off, with his acquisition, in another direction.

Two days after, the lawyer of the Christian firm of B. & Co., New York, sent on their money to them. On the reverse of that draft, so obtained, let them write these words of the great Paymaster, to whom they shall make up their account in a future day: "*When he maketh inquisition for blood, he forgetteth not the cry of the humble!*"

CHAPTER XXXI

THE MIDDLE PASSAGE

"Thou art of purer eyes than to behold evil, and canst not look upon iniquity: wherefore lookest thou upon them that deal treacherously, and holdest thy tongue when the wicked devoureth the man that is more righteous than he?" — *Hab.* i. 13.

On the lower part of a small, mean boat, on the Red River, Tom sat, — chains on his wrists, chains on his feet, and a weight heavier than chains lay on his heart. All had faded from his sky, — moon and star; all had passed by him, as the trees and banks were now passing, to return no more. Kentucky home, with wife and children, and indulgent owners; St. Clare home, with all its refinements and splendors; the golden head of Eva, with its saint-like eyes; the proud, gay, handsome, seemingly careless, yet ever-kind St. Clare; hours of ease and indulgent leisure, — all gone! and in place thereof, *what* remains?

It is one of the bitterest apportionments of a lot of slavery, that the negro, sympathetic and assimilative, after acquiring, in a refined family, the tastes and feelings which form the atmosphere of such a place, is not the less liable to become the bond-slave of the coarsest and most brutal, — just as a chair or table, which once decorated the superb saloon, comes, at last, battered and defaced, to the bar-room of some filthy tavern, or some low haunt of vulgar debauchery. The great difference is, that the table and chair cannot feel, and the *man* can; for even a legal enactment that he shall be "taken, reputed, adjudged in law, to be a chattel personal," cannot blot out his soul, with its

own private little world of memories, hopes, loves, fears, and desires.

Mr. Simon Legree, Tom's master, had purchased slaves at one place and another, in New Orleans, to the number of eight, and driven them, handcuffed, in couples of two and two, down to the good steamer Pirate, which lay at the levee, ready for a trip up the Red River.

Having got them fairly on board, and the boat being off, he came round, with that air of efficiency which ever characterized him, to take a review of them. Stopping opposite to Tom, who had been attired for sale in his best broadcloth suit, with well-starched linen and shining boots, he briefly expressed himself as follows: —

"Stand up."

Tom stood up.

"Take off that stock!" and, as Tom, encumbered by his fetters, proceeded to do it, he assisted him, by pulling it, with no gentle hand, from his neck, and putting it in his pocket.

Legree now turned to Tom's trunk, which, previous to this, he had been ransacking, and, taking from it a pair of old pantaloons and a dilapidated coat, which Tom had been wont to put on about his stable-work, he said, liberating Tom's hands from the handcuffs, and pointing to a recess in among the boxes, —

"You go there, and put these on."

Tom obeyed, and in a few moments returned.

"Take off your boots," said Mr. Legree.

Tom did so.

"There," said the former, throwing him a pair of coarse, stout shoes, such as were common among the slaves, "put these on."

In Tom's hurried exchange, he had not forgotten to transfer his cherished Bible to his pocket. It was well he did so; for Mr. Legree, having refitted Tom's handcuffs,

proceeded deliberately to investigate the contents of his pockets. He drew out a silk handkerchief, and put it into his own pocket. Several little trifles, which Tom had treasured, chiefly because they had amused Eva, he looked upon with a contemptuous grunt, and tossed them over his shoulder into the river.

Tom's Methodist hymn-book, which, in his hurry, he had forgotten, he now held up and turned over.

"Humph! pious, to be sure. So, what 's yer name, — you belong to the church, eh?"

"Yes, Mas'r," said Tom firmly.

"Well, I 'll soon have *that* out of you. I have none o' yer bawling, praying, singing niggers on my place; so remember. Now, mind yourself," he said, with a stamp and a fierce glance of his gray eye, directed at Tom, "*I 'm* your church now! You understand, — you 've got to be as I say."

Something within the silent black man answered *No!* and, as if repeated by an invisible voice, came the words of an old prophetic scroll, as Eva had often read them to him, — "Fear not! for I have redeemed thee. I have called thee by my name. Thou art MINE!"

But Simon Legree heard no voice. That voice is one he never shall hear. He only glared for a moment on the downcast face of Tom, and walked off. He took Tom's trunk, which contained a very neat and abundant wardrobe, to the forecastle, where it was soon surrounded by various hands of the boat. With much laughing, at the expense of niggers who tried to be gentlemen, the articles very readily were sold to one and another, and the empty trunk finally put up at auction. It was a good joke, they all thought, especially to see how Tom looked after his things, as they were going this way and that; and then the auction of the trunk, that was funnier than all, and occasioned abundant witticisms.

This little affair being over, Simon sauntered up again to his property.

"Now, Tom, I 've relieved you of any extra baggage, you see. Take mighty good care of them clothes. It 'll be long enough 'fore you get more. I go in for making niggers careful; one suit has to do for one year, on my place."

Simon next walked up to the place where Emmeline was sitting, chained to another woman.

"Well, my dear," he said, chucking her under the chin, "keep up your spirits."

The involuntary look of horror, fright, and aversion with which the girl regarded him did not escape his eye. He frowned fiercely.

"None o' your shines, gal! you 's got to keep a pleasant face, when I speak to ye, — d' ye hear? And you, you old yellow poco moonshine!" he said, giving a shove to the mulatto woman to whom Emmeline was chained, "don't you carry that sort of face! You 's got to look chipper, I tell ye!"

"I say, all on ye," he said, retreating a pace or two back, "look at me, — look at me, — look me right in the eye, — *straight*, now!" said he, stamping his foot at every pause.

As by a fascination, every eye was now directed to the glaring greenish-gray eye of Simon.

"Now," said he, doubling his great, heavy fist into something resembling a blacksmith's hammer, "d' ye see this fist? Heft it!" he said, bringing it down on Tom's hand. "Look at these yer bones! Well, I tell ye this yer fist has got as hard as iron *knocking down niggers.* I never see the nigger, yet, I could n't bring down with one crack," said he, bringing his fist down so near to the face of Tom that he winked and drew back. "I don't keep none o' yer cussed overseers; I does my own overseeing;

and I tell you things *is* seen to. You 's every one on ye got to toe the mark, I tell ye; quick, — straight, — the moment I speak. That 's the way to keep in with me. Ye won't find no soft spot in me, nowhere. So, now, mind yerselves; for I don't show no mercy!"

The women involuntarily drew in their breath, and the whole gang sat with downcast, dejected faces. Meanwhile, Simon turned on his heel, and marched up to the bar of the boat for a dram.

"That 's the way I begin with my niggers," he said to a gentlemanly man who had stood by him during his speech. "It 's my system to begin strong, — just let 'em know what to expect."

"Indeed!" said the stranger, looking upon him with the curiosity of a naturalist studying some out-of-the-way specimen.

"Yes, indeed. I 'm none o' yer gentlemen planters, with lily fingers, to slop round and be cheated by some old cuss of an overseer! Just feel of my knuckles, now; look at my fist. Tell ye, sir, the flesh on 't has come jest like a stone, practicing on niggers, — feel on it."

The stranger applied his fingers to the implement in question, and simply said, —

"'T is hard enough; and, I suppose," he added, "practice has made your heart just like it."

"Why, yes, I may say so," said Simon, with a hearty laugh. "I reckon there 's as little soft in me as in any one going. Tell you, nobody comes it over me! Niggers never gets round me, neither with squalling nor soft soap, — that 's a fact."

"You have a fine lot there."

"Real," said Simon. "There 's that Tom, they telled me he was suthin uncommon. I paid a little high for him, 'tendin' him for a driver and a managing chap; only get the notions out that he 's larnt by being treated as niggers

never ought to be, he 'll do prime! The yellow woman I got took in in. I rayther think she 's sickly, but I shall put her through for what she 's worth; she may last a year or two. I don't go for savin' niggers. Use up, and buy more 's my way, — makes you less trouble, and I 'm quite sure it comes cheaper in the end;" and Simon sipped his glass.

"And how long do they generally last?" said the stranger.

"Well, donno; 'cordin' as their constitution is. Stout fellers last six or seven years; trashy ones gets worked up in two or three. I used to, when I fust begun, have considerable trouble fussin' with 'em, and trying to make 'em hold out, — doctorin' on 'em up when they 's sick and givin' on 'em clothes and blankets, and what not, tryin' to keep 'em all sort o' decent and comfortable. Law, 't was n't no sort o' use; I lost money on 'em, and 't was heaps o' trouble. Now, you see, I just put 'em straight through, sick or well. When one nigger 's dead, I buy another; and I find it comes cheaper and easier, every way."

The stranger turned away, and seated himself beside a gentleman, who had been listening to the conversation with repressed uneasiness.

"You must not take that fellow to be any specimen of southern planters," said he.

"I should hope not," said the young gentleman, with emphasis.

"He is a mean, low, brutal fellow!" said the other.

"And yet your laws allow him to hold any number of human beings subject to his absolute will, without even a shadow of protection; and, low as he is, you cannot say that there are not many such."

"Well," said the other, "there are also many considerate and humane men among planters."

"Granted," said the young man; "but, in my opinion,

it is you considerate, humane men, that are responsible for all the brutality and outrage wrought by these wretches; because, if it were not for your sanction and influence, the whole system could not keep foothold for an hour. If there were no planters except such as that one," said he, pointing with his finger to Legree, who stood with his back to them, "the whole thing would go down like a mill-stone. It is your respectability and humanity that licenses and protects his brutality."

"You certainly have a high opinion of my good nature," said the planter, smiling; "but I advise you not to talk quite so loud, as there are people on board the boat who might not be quite so tolerant to opinion as I am. You had better wait till I get up to my plantation, and there you may abuse us all, quite at your leisure."

The young gentleman colored and smiled, and the two were soon busy in a game of backgammon. Meanwhile, another conversation was going on in the lower part of the boat, between Emmeline and the mulatto woman with whom she was confined. As was natural, they were exchanging with each other some particulars of their history.

"Who did you belong to?" said Emmeline.

"Well, my Mas'r was Mr. Ellis, — lived on Levee Street. P'r'aps you 've seen the house."

"Was he good to you?" said Emmeline.

"Mostly, till he tuk sick. He 's lain sick, off and on, more than six months, and been orful oneasy. 'Pears like he warn't willin' to have nobody rest, day nor night; and got so curous, there could n't nobody suit him. 'Pears like he just grew crosser, every day; kep me up nights till I got farly beat out, and could n't keep awake no longer; and 'cause I got to sleep, one night, Lors, he talk so orful to me, and he tell me he 'd sell me to just the hardest master he could find; and he 'd promised me my freedom, too, when he died."

"Had you any friends?" said Emmeline.

"Yes, my husband, — he 's a blacksmith. Mas'r gen'ly hired him out. They took me off so quick, I did n't even have time to see him; and I 's got four children. Oh, dear me!" said the woman, covering her face with her hands.

It is a natural impulse, in every one, when they hear a tale of distress, to think of something to say by way of consolation. Emmeline wanted to say something, but she could not think of anything to say. What was there to be said? As by a common consent, they both avoided, with fear and dread, all mention of the horrible man who was now their master.

True, there is religious trust for even the darkest hour. The mulatto woman was a member of the Methodist Church, and had an unenlightened but very sincere spirit of piety. Emmeline had been educated much more intelligently, — taught to read and write, and diligently instructed in the Bible, by the care of a faithful and pious mistress; yet, would it not try the faith of the firmest Christians to find themselves abandoned, apparently, of God, in the grasp of ruthless violence? How much more must it shake the faith of Christ's poor little ones, weak in knowledge and tender in years.

The boat moved on, — freighted with its weight of sorrow, — up the red, muddy, turbid current, through the abrupt, tortuous windings of the Red River; and sad eyes gazed wearily on the steep red-clay banks, as they glided by in dreary sameness. At last the boat stopped at a small town, and Legree, with his party, disembarked.

CHAPTER XXXII

DARK PLACES

"The dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty."

TRAILING wearily behind a rude wagon, and over a ruder road, Tom and his associates faced onward.

In the wagon was seated Simon Legree; and the two women, still fettered together, were stowed away with some baggage in the back part of it; and the whole company were seeking Legree's plantation, which lay a good distance off.

It was a wild, forsaken road, now winding through dreary pine barrens, where the wind whispered mournfully, and now over log causeways, through long cypress swamps, the doleful trees rising out of the slimy, spongy ground, hung with long wreaths of funereal black moss, while ever and anon the loathsome form of the moccasin snake might be seen sliding among broken stumps and shattered branches that lay here and there, rotting in the water.

It is disconsolate enough, this riding, to the stranger, who, with well-filled pocket and well-appointed horse, threads the lonely way on some errand of business; but wilder, drearier, to the man enthralled, whom every weary step bears further from all that man loves and prays for.

So one should have thought, that witnessed the sunken and dejected expression on those dark faces; the wistful, patient weariness with which those sad eyes rested on object after object that passed them in their sad journey.

Simon rode on, however, apparently well pleased, occasionally pulling away at a flask of spirit, which he kept in his pocket.

"I say, *you!*" he said, as he turned back and caught a glance at the dispirited faces behind him. "Strike up a song, boys, — come!"

The men looked at each other, and the "come" was repeated, with a smart crack of the whip which the driver carried in his hands. Tom began a Methodist hymn, —

"Jerusalem, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my sorrows have an end,
Thy joys when shall" —

"Shut up, you black cuss!" roared Legree; "did ye think I wanted any o' yer infernal old Methodism? I say, tune up, now, something real rowdy, — quick!"

One of the other men struck up one of those unmeaning songs, common among the slaves.

"Mas'r see'd me cotch a coon,
High boys, high!
He laughed to split, — d' ye see the moon,
Ho! ho! ho! boys, ho!
Ho! yo! hi — e! oh!"

The singer appeared to make up the song to his own pleasure, generally hitting on rhyme, without much attempt at reason; and all the party took up the chorus, at intervals, —

"Ho! ho! ho! boys, ho!
High — e — oh! high — e — oh!"

It was sung very boisterously, and with a forced attempt at merriment; but no wail of despair, no words of impassioned prayer, could have had such a depth of woe in them as the wild notes of the chorus. As if the poor, dumb heart, threatened, — prisoned, — took refuge in that inarticulate sanctuary of music, and found there a language in which to breathe its prayer to God! There was a prayer in it, which Simon could not hear. He only heard the

boys singing noisily, and was well pleased; he was making them "keep up their spirits."

"Well, my little dear," said he, turning to Emmeline, and laying his hand on her shoulder, "we 're almost home!"

When Legree scolded and stormed, Emmeline was terrified; but when he laid his hand on her, and spoke as he now did, she felt as if she had rather he would strike her. The expression of his eyes made her soul sick, and her flesh creep. Involuntarily she clung closer to the mulatto woman by her side, as if she were her mother.

"You did n't ever wear earrings?" he said, taking hold of her small ear with his coarse fingers.

"No, Mas'r!" said Emmeline, trembling and looking down.

"Well, I 'll give you a pair, when we get home, if you 're a good girl. You need n't be so frightened; I don't mean to make you work very hard. You 'll have fine times with me, and live like a lady, — only be a good girl."

Legree had been drinking to that degree that he was inclining to be very gracious; and it was about this time that the inclosures of the plantation rose to view. The estate had formerly belonged to a gentleman of opulence and taste, who had bestowed some considerable attention to the adornment of his grounds. Having died insolvent, it had been purchased, at a bargain, by Legree, who used it, as he did everything else, merely as an implement for money-making. The place had that ragged, forlorn appearance, which is always produced by the evidence that the care of the former owner has been left to go to utter decay.

What was once a smooth-shaven lawn before the house, dotted here and there with ornamental shrubs, was now covered with frouzy tangled grass, with horse-posts set up, here and there, in it, where the turf was stamped away,

and the ground littered with broken pails, cobs of corn, and other slovenly remains. Here and there, a mildewed jessamine or honeysuckle hung raggedly from some ornamental support, which had been pushed to one side by being used as a horse-post. What once was a large garden was now all grown over with weeds, through which, here and there, some solitary exotic reared its forsaken head. What had been a conservatory had now no window-sashes, and on the mouldering shelves stood some dry, forsaken flower-pots with sticks in them, whose dried leaves showed they had once been plants.

The wagon rolled up a weedy gravel walk, under a noble avenue of China-trees, whose graceful forms and ever-springing foliage seemed to be the only things there that neglect could not daunt or alter, — like noble spirits, so deeply rooted in goodness, as to flourish and grow stronger amid discouragement and decay.

The house had been large and handsome. It was built in a manner common at the south; a wide veranda of two stories running round every part of the house, into which every outer door opened, the lower tier being supported by brick pillars.

But the place looked desolate and uncomfortable; some windows stopped up with boards, some with shattered panes, and shutters hanging by a single hinge, — all telling of coarse neglect and discomfort.

Bits of board, straw, old decayed barrels and boxes, garnished the ground in all directions; and three or four ferocious-looking dogs, roused by the sound of the wagon-wheels, came tearing out, and were with difficulty restrained from laying hold of Tom and his companions, by the effort of the ragged servants who came after them.

"Ye see what ye 'd get!" said Legree, caressing the dogs with grim satisfaction, and turning to Tom and his companions. "Ye see what ye 'd get, if ye try to run off.

These yer dogs has been raised to track niggers; and they 'd jest as soon chaw one on ye up as to eat their supper. So, mind yerself! How now, Sambo!" he said, to a ragged fellow, without any brim to his hat, who was officious in his attentions. "How have things been going?"

"Fust-rate, Mas'r."

"Quimbo," said Legree to another, who was making zealous demonstrations to attract his attention, "ye minded what I telled ye?"

"Guess I did, did n't I?"

These two colored men were the two principal hands on the plantation. Legree had trained them in savageness and brutality as systematically as he had his bulldogs; and, by long practice in hardness and cruelty, brought their whole nature to about the same range of capacities. It is a common remark, and one that is thought to militate strongly against the character of the race, that the negro overseer is always more tyrannical and cruel than the white one. This is simply saying that the negro mind has been more crushed and debased than the white. It is no more true of this race than of every oppressed race, the world over. The slave is always a tyrant, if he can get a chance to be one.

Legree, like some potentates we read of in history, governed his plantation by a sort of resolution of forces. Sambo and Quimbo cordially hated each other; the plantation hands, one and all, cordially hated them; and by playing off one against another, he was pretty sure, through one or the other of the three parties, to get informed of whatever was on foot in the place.

Nobody can live entirely without social intercourse; and Legree encouraged his two black satellites to a kind of coarse familiarity with him, — a familiarity, however, at any moment liable to get one or the other of them into trouble; for, on the slightest provocation, one of them

always stood ready, at a nod, to be a minister of his vengeance on the other.

As they stood there now by Legree, they seemed an apt illustration of the fact that brutal men are lower even than animals. Their coarse, dark, heavy features; their great eyes, rolling enviously on each other; their barbarous, guttural, half-brute intonation; their dilapidated garments fluttering in the wind, — were all in admirable keeping with the vile and unwholesome character of everything about the place.

"Here, you Sambo," said Legree, "take these yer boys down to the quarters; and here 's a gal I 've got for *you*," said he, as he separated the mulatto woman from Emmeline, and pushed her towards him; — "I promised to bring you one, you know."

The woman gave a sudden start, and, drawing back, said suddenly, —

"Oh, Mas'r! I left my old man in New Orleans."

"What of that, you ——; won't you want one here? None o' yer words, — go 'long!" said Legree, raising his whip.

"Come, mistress," he said to Emmeline, "you go in here with me."

A dark, wild face was seen, for a moment, to glance at the window of the house; and as Legree opened the door, a female voice said something, in a quick, imperative tone. Tom, who was looking with anxious interest after Emmeline, as she went in, noticed this, and heard Legree answer angrily, "You may hold your tongue! I 'll do as I please, for all you!"

Tom heard no more; for he was soon following Sambo to the quarters. The quarters was a little sort of street of rude shanties, in a row, in a part of the plantation, far off from the house. They had a forlorn, brutal, forsaken air.

Tom's heart sunk when he saw them. He had been comforting himself with the thought of a cottage, rude, indeed, but one which he might make neat and quiet, and where he might have a shelf for his Bible, and a place to be alone out of his laboring hours. He looked into several; they were mere rude shells, destitute of any species of furniture, except a heap of straw, foul with dirt, spread confusedly over the floor, which was merely the bare ground, trodden hard by the tramping of innumerable feet.

"Which of these will be mine?" said he to Sambo submissively.

"Dunno; ken turn in here, I s'pose," said Sambo; "spects thar 's room for another thar; thar 's a pretty smart heap o' niggers to each on 'em, now; sure, I dunno what I 's to do with more."

. . . . . .

It was late in the evening when the weary occupants of the shanties came flocking home, — men and women, in soiled and tattered garments, surly and uncomfortable, and in no mood to look pleasantly on newcomers. The small village was alive with no inviting sounds; hoarse, guttural voices contending at the handmills where their morsel of hard corn was yet to be ground into meal, to fit it for the cake that was to constitute their only supper. From the earliest dawn of the day, they had been in the fields, pressed to work under the driving lash of the overseers; for it was now in the very heat and hurry of the season, and no means was left untried to press every one up to the top of their capabilities. "True," says the negligent lounger; "picking cotton is n't hard work." Isn't it? And it is n't much inconvenience, either, to have one drop of water fall on your head; yet the worst torture of the Inquisition is produced by drop after drop, drop after drop, falling moment after moment, with monotonous succession, on the same spot; and work, in itself not hard,

becomes so, by being pressed, hour after hour, with unvarying, unrelenting sameness, with not even the consciousness of free-will to take from its tediousness. Tom looked in vain among the gang, as they poured along, for companionable faces. He saw only sullen, scowling, imbruted men, and feeble, discouraged women, or women that were not women, — the strong pushing away the weak, — the gross, unrestricted animal selfishness of human beings, of whom nothing good was expected and desired; and who, treated in every way like brutes, had sunk as nearly to their level as it was possible for human beings to do. To a late hour in the night the sound of the grinding was protracted; for the mills were few in number compared with the grinders, and the weary and feeble ones were driven back by the strong, and came on last in their turn.

"Ho yo'!" said Sambo, coming to the mulatto woman, and throwing down a bag of corn before her; "what a cuss yo' name?"

"Lucy," said the woman.

"Wal, Lucy, yo' my woman now. Yo' grind dis yer corn, and get *my* supper baked, ye har?"

"I ain't your woman, and I won't be!" said the woman, with the sharp, sudden courage of despair; "you go 'long!"

"I 'll kick yo', then!" said Sambo, raising his foot threateningly.

"Ye may kill me, if ye choose, — the sooner the better! Wish 't I was dead!" said she.

"I say, Sambo, you go to spilin' the hands, I 'll tell Mas'r o' you," said Quimbo, who was busy at the mill, from which he had viciously driven two or three tired women, who were waiting to grind their corn.

"And I 'll tell him ye won't let the women come to the mills, yo' old nigger!" said Sambo. "Yo' jes keep to yo' own row."

Tom was hungry with his day's journey, and almost faint for want of food.

"Thar, yo'!" said Quimbo, throwing down a coarse bag, which contained a peck of corn; "thar, nigger, grab, take car' on 't, — yo' won't get no more, *dis* yer week."

Tom waited till a late hour, to get a place at the mills; and then, moved by the utter weariness of two women, whom he saw trying to grind their corn there, he ground for them, put together the decaying brands of the fire where many had baked cakes before them, and then went about getting his own supper. It was a new kind of work there, — a deed of charity, small as it was; but it woke an answering touch in their hearts, — an expression of womanly kindness came over their hard faces; they mixed his cake for him, and tended its baking; and Tom sat down by the light of the fire, and drew out his Bible, — for he had need of comfort.

"What 's that?" said one of the women.

"A Bible," said Tom.

"Good Lord! hain't seen un since I was in Kentuck."

"Was you raised in Kentuck?" said Tom, with interest.

"Yes, and well raised, too; never spected to come to dis yer!" said the woman, sighing.

"What 's dat ar book, anyway?" said the other woman.

"Why, the Bible."

"Laws a me! what 's dat?" said the woman.

"Do tell! you never hearn on 't?" said the other woman. "I used to har Missis a-readin' on 't, sometimes, in Kentuck; but, laws o' me! we don't har nothin' here but crackin' and swarin'."

"Read a piece, anyways!" said the first woman curiously, seeing Tom attentively poring over it.

Tom read, — "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

"Them 's good words enough," said the woman; "who says 'em?"

"The Lord," said Tom.

"I jest wish I know'd whar to find him," said the woman. "I would go; 'pears like I never should get rested agin. My flesh is fairly sore, and I tremble all over, every day, and Sambo 's allers a-jawin' at me, 'cause I does n't pick faster; and nights it 's most midnight 'fore I can get my supper; and then 'pears like I don't turn over and shut my eyes, 'fore I hear de horn blow to get up, and at it agin in de mornin'. If I knew whar de Lord was, I 'd tell him."

"He 's here, he 's everywhere," said Tom.

"Lor, you ain't gwine to make me believe dat ar! I know de Lord ain't here," said the woman; "'t ain't no use talking, though. I 's jest gwine to camp down, and sleep while I ken."

The women went off to their cabins, and Tom sat alone, by the smouldering fire, that flickered up redly in his face.

The silver, fair-browed moon rose in the purple sky, and looked down, calm and silent, as God looks on the scene of misery and oppression, — looked calmly on the lone black man, as he sat, with his arms folded, and his Bible on his knee.

"Is God HERE?" Ah, how is it possible for the untaught heart to keep its faith, unswerving, in the face of dire misrule, and palpable, unrebuked injustice? In that simple heart waged a fierce conflict: the crushing sense of wrong, the foreshadowing of a whole life of future misery, the wreck of all past hopes, mournfully tossing in the soul's sight, like dead corpses of wife, and child, and friend, rising from the dark wave, and surging in the face of the half-drowned mariner! Ah, was it easy *here* to believe and hold fast the great password of Christian faith, "that God IS, and is the REWARDER of them that diligently seek him"?

Tom rose, disconsolate, and stumbled into the cabin that had been allotted to him. The floor was already strewn with weary sleepers, and the foul air of the place almost repelled him; but the heavy night-dews were chill, and his limbs weary, and, wrapping about him a tattered blanket, which formed his only bed-clothing, he stretched himself in the straw and fell asleep.

In dreams, a gentle voice came over his ear; he was sitting on the mossy seat in the garden by Lake Pontchartrain, and Eva, with her serious eyes bent downward, was reading to him from the Bible; and he heard her read, —

"When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee, and the rivers they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee; for I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour."

Gradually the words seemed to melt and fade, as in a divine music; the child raised her deep eyes, and fixed them lovingly on him, and rays of warmth and comfort seemed to go from them to his heart; and, as if wafted on the music, she seemed to rise on shining wings, from which flakes and spangles of gold fell off like stars, and she was gone.

Tom woke. Was it a dream? Let it pass for one. But who shall say that that sweet young spirit, which in life so yearned to comfort and console the distressed, was forbidden of God to assume this ministry after death?

"It is a beautiful belief,
That ever round our head
Are hovering, on angel wings,
The spirits of the dead."

CHAPTER XXXIII

CASSY

"And behold, the tears of such as were oppressed, and they had no comforter; and on the side of their oppressors there was *power*, but they had no comforter." — *Eccl.* iv. 1.

It took but a short time to familiarize Tom with all that was to be hoped or feared in his new way of life. He was an expert and efficient workman in whatever he undertook, and was, both from habit and principle, prompt and faithful. Quiet and peaceable in his disposition he hoped, by unremitting diligence, to avert from himself at least a portion of the evils of his condition. He saw enough of abuse and misery to make him sick and weary; but he determined to toil on with religious patience, committing himself to Him that judgeth righteously, not without hope that some way of escape might yet be opened to him.

Legree took silent note of Tom's availability. He rated him as a first-class hand; and yet he felt a secret dislike to him, — the native antipathy of bad to good. He saw plainly that when, as was often the case, his violence and brutality fell on the helpless, Tom took notice of it; for so subtle is the atmosphere of opinion that it will make itself felt without words; and the opinion even of a slave may annoy a master. Tom in various ways manifested a tenderness of feeling, a commiseration for his fellow sufferers, strange and new to them, which was watched with a jealous eye by Legree. He had purchased Tom with a view of eventually making him a sort of overseer, with whom he might at times intrust his affairs in short absences; and, in

his view, the first, second, and third requisite for that place was *hardness*. Legree made up his mind that, as Tom was not hard to his hand, he would harden him forthwith; and some few weeks after Tom had been on the place, he determined to commence the process.

One morning when the hands were mustered for the field, Tom noticed with surprise a newcomer among them, whose appearance excited his attention. It was a woman, tall and slenderly formed, with remarkably delicate hands and feet, and dressed in neat and respectable garments. By the appearance of her face, she might have been between thirty-five and forty; and it was a face that once seen could never be forgotten,—one of those that, at a glance, seem to convey to us an idea of a wild, painful, and romantic history. Her forehead was high, and her eyebrows marked with beautiful clearness. Her straight, well-formed nose, her finely cut mouth, and the graceful contour of her head and neck, showed that she must once have been beautiful; but her face was deeply wrinkled with lines of pain and of proud and bitter endurance. Her complexion was sallow and unhealthy, her cheeks thin, her features sharp, and her whole form emaciated. But her eye was the most remarkable feature, — so large, so heavily black, overshadowed by long lashes of equal darkness, and so wildly, mournfully despairing. There was a fierce pride and defiance in every line of her face, in every curve of the flexible lip, in every motion of her body; but in her eye was a deep, settled night of anguish, — an expression so hopeless and unchanging as to contrast fearfully with the scorn and pride expressed by her whole demeanor.

Where she came from, or who she was, Tom did not know. The first he did know, she was walking by his side, erect and proud, in the dim gray of the dawn. To the gang, however, she was known; for there was much looking and turning of heads, and a smothered yet apparent exultation

among the miserable, ragged, half-starved creatures by whom she was surrounded.

"Got to come to it, at last, — glad of it!" said one.

"He! he! he!" said another; "you'll know how good it is, Misse!"

"We'll see her work!"

"Wonder if she'll get a cutting up at night, like the rest of us!"

"I'd be glad to see her down for a flogging, I'll bound!" said another.

The woman took no notice of these taunts, but walked on, with the same expression of angry scorn, as if she heard nothing. Tom had always lived among refined and cultivated people, and he felt intuitively, from her air and bearing, that she belonged to that class; but how or why she could be fallen to these degrading circumstances, he could not tell. The woman neither looked at him nor spoke to him, though, all the way to the field, she kept close at his side.

Tom was soon busy at his work; but, as the woman was at no great distance from him, he often glanced an eye to her, at her work. He saw, at a glance, that a native adroitness and handiness made the task to her an easier one than it proved to many. She picked very fast and very clean, and with an air of scorn, as if she despised both the work and the disgrace and humiliation of the circumstances in which she was placed.

In the course of the day, Tom was working near the mulatto woman who had been bought in the same lot with himself. She was evidently in a condition of great suffering, and Tom often heard her praying, as she wavered and trembled, and seemed about to fall down. Tom silently, as he came near to her, transferred several handfuls of cotton from his own sack to hers.

"Oh, don't, don't!" said the woman, looking surprised; "it'll get you into trouble."

Just then Sambo came up. He seemed to have a special spite against this woman; and, flourishing his whip, said, in brutal, guttural tones, "What dis yer, Luce, — foolin' a'?" and, with the word, kicking the woman with his heavy cowhide shoe, he struck Tom across the face with his whip.

Tom silently resumed his task; but the woman, before at the last point of exhaustion, fainted.

"I'll bring her to!" said the driver, with a brutal grin. "I'll give her something better than camphire!" and, taking a pin from his coat-sleeve, he buried it to the head in her flesh. The woman groaned, and half rose. "Get up, you beast, and work, will yer, or I'll show yer a trick more!"

The woman seemed stimulated, for a few moments, to an unnatural strength, and worked with desperate eagerness.

"See that you keep to dat ar," said the man, "or yer'll wish yer's dead to-night, I reckin!"

"That I do now!" Tom heard her say; and again he heard her say, "O Lord, how long! O Lord, why don't you help us?"

At the risk of all that he might suffer, Tom came forward again, and put all the cotton in his sack into the woman's.

"Oh, you must n't! you dunno what they'll do to ye!" said the woman.

"I can bar it!" said Tom, "better'n you;" and he was at his place again. It passed in a moment.

Suddenly, the stranger woman whom we have described, and who had, in the course of her work, come near enough to hear Tom's last words, raised her heavy black eyes, and fixed them, for a second, on him; then, taking a quantity of cotton from her basket, she placed it in his.

"You know nothing about this place," she said, "or you would n't have done that. When you've been here a

month, you 'll be done helping anybody; you 'll find it hard enough to take care of your own skin!"

"The Lord forbid, Missis!" said Tom, using instinctively to his field companion the respectful form proper to the high-bred with whom he had lived.

"The Lord never visits these parts," said the woman bitterly, as she went nimbly forward with her work; and again the scornful smile curled her lips.

But the action of the woman had been seen by the driver, across the field; and flourishing his whip, he came up to her.

"What! what!" he said to the woman, with an air of triumph, "*you* a-foolin'? Go along! yer under me now, — mind yourself, or yer 'll cotch it!"

A glance like sheet lightning suddenly flashed from those black eyes; and, facing about, with quivering lip and dilated nostrils, she drew herself up, and fixed a glance, blazing with rage and scorn, on the driver.

"Dog!" she said, "touch *me*, if you dare! I 've power enough, yet, to have you torn by the dogs, burnt alive, cut to inches! I 've only to say the word!"

"What de devil you here for, den!" said the man, evidently cowed, and sullenly retreating a step or two. "Did n't mean no harm, Misse Cassy!"

"Keep your distance, then!" said the woman. And, in truth, the man seemed greatly inclined to attend to something at the other end of the field, and started off in quick time.

The woman suddenly turned to her work, and labored with a dispatch that was perfectly astonishing to Tom. She seemed to work by magic. Before the day was through, her basket was filled, crowded down, and piled, and she had several times put largely into Tom's. Long after dusk, the whole weary train, with their baskets on their heads, defiled up to the building appropriated to the

storing and weighing the cotton. Legree was there, busily conversing with the two drivers.

"Dat ar Tom 's gwine to make a powerful deal o' trouble; kept a-puttin' into Lucy's basket. One o' these yer dat will get all der niggers to feelin' 'bused, if Mas'r don't watch him!" said Sambo.

"Heydey! The black cuss!" said Legree. "He 'll have to get a breakin' in, won't he, boys?"

Both negroes grinned a horrid grin at this intimation.

"Ay, ay! let Mas'r Legree alone, for breakin' in! De debil heself could n't beat Mas'r at dat!" said Quimbo.

"Wal, boys, the best way is to give him the flogging to do, till he gets over his notions. Break him in!"

"Lord! Mas'r 'll have hard work to get dat out o' him!"

"It 'll have to come out of him, though!" said Legree, as he rolled his tobacco in his mouth.

"Now, dar 's Lucy, — de aggravatinest, ugliest wench on de place!" pursued Sambo.

"Take care, Sam; I shall begin to think what 's the reason for your spite agin Lucy."

"Well, Mas'r knows she sot herself up agin Mas'r, and would n't have me, when he telled her to."

"I 'd 'a' flogged her into 't," said Legree, spitting, "only there 's such a press o' work it don't seem wuth a while to upset her jist now. She 's slender; but these yer slender gals will bear half killin' to get their own way!"

"Wal, Lucy was real aggravatin' and lazy, sulkin' round; would n't do nothin', — and Tom he tuck up for her."

"He did, eh! Wal, then, Tom shall have the pleasure of flogging her. It 'll be a good practice for him, and he won't put it on to the gal like you devils, neither."

"Ho, ho! haw! haw! haw!" laughed both the sooty wretches; and the diabolical sounds seemed, in truth, a

not unapt expression of the fiendish character which Legree gave them.

"Wal, but, Mas'r, Tom and Misse Cassy, and dey among 'em, filled Lucy's basket. I ruther guess der weight 's in it, Mas'r!"

"*I do the weighing!*" said Legree emphatically.

Both the drivers laughed again their diabolical laugh.

"So!" he added; "Misse Cassy did her day's work."

"She picks like de debil and all his angels!"

"She 's got 'em all in her, I believe!" said Legree; and growling a brutal oath, he proceeded to the weighing-room.

. . . . . .

Slowly the weary, dispirited creatures wound their way into the room, and, with crouching reluctance, presented their baskets to be weighed.

Legree noted on a slate, on the side of which was pasted a list of names, the amount.

Tom's basket was weighed and approved; and he looked, with an anxious glance, for the success of the woman he had befriended.

Tottering with weakness, she came forward, and delivered her basket. It was of full weight, as Legree well perceived; but, affecting anger, he said, —

"What, you lazy beast! short again! stand aside, you 'll catch it, pretty soon!"

The woman gave a groan of utter despair, and sat down on a board.

The person who had been called Misse Cassy now came forward, and, with a haughty, negligent air, delivered her basket. As she delivered it, Legree looked in her eyes with a sneering yet inquiring glance.

She fixed her black eyes steadily on him, her lips moved slightly, and she said something in French. What it was, no one knew; but Legree's face became perfectly demoniacal in its expression as she spoke; he half raised his hand as

if to strike, — a gesture which she regarded with fierce disdain, as she turned and walked away.

"And now," said Legree, "come here, you Tom. You see, I telled ye I did n't buy ye jest for the common work; I mean to promote ye, and make a driver of ye; and to-night ye may jest as well begin to get yer hand in. Now, ye jest take this yer gal and flog her; ye 've seen enough on 't to know how."

"I beg Mas'r's pardon," said Tom; "hopes Mas'r won't set me at that. It 's what I ain't used to, — never did, — and can't do, noway possible."

"Ye 'll larn a pretty smart chance of things ye never did know before I 've done with ye!" said Legree, taking up a cowhide, and striking Tom a heavy blow across the cheek, and following up the infliction by a shower of blows.

"There!" he said, as he stopped to rest; "now will ye tell me ye can't do it?"

"Yes, Mas'r," said Tom, putting up his hand, to wipe the blood that trickled down his face. "I 'm willin' to work night and day, and work while there 's life and breath in me; but this yer thing I can't feel it right to do; and, Mas'r, I *never* shall do it, — *never!*"

Tom had a remarkably smooth, soft voice, and a habitually respectful manner, that had given Legree an idea that he would be cowardly, and easily subdued. When he spoke these last words, a thrill of amazement went through every one; the poor woman clasped her hands, and said, "O Lord!" and every one involuntarily looked at each other, and drew in their breath, as if to prepare for the storm that was about to burst.

Legree looked stupefied and confounded; but at last burst forth, —

"What! ye blasted black beast! tell *me* ye don't think it *right* to do what I tell ye! What have any of you cussed cattle to do with thinking what 's right? I 'll put a stop

to it! Why, what do ye think ye are? Maybe ye think ye 're a gentleman, master Tom, to be a-telling your master what 's right and what ain't! So you pretend it 's wrong to flog the gal!"

"I think so, Mas'r," said Tom; "the poor crittur 's sick and feeble; 't would be downright cruel, and it 's what I never will do, nor begin to. Mas'r, if you mean to kill me, kill me; but, as to my raising my hand agin any one here, I never shall, — I 'll die first!"

Tom spoke in a mild voice, but with a decision that could not be mistaken. Legree shook with anger; his greenish eyes glared fiercely, and his very whiskers seemed to curl with passion; but, like some ferocious beast, that plays with its victim before he devours it, he kept back his strong impulse to proceed to immediate violence, and broke out into bitter raillery.

"Well, here 's a pious dog, at last, let down among us sinners! — a saint, a gentleman, and no less, to talk to us sinners about our sins! Powerful holy crittur, he must be! Here, you rascal, you make believe to be so pious, — did n't you never hear out of yer Bible, 'Servants, obey yer masters'? Ain't I yer master? Did n't I pay down twelve hundred dollars, cash, for all there is inside yer old cussed black shell? Ain't yer mine, now, body and soul?" he said, giving Tom a violent kick with his heavy boot; "tell me!"

In the very depth of physical suffering, bowed by brutal oppression, this question shot a gleam of joy and triumph through Tom's soul. He suddenly stretched himself up, and, looking earnestly to heaven, while the tears and blood that flowed down his face mingled, he exclaimed, —

"No! no! no! my soul ain't yours, Mas'r! You have n't brought it, — ye can't buy it! It 's been bought and paid for, by one that is able to keep it. No matter, no matter, you can't harm me!"

"I can't!" said Legree, with a sneer; "we 'll see, — we'll see! Here, Sambo, Quimbo, give this dog such a breakin' in as he won't get over this month!"

The two gigantic negroes that now laid hold of Tom, with fiendish exultation in their faces, might have formed no unapt personification of the powers of darkness. The poor woman screamed with apprehension, and all rose, as by a general impulse, while they dragged him unresisting from the place.

CHAPTER XXXIV

THE QUADROON'S STORY

"And, behold, the tears of such as are oppressed; and on the side of their oppressors there was power. Wherefore I praised the dead that are already dead more than the living that are yet alive." — *Eccl.* iv. 1

It was late at night, and Tom lay groaning and bleeding alone, in an old forsaken room of the gin-house, among pieces of broken machinery, piles of damaged cotton, and other rubbish which had there accumulated.

The night was damp and close, and the thick air swarmed with myriads of mosquitoes, which increased the restless torture of his wounds; whilst a burning thirst — a torture beyond all others — filled up the uttermost measure of physical anguish.

"O good Lord! *Do* look down, — give me the victory! — give me the victory over all!" prayed poor Tom, in his anguish.

A footstep entered the room behind him, and the light of a lantern flashed on his eyes.

"Who 's there? Oh, for the Lord's massy, please give me some water!"

The woman Cassy — for it was she — set down her lantern, and, pouring water from a bottle, raised his head, and gave him drink. Another and another cup were drained, with feverish eagerness.

"Drink all ye want," she said; "I knew how it would be. It is n't the first time I 've been out in the night, carrying water to such as you."

"Thank you, Missis," said Tom, when he had done drinking.

"Don't call me Missis! I 'm a miserable slave, like yourself, — a lower one than you can ever be!" said she bitterly; "but now," said she, going to the door, and dragging in a small paillasse, over which she had spread linen cloths wet with cold water, "try, my poor fellow, to roll yourself on to this."

Stiff with wounds and bruises, Tom was a long time in accomplishing this movement; but, when done, he felt a sensible relief from the cooling application to his wounds.

The woman, whom long practice with the victims of brutality had made familiar with many healing arts, went on to make many applications to Tom's wounds, by means of which he was soon somewhat relieved.

"Now," said the woman, when she had raised his head on a roll of damaged cotton, which served for a pillow, "there 's the best I can do for you."

Tom thanked her; and the woman, sitting down on the floor, drew up her knees, and, embracing them with her arms, looked fixedly before her, with a bitter and painful expression of countenance. Her bonnet fell back, and long wavy streams of black hair fell around her singular and melancholy face.

"It 's no use, my poor fellow!" she broke out at last; "it 's of no use, this you 've been trying to do. You were a brave fellow, — you had the right on your side; but it 's all in vain, and out of the question, for you to struggle. You are in the devil's hands. He is the strongest, and you must give up!"

Give up! and had not human weakness and physical agony whispered that before? Tom started; for the bitter woman, with her wild eyes and melancholy voice, seemed to him an embodiment of the temptation with which he had been wrestling.

"O Lord! O Lord!" he groaned; "how can I give up?"

"There 's no use calling on the Lord, — he never hears," said the woman steadily; "there is n't any God, I believe; or, if there is, he 's taken sides against us. All goes against us, heaven and earth. Everything is pushing us into hell. Why should n't we go?"

Tom closed his eyes, and shuddered at the dark atheistic words.

"You see," said the woman, "you don't know anything about it; — I do. I 've been on this place five years, body and soul, under this man's foot; and I hate him as I do the devil! Here you are, on a lone plantation, ten miles from any other, in the swamps; not a white person here, who could testify, if you were burned alive, — if you were scalded, cut into inch pieces, set up for the dogs to tear, or hung up and whipped to death. There 's no law here, of God or man, that can do you, or any one of us, the least good; and, this man! there 's no earthly thing that he 's too good to do. I could make any one's hair rise, and their teeth chatter, if I should only tell what I 've seen and been knowing to here, and it 's no use resisting! Did I *want* to live with him? Was n't I a woman delicately bred; and he — God in heaven! what was he, and is he? And yet I 've lived with him these five years, and cursed every moment of my life, — night and day! And now, he 's got a new one, — a young thing, only fifteen, and she brought up, she says, piously. Her good mistress taught her to read the Bible; and she 's brought her Bible here — to hell — with her!" and the woman laughed a wild and doleful laugh, that rung, with a strange, supernatural sound, through the old ruined shed.

Tom folded his hands; all was darkness and horror.

"O Jesus! Lord Jesus! have you quite forgot us poor critturs?" burst forth, at last. "Help, Lord, I perish!"

The woman sternly continued: —

"And what are these miserable low dogs you work with, that you should suffer on their account? Every one of them

would turn against you the first time they got a chance. They are all of 'em as low and cruel to each other as they can be; there 's no use in your suffering to keep from hurting them."

"Poor critturs!" said Tom, — "what made 'em cruel? — and, if I give out, I shall get used to 't, and grow, little by little, just like 'em! No, no, Missis! I 've lost everything, — wife, and children, and home, and a kind Mas'r, — and he would have set me free, if he 'd only lived a week longer; I 've lost everything in *this* world, and it 's clean gone, forever, — and now I *can't* lose heaven, too; no, I can't get to be wicked, besides all!"

"But it can't be that the Lord will lay sin to our account," said the woman; "he won't charge it to us, when we 're forced to it; he 'll charge it to them that drove us to it."

"Yes," said Tom; "but that won't keep us from growing wicked. If I get to be as hard-hearted as that ar Sambo, and as wicked, it won't make much odds to me how I come so; it 's the *bein'* so, — that ar 's what I 'm a-dreadin'."

The woman fixed a wild and startled look on Tom, as if a new thought had struck her; and then heavily groaning, said, —

"O God 'a' mercy! you speak the truth! Oh! — Oh! Oh!" — and, with groans, she fell on the floor, like one crushed and writhing under the extremity of mental anguish.

There was a silence awhile, in which the breathing of both parties could be heard, when Tom faintly said, "Oh, please, Missis!"

The woman suddenly rose up, with her face composed to its usual stern, melancholy expression.

"Please, Missis, I saw 'em throw my coat in that ar corner, and in my coat-pocket is my Bible; — if Missis would please get it for me."

Cassy went and got it. Tom opened at once to a heavily

marked passage, much worn, of the last scenes in the life of Him by whose stripes we are healed.

"If Missis would only be so good as read that ar, — it 's better than water."

Cassy took the book, with a dry, proud air, and looked over the passage. She then read aloud, in a soft voice, and with a beauty of intonation that was peculiar, that touching account of anguish and of glory. Often, as she read, her voice faltered, and sometimes failed her altogether, when she would stop, with an air of frigid composure, till she had mastered herself. When she came to the touching words, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," she threw down the book, and burying her face in the heavy masses of her hair, she sobbed aloud, with a convulsive violence.

Tom was weeping, also, and occasionally uttering a smothered ejaculation.

"If we only could keep up to that ar!" said Tom; — "it seemed to come so natural to him, and we have to fight so hard for 't! O Lord, help us! O blessed Lord Jesus, do help us!"

"Missis," said Tom, after a while, "I can see that somehow you 're quite 'bove me in everything; but there 's one thing Missis might learn even from poor Tom. Ye said the Lord took sides against us, because he lets us be 'bused and knocked round; but ye see what come on his own Son, — the blessed Lord of Glory, — warn't he allays poor? and have we, any on us, yet come so low as he come? The Lord hain't forgot us, — I 'm sartin o' that ar. If we suffer with him, we shall also reign, Scripture says; but, if we deny him, he also will deny us. Did n't they all suffer? — the Lord and all his? It tells how they was stoned and sawn asunder, and wandered about in sheepskins and goatskins, and was destitute, afflicted, tormented. Sufferin' ain't no reason to make us think the Lord 's turned agin us; but

jest the contrary, if only we hold on to him, and does n't give up to sin."

"But why does he put us where we can't help but sin?" said the woman.

"I think we *can* help it," said Tom.

"You 'll see," said Cassy. "What 'll you do? To-morrow they 'll be at you again. I know 'em; I 've seen all their doings; I can't bear to think of all they 'll bring you to; — and they 'll make you give out at last!"

"Lord Jesus!" said Tom, "you *will* take care of my soul? O Lord, do! — don't let me give out!"

"Oh, dear!" said Cassy; "I 've heard all this crying and praying before; and yet they 've been broken down, and brought under. There 's Emmeline, she 's trying to hold on, and you 're trying, — but what use? You must give up or be killed by inches."

"Well, then, I *will* die!" said Tom. "Spin it out as long as they can, they can't help my dying, some time! — and, after that, they can't do no more. I 'm clar, I 'm set! I *know* the Lord 'll help me, and bring me through."

The woman did not answer; she sat with her black eyes intently fixed on the floor.

"Maybe it 's the way," she murmured to herself; "but those that *have* given up, there 's no hope for them! — none! We live in filth, and grow loathsome, till we loathe ourselves! And we long to die, and we don't dare to kill ourselves! — No hope! no hope! no hope! — this girl now, — just as old as I was!"

"You see me now," she said, speaking to Tom very rapidly; "see what I am! Well, I was brought up in luxury; the first I remember is playing about, when I was a child, in splendid parlors; — when I was kept dressed up like a doll, and company and visitors used to praise me. There was a garden opening from the saloon windows; and there I used to play hide-and-go-seek under the orange-trees

with my brothers and sisters. I went to a convent, and there I learned music, French, and embroidery, and what not; and when I was fourteen I came out to my father's funeral. He died very suddenly, and when the property came to be settled, they found that there was scarcely enough to cover the debts; and when the creditors took an inventory of the property, I was set down in it. My mother was a slave woman, and my father had always meant to set me free; but he had not done it, and so I was set down in the list. I'd always known who I was, but never thought much about it. Nobody ever expects that a strong, healthy man is a-going to die. My father was a well man only four hours before he died; — it was one of the first cholera cases in New Orleans. The day after the funeral, my father's wife took her children and went up to her father's plantation. I thought they treated me strangely, but did n't know. There was a young lawyer whom they left to settle the business; and he came every day and was about the house, and spoke very politely to me. He brought with him one day a young man whom I thought the handsomest I had ever seen. I shall never forget that evening. I walked with him in the garden. I was lonesome and full of sorrow, and he was so kind and gentle to me; and he told me that he had seen me before I went to the convent, and that he had loved me a great while, and that he would be my friend and protector; — in short, though he did n't tell me, he had paid two thousand dollars for me, and I was his property. I became his willingly, for I loved him. Loved!" — said the woman stopping, — "oh, how I *did* love that man! How I love him now, — and always shall while I breathe! He was so beautiful, so high, so noble! He put me into a beautiful house with servants, horses, and carriages, and furniture, and dresses. Everything that money could buy he gave me; but I did n't set any value on all that, — I only cared for him. I loved him better than my God and my

own soul; and if I tried, I could n't do any other way from what he wanted me to.

"I wanted only one thing, — I did want him to *marry* me. I thought if he loved me as he said he did, and if I was what he seemed to think I was, he would be willing to marry me and set me free. But he convinced me that it would be impossible; and he told me that, if we were only faithful to each other, it was marriage before God. If that is true, was n't I that man's wife? Was n't I faithful? For seven years did n't I study every look and motion, and only live and breathe to please him? He had the yellow fever, and for twenty days and nights I watched with him. I alone, — and gave him all his medicine, and did everything for him; and then he called me his good angel, and said I 'd saved his life. We had two beautiful children. The first was a boy, and we called him Henry. He was the image of his father, — he had such beautiful eyes, such a forehead, and his hair hung all in curls around it; and he had all his father's spirit, and his talent, too. Little Elise, he said, looked like me. He used to tell me that I was the most beautiful woman in Louisiana, he was so proud of me and the children. He used to love to have me dress them up, and take them and me about in an open carriage, and hear the remarks that people would make on us; and he used to fill my ears constantly with the fine things that were said in praise of me and the children. Oh, those were happy days! I thought I was as happy as any one could be; but then there came evil times. He had a cousin come to New Orleans, who was his particular friend, — he thought all the world of him; — but, from the first time I saw him, I could n't tell why, I dreaded him; for I felt sure he was going to bring misery on us. He got Henry to going out with him, and often he would not come home nights till two or three o'clock. I did not dare say a word; for Henry was so high-spirited I was afraid to.

He got him to the gaming-houses; and he was one of the sort that, when he once got a-going there, there was no holding back. And then he introduced him to another lady, and I saw soon that his heart was gone from me. He never told me, but I saw it, — I knew it, day after day, — I felt my heart breaking, but I could not say a word! At this, the wretch offered to buy me and the children of Henry, to clear off his gambling debts, which stood in the way of his marrying as he wished; — and *he sold us.* He told me, one day, that he had business in the country, and should be gone two or three weeks. He spoke kinder than usual, and said he should come back; but it did n't deceive me. I knew that the time had come. I was just like one turned into stone; I could n't speak, nor shed a tear. He kissed me and kissed the children, a good many times, and went out. I saw him get on his horse, and I watched him till he was quite out of sight; and then I fell down, and fainted.

"Then *he* came, the cursed wretch! — he came to take possession. He told me that he had bought me and my children; and showed me the papers. I cursed him before God, and told him I 'd die sooner than live with him.

"'Just as you please,' said he; 'but if you don't behave reasonably, I 'll sell both the children, where you shall never see them again.' He told me that he always had meant to have me, from the first time he saw me; and that he had drawn Henry on, and got him in debt, on purpose to make him willing to sell me. That he got him in love with another woman; and that I might know, after all that, that he should not give up for a few airs and tears, and things of that sort.

"I gave up, for my hands were tied. He had my children; — whenever I resisted his will anywhere, he would talk about selling them, and he made me as submissive as he desired. Oh, what a life it was! to live with my heart

breaking every day, — to keep on, on, on, loving, when it was only misery; and to be bound, body and soul, to one I hated. I used to love to read to Henry, to play to him, to waltz with him, and sing to him; but everything I did for this one was a perfect drag, — yet I was afraid to refuse anything. He was very imperious, and harsh to the children. Elise was a timid little thing; but Henry was bold and high-spirited, like his father, and he had never been brought under, in the least, by any one. He was always finding fault, and quarreling with him; and I used to live in daily fear and dread. I tried to make the child respectful; — I tried to keep them apart, for I held on to those children like death; but it did no good. *He sold both those children.* He took me to ride one day, and when I came home they were nowhere to be found! He told me he had sold them; he showed me the money, the price of their blood. Then it seemed as if all good forsook me. I raved and cursed, — cursed God and man; and for a while, I believe, he really was afraid of me. But he did n't give up so. He told me that my children were sold, but whether I ever saw their faces again depended on him; and that, if I was n't quiet, they should smart for it. Well, you can do anything with a woman when you 've got her children. He made me submit; he made me be peaceable; he flattered me with hopes that perhaps he would buy them back; and so things went on, a week or two. One day, I was out walking, and passed by the calaboose; I saw a crowd about the gate, and heard a child's voice, — and suddenly my Henry broke away from two or three men who were holding him, and ran, screaming, and caught my dress. They came up to him, swearing dreadfully; and one man, whose face I shall never forget, told him that he would n't get away so; that he was going with him into the calaboose, and he 'd get a lesson there he 'd never forget. I tried to beg and plead, — they only laughed; the poor boy screamed and looked into my face and held on

to me, until, in tearing him off, they tore the skirt of my dress half away; and they carried him in, screaming 'Mother! mother! mother!' There was one man stood there seemed to pity me. I offered him all the money I had if he 'd only interfere. He shook his head, and said that the man said the boy had been impudent and disobedient ever since he bought him; that he was going to break him in, once for all. I turned and ran; and every step of the way I thought that I heard him scream. I got into the house; ran, all out of breath, to the parlor, where I found Butler. I told him, and begged him to go and interfere. He only laughed, and told me the boy had got his deserts. He 'd got to be broken in, — the sooner the better; 'what did I expect?' he asked.

"It seemed to me something in my head snapped at that moment. I felt dizzy and furious. I remember seeing a great sharp bowie-knife on the table; I remember something about catching it, and flying upon him; and then all grew dark, and I did n't know any more — not for days and days.

"When I came to myself, I was in a nice room, — but not mine. An old black woman tended me; and a doctor came to see me, and there was a great deal of care taken of me. After a while, I found that he had gone away, and left me at this house to be sold; and that 's why they took such pains with me.

"I did n't mean to get well, and hoped I should n't; but, in spite of me, the fever went off, and I grew healthy, and finally got up. Then, they made me dress up every day; and gentlemen used to come in and stand and smoke their cigars, and look at me, and ask questions, and debate my price. I was so gloomy and silent that none of them wanted me. They threatened to whip me, if I was n't gayer, and did n't take some pains to make myself agreeable. At length, one day, came a gentleman named Stuart. He

seemed to have some feeling for me; he saw that something dreadful was on my heart, and he came to see me alone a great many times, and finally persuaded me to tell him. He bought me at last, and promised to do all he could to find and buy back my children. He went to the hotel where my Henry was; they told him he had been sold to a planter up on Pearl River; that was the last that I ever heard. Then he found where my daughter was; an old woman was keeping her. He offered an immense sum for her, but they would not sell her. Butler found out that it was for me he wanted her; and he sent me word that I should never have her. Captain Stuart was very kind to me; he had a splendid plantation, and took me to it. In the course of a year, I had a son born. Oh, that child! — how I loved it! How just like my poor Henry the little thing looked! But I had made up my mind, — yes, I had. I would never again let a child live to grow up! I took the little fellow in my arms, when he was two week sold, and kissed him, and cried over him; and then I gave him laudanum, and held him close to my bosom, while he slept to death. How I mourned and cried over it! and who ever dreamed that it was anything but a mistake, that had made me give it the laudanum? but it 's one of the few things that I 'm glad of now. I am not sorry to this day; he, at least, is out of pain. What better than death could I give him, poor child! After a while, the cholera came, and Captain Stuart died; everybody died that wanted to live, — and I, — I, though I went down to death's door, —*I lived!* Then I was sold, and passed from hand to hand, till I grew faded and wrinkled, and I had a fever: and then this wretch bought me, and brought me here, — and here I am!"

The woman stopped. She had hurried on through her story, with a wild, passionate utterance; sometimes seeming to address it to Tom, and sometimes speaking as in a soliloquy. So vehement and overpowering was the force

with which she spoke that, for a season, Tom was beguiled even from the pain of his wounds, and, raising himself on one elbow, watched her as she paced restlessly up and down, her long black hair swaying heavily about her as she moved.

"You tell me," she said, after a pause, "that there is a God, — a God that looks down and sees all these things. Maybe it 's so. The sisters in the convent used to tell me of a day of judgment, when everything is coming to light; — won't there be vengeance then!

"They think it 's nothing, what we suffer, — nothing, what our children suffer! It 's all a small matter; yet I 've walked the streets when it seemed as if I had misery enough in my one heart to sink the city. I 've wished the houses would fall on me, or the stones sink under me. Yes! and, in the judgment day, I will stand up before God, a witness against those that have ruined me and my children, body and soul!

"When I was a girl, I thought I was religious; I used to love God and prayer. Now I 'm a lost soul, pursued by devils that torment me day and night; they keep pushing me on and on, — and I 'll do it, too, some of these days!" she said, clenching her hand, while an insane light glanced in her heavy black eyes. "I 'll send him where he belongs, — a short way, too, — one of these nights, if they burn me alive for it!" A wild, loud laugh rang through the deserted room, and ended in a hysteric sob; she threw herself on the floor, in convulsive sobbings and struggles.

In a few moments, the frenzy fit seemed to pass off; she rose slowly, and seemed to collect herself.

"Can I do anything more for you, my poor fellow?" she said, approaching where Tom lay; "shall I give you some more water?"

There was a graceful and compassionate sweetness in her voice and manner as she said this, that formed a strange contrast with the former wildness.

Tom drank the water, and looked earnestly and pitifully into her face.

"Oh, Missis, I wish you 'd go to Him that can give you living waters!"

"Go to him! Where is he? Who is he?" said Cassy.

"Him that you read of to me, — the Lord."

"I used to see the picture of him over the altar, when I was a girl," said Cassy, her dark eyes fixing themselves in an expression of mournful reverie; "but *he is n't here!* there 's nothing here but sin and long, long, long despair! Oh!" She laid her hand on her breast and drew in her breath, as if to lift a heavy weight.

Tom looked as if he would speak again; but she cut him short, with a decided gesture.

"Don't talk, my poor fellow. Try to sleep if you can." And, placing water in his reach, and making whatever little arrangements for his comfort she could, Cassy left the shed.

CHAPTER XXXV

THE TOKENS

> "And slight, withal, may be the things that bring
> Back on the heart the weight which it would fling
> Aside forever; it may be a sound,
> A flower, the wind, the ocean, which shall wound, —
> Striking the electric chain wherewith we 're darkly bound."
> *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, Can. 4.

THE sitting-room of Legree's establishment was a large, long room, with a wide, ample fireplace. It had once been hung with a showy and expensive paper, which now hung mouldering, torn and discolored, from the damp walls. The place had that peculiar sickening, unwholesome smell, compounded of mingled damp, dirt, and decay, which one often notices in close old houses. The wall-paper was defaced, in spots, by slops of beer and wine; or garnished with chalk memorandums, and long sums footed up, as if somebody had been practicing arithmetic there. In the fireplace stood a brazier full of burning charcoal; for, though the weather was not cold, the evenings always seemed damp and chilly in that great room; and Legree, moreover, wanted a place to light his cigars, and heat his water for punch. The ruddy glare of the charcoal displayed the confused and unpromising aspect of the room, — saddles, bridles, several sorts of harness, riding-whips, overcoats, and various articles of clothing, scattered up and down the room in confused variety; and the dogs, of whom we have before spoken, had encamped themselves among them to suit their own taste and convenience.

Legree was just mixing himself a tumbler of punch, pour-

ing his hot water from a cracked and broken-nosed pitcher, grumbling, as he did so, —

"Plague on that Sambo, to kick up this yer row between me and the new hands! The fellow won't be fit to work for a week, now, — right in the press of the season!"

"Yes, just like you," said a voice behind his chair. It was the woman Cassy, who had stolen upon his soliloquy.

"Hah! you she devil! you 've come back, have you?"

"Yes, I have," she said coolly; "come to have my own way, too!"

"You lie, you jade! I 'll be up to my word. Either behave yourself, or stay down to the quarters, and fare and work with the rest."

"I 'd rather, ten thousand times," said the woman, "live in the dirtiest hole at the quarters than be under your hoof!"

"But you *are* under my hoof, for all that," said he, turning upon her with a savage grin; "that 's one comfort. So, sit down here on my knee, my dear, and hear to reason," said he, laying hold on her wrist.

"Simon Legree, take care!" said the woman with a sharp flash of her eye, a glance so wild and insane in its light as to be almost appalling. "You 're afraid of me, Simon," she said deliberately; "and you 've reason to be! But be careful, for I 've got the devil in me!"

The last words she whispered in a hissing tone, close to his ear.

"Get out! I believe, to my soul, you have!" said Legree, pushing her from him, and looking uncomfortably at her. "After all, Cassy," he said, "why can't you be friends with me, as you used to?"

"Used to!" said she bitterly. She stopped short, — a world of choking feelings, rising in her heart, kept her silent.

Cassy had always kept over Legree the kind of influence

that a strong, impassioned woman can ever keep over the most brutal man; but, of late, she had grown more and more irritable and restless, under the hideous yoke of her servitude, and her irritability, at times, broke out into raving insanity; and this liability made her a sort of object of dread to Legree, who had that superstitious horror of insane persons which is common to coarse and uninstructed minds. When Legree brought Emmeline to the house, all the smouldering embers of womanly feeling flashed up in the worn heart of Cassy, and she took part with the girl; and a fierce quarrel ensued between her and Legree. Legree, in a fury, swore she should be put to field service, if she would not be peaceable. Cassy, with proud scorn, declared she *would* go to the field. And she worked there one day, as we have described, to show how perfectly she scorned the threat.

Legree was secretly uneasy all day; for Cassy had an influence over him from which he could not free himself. When she presented her basket at the scales, he had hoped for some concession and addressed her in a sort of half-conciliatory, half-scornful tone; and she had answered with the bitterest contempt.

The outrageous treatment of poor Tom had roused her still more; and she had followed Legree to the house, with no particular intention but to upbraid him for his brutality.

"I wish, Cassy," said Legree, "you'd behave yourself decently."

"*You* talk about behaving decently! And what have you been doing? — you, who have n't even sense enough to keep from spoiling one of your best hands, right in the most pressing season, just for your devilish temper!"

"I was a fool, it 's a fact, to let any such brangle come up," said Legree; "but, when the boy set up his will, he had to be broke in."

"I reckon you won't break *him* in!"

"Won't I?" said Legree, rising passionately. "I'd like to know if I won't! He'll be the first nigger that ever came it round me! I'll break every bone in his body, but he *shall* give up!"

Just then the door opened, and Sambo entered. He came forward, bowing, and holding out something in a paper.

"What's that, you dog?" said Legree.

"It's a witch thing, Mas'r!"

"A what?"

"Something that niggers gets from witches. Keeps 'em from feelin' when they's flogged. He had it tied round his neck, with a black string."

Legree, like most godless and cruel men, was superstitious. He took the paper and opened it uneasily.

There dropped out of it a silver dollar, and a long, shining curl of fair hair, — hair which, like a living thing, twined itself round Legree's fingers.

"Damnation!" he screamed, in sudden passion, stamping on the floor, and pulling furiously at the hair, as if it burned him. "Where did this come from? Take it off! — burn it up! — burn it up!" he screamed, tearing it off, and throwing it into the charcoal. "What did you bring it to me for?"

Sambo stood, with his heavy mouth wide open, and aghast with wonder; and Cassy, who was preparing to leave the apartment, stopped, and looked at him in perfect amazement.

"Don't you bring me any more of your devilish things!" said he, shaking his fist at Sambo, who retreated hastily towards the door; and, picking up the silver dollar, he sent it smashing through the window-pane out into the darkness.

Sambo was glad to make his escape. When he was gone, Legree seemed a little ashamed of his fit of alarm. He sat doggedly down in his chair, and began sullenly sipping his tumbler of punch.

Cassy prepared herself for going out, unobserved by him; and slipped away to minister to poor Tom, as we have already related.

And what was the matter with Legree? and what was there in a simple curl of fair hair to appall that brutal man, familiar with every form of cruelty? To answer this, we must carry the reader backward in his history. Hard and reprobate as the godless man seemed now, there had been a time when he had been rocked on the bosom of a mother, — cradled with prayers and pious hymns, — his now seared brow bedewed with the waters of holy baptism. In early childhood, a fair-haired woman had led him, at the sound of Sabbath bell, to worship and to pray. Far in New England that mother had trained her only son, with long, unwearied love and patient prayers. Born of a hard-tempered sire, on whom that gentle woman had wasted a world of unvalued love, Legree had followed in the steps of his father. Boisterous, unruly, and tyrannical, he despised all her counsel, and would none of her reproof; and at an early age, broke from her, to seek his fortunes at sea. He never came home but once after; and then, his mother, with the yearning of a heart that must love something, and has nothing else to love, clung to him, and sought, with passionate prayers and entreaties, to win him from a life of sin to his soul's eternal good.

That was Legree's day of grace; then good angels called him; then he was almost persuaded, and mercy held him by the hand. His heart inly relented, — there was a conflict, — but sin got the victory, and he set all the force of his rough nature against the conviction of his conscience. He drank and swore, — was wilder and more brutal than ever. And one night, when his mother, in the last agony of her despair, knelt at his feet, he spurned her from him, — threw her senseless on the floor, and, with brutal curses, fled to his ship. The next Legree heard of his mother was

when, one night, as he was carousing among drunken companions, a letter was put into his hand. He opened it, and a lock of long, curling hair fell from it, and twined about his fingers. The letter told him his mother was dead, and that, dying, she blest and forgave him.

There is a dread unhallowed necromancy of evil, that turns things sweetest and holiest to phantoms of horror and affright. That pale, loving mother, — her dying prayers, her forgiving love, — wrought in that demoniac heart of sin only as a damning sentence, bringing with it a fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation. Legree burned the hair, and burned the letter; and when he saw them hissing and crackling in the flame, inly shuddered as he thought of everlasting fires. He tried to drink, and revel, and swear away the memory; but often, in the deep night, whose solemn stillness arraigns the bad soul in forced communion with herself, he had seen that pale mother rising by his bedside, and felt the soft twining of that hair around his fingers, till the cold sweat would roll down his face, and he would spring from his bed in horror. Ye who have wondered to hear, in the same evangel, that God is love, and that God is a consuming fire, see ye not how, to the soul resolved in evil, perfect love is the most fearful torture, the seal and sentence of the direst despair?

"Blast it!" said Legree to himself, as he sipped his liquor; "where did he get that? If it did n't look just like — whoo! I thought I 'd forgot that. Curse me, if I think there 's any such thing as forgetting anything, anyhow, — hang it! I 'm lonesome! I mean to call Em. She hates me — the monkey! I don't care, — I 'll *make* her come!"

Legree stepped out into a large entry, which went upstairs by what had formerly been a superb winding staircase; but the passage-way was dirty and dreary, encumbered with boxes and unsightly litter. The stairs, uncarpeted,

seemed winding up in the gloom, to nobody knew where! The pale moonlight streamed through a shattered fanlight over the door; the air was unwholesome and chilly, like that of a vault.

Legree stopped at the foot of the stairs, and heard a voice singing. It seemed strange and ghostlike in that dreary old house, perhaps because of the already tremulous state of his nerves. Hark! what is it?

A wild, pathetic voice chants a hymn common among the slaves: —

> "Oh, there 'll be mourning, mourning, mourning,
> Oh, there 'll be mourning, at the judgment-seat of Christ!"

"Blast the girl!" said Legree. "I 'll choke her. —Em! Em!" he called harshly; but only a mocking echo from the walls answered him. The sweet voice still sung on: —

> "Parents and children there shall part!
> Parents and children there shall part!
> Shall part to meet no more!"

And clear and loud swelled through the empty halls the refrain: —

> "Oh, there 'll be mourning, mourning, mourning,
> Oh, there 'll be mourning, at the judgment-seat of Christ!"

Legree stopped. He would have been ashamed to tell of it, but large drops of sweat stood on his forehead, his heart beat heavy and thick with fear; he even thought he saw something white rising and glimmering in the gloom before him, and shuddered to think what if the form of his dead mother should suddenly appear to him.

"I know one thing," he said to himself, as he stumbled back in the sitting-room, and sat down; "I 'll let that fellow alone after this! What did I want of his cussed paper? I b'lieve I am bewitched, sure enough! I 've been shivering and sweating ever since! Where did he get that hair? It could n't have been *that!* I burnt

that up, I know I did! It would be a joke if hair could rise from the dead!"

Ah, Legree! that golden tress *was* charmed; each hair had in it a spell of terror and remorse for thee, and was used by a mightier power to bind thy cruel hands from inflicting uttermost evil on the helpless!

"I say," said Legree, stamping and whistling to the dogs, "wake up, some of you, and keep me company!" but the dogs only opened one eye at him, sleepily, and closed it again.

"I'll have Sambo and Quimbo up here, to sing and dance one of their hell dances, and keep off these horrid notions," said Legree; and, putting on his hat, he went on to the veranda, and blew a horn, with which he commonly summoned his two sable drivers.

Legree was often wont, when in a gracious humor, to get these two worthies into his sitting-room, and, after warming them up with whiskey, amuse himself by setting them to singing, dancing, or fighting, as the humor took him.

It was between one and two o'clock at night, as Cassy was returning from her ministrations to poor Tom, that she heard the sound of wild shrieking, whooping, hallooing, and singing, from the sitting-room, mingled with the barking of dogs and other symptoms of a general uproar.

She came up on the veranda steps, and looked in. Legree and both the drivers, in a state of furious intoxication, were singing, whooping, upsetting chairs, and making all manner of ludicrous and horrid grimaces at each other.

She rested her small, slender hand on the window-blind, and looked fixedly at them; — there was a world of anguish, scorn, and fierce bitterness in her black eyes as she did so. "Would it be a sin to rid the world of such a wretch?" she said to herself.

She turned hurriedly away, and, passing round to a back door, glided upstairs, and tapped at Emmeline's door.

CHAPTER XXXVI

EMMELINE AND CASSY

Cassy entered the room, and found Emmeline sitting, pale with fear, in the furthest corner of it. As she came in, the girl started up nervously; but, on seeing who it was, rushed forward, and catching her arm, said, "Oh, Cassy, is it you? I 'm so glad you 've come! I was afraid it was — Oh, you don't know what a horrid noise there has been downstairs all this evening!"

"I ought to know," said Cassy dryly. "I 've heard it often enough."

"Oh, Cassy! do tell me, — could n't we get away from this place? I don't care where, — into the swamp among the snakes, — anywhere! *Could n't* we get *somewhere* away from here?"

"Nowhere, but into our graves," said Cassy.

"Did you ever try?"

"I 've seen enough of trying, and what comes of it," said Cassy.

"I 'd be willing to live in the swamps, and gnaw the bark from trees. I ain't afraid of snakes! I 'd rather have one near me than him," said Emmeline eagerly.

"There have been a good many here of your opinion," said Cassy; "but you could n't stay in the swamps, — you 'd be tracked by the dogs, and brought back, and then — then" —

"What would he do?" said the girl, looking with breathless interest into her face.

"What *would n't* he do, you 'd better ask," said Cassy.

"He 's learned his trade well, among the pirates in the West Indies. You would n't sleep much if I should tell you things I 've seen, — things that he tells of sometimes, for good jokes. I 've heard screams here that I have n't been able to get out of my head for weeks and weeks. There 's a place way out down by the quarters, where you can see a black, blasted tree, and the ground all covered with black ashes. Ask any one what was done there, and see if they will dare to tell you."

"Oh, what do you mean ?"

"I won't tell you. I hate to think of it. And I tell you, the Lord only knows what we may see to-morrow if that poor fellow holds out as he 's begun."

"Horrid !" said Emmeline, every drop of blood receding from her cheeks. "Oh, Cassy, do tell me what I shall do !"

"What I 've done. Do the best you can, — do what you must, — and make it up in hating and cursing."

"He wanted to make me drink some of his hateful brandy," said Emmeline ; "and I hate it so" —

"You 'd better drink," said Cassy. "I hated it, too ; and now I can't live without it. One must have something, — things don't look so dreadful when you take that."

"Mother used to tell me never to touch any such thing," said Emmeline.

"*Mother* told you !" said Cassy, with a thrilling and bitter emphasis on the word mother. "What use is it for mothers to say anything ? You are all to be bought and paid for, and your soul belongs to whoever gets you. That 's the way it goes. I say, *drink* brandy ; drink all you can, and it 'll make things come easier."

"Oh, Cassy ! do pity me !"

"Pity you ! — don't I ? Have n't I a daughter, — Lord knows where she is, and whose she is, now, — going the way her mother went before her, I suppose, and that her

children must go after her! There's no end to the curse — forever!"

"I wish I'd never been born!" said Emmeline, wringing her hands.

"That's an old wish with me," said Cassy. "I've got used to wishing that. I'd die if I dared to," she said, looking out into the darkness, with that still, fixed despair which was the habitual expression of her face when at rest.

"It would be wicked to kill one's self," said Emmeline.

"I don't know why, — no wickeder than things we live and do day after day. But the sisters told me things when I was in the convent that make me afraid to die. If it would only be the end of us, why then" —

Emmeline turned away, and hid her face in her hands.

While this conversation was passing in the chamber, Legree, overcome with his carouse, had sunk to sleep in the room below. Legree was not an habitual drunkard. His coarse, strong nature craved, and could endure, a continual stimulation that would have utterly wrecked and crazed a finer one. But a deep, underlying spirit of cautiousness prevented his often yielding to appetite in such measure as to lose control of himself.

This night, however, in his feverish efforts to banish from his mind those fearful elements of woe and remorse which woke within him, he had indulged more than common; so that when he had discharged his sable attendants, he fell heavily on a settle in the room, and was soon sound asleep.

Oh! how dares the bad soul to enter the shadowy world of sleep? — that land whose dim outlines lie so fearfully near to the mystic scene of retribution! Legree dreamed. In his heavy and feverish sleep, a veiled form stood beside him, and laid a cold, soft hand upon him. He thought he knew who it was; and shuddered, with creeping horror, though the face was veiled. Then he thought he felt *that hair* twining round his fingers; and then, that it slid

smoothly round his neck, and tightened and tightened, and he could not draw his breath; and then he thought voices *whispered* to him, — whispers that chilled him with horror. Then it seemed to him he was on the edge of a frightful abyss, holding on and struggling in mortal fear, while dark hands stretched up, and were pulling him over; and Cassy came behind him laughing, and pushed him. And then rose up that solemn veiled figure, and drew aside the veil. It was his mother; and she turned away from him, and he fell down, down, down, amid a confused noise of shrieks, and groans, and shouts of demon laughter, — and Legree awoke.

Calmly the rosy hue of dawn was stealing into the room. The morning star stood, with its solemn, holy eye of light, looking down on the man of sin, from out the brightening sky. Oh, with what freshness, what solemnity and beauty, is each new day born; as if to say to insensate man, "Behold! thou hast one more chance! *Strive* for immortal glory!" There is no speech nor language where this voice is not heard; but the bold, bad man heard it not. He woke with an oath and a curse. What to him was the gold and purple, the daily miracle of morning! What to him the sanctity of that star which the Son of God has hallowed as his own emblem? Brute-like, he saw without perceiving; and, stumbling forward, poured out a tumbler of brandy and drank half of it.

"I've had a h—l of a night!" he said to Cassy, who just then entered from an opposite door.

"You'll get plenty of the same sort by and by," said she dryly.

"What do you mean, you minx?"

"You'll find out one of these days," returned Cassy in the same tone. "Now, Simon, I've one piece of advice to give you."

"The devil, you have!"

"My advice is," said Cassy steadily, as she began adjusting some things about the room, "that you let Tom alone."

"What business is 't of yours?"

"What? To be sure, I don't know what it should be. If you want to pay twelve hundred for a fellow, and use him right up in the press of the season, just to serve your own spite, it 's no business of mine. I 've done what I could for him."

"You have? What business have you meddling in my matters?"

"None, to be sure. I've saved you some thousands of dollars at different times, by taking care of your hands, — that 's all the thanks I get. If your crop comes shorter into market than any of theirs, you won't lose your bet, I suppose? Tompkins won't lord it over you, I suppose, — and you 'll pay down your money like a lady, won't you? I think I see you doing it!"

Legree, like many other planters, had but one form of ambition, — to have in the heaviest crop of the season, — and he had several bets on this very present season pending in the next town. Cassy, therefore, with woman's tact, touched the only string that could be made to vibrate.

"Well, I 'll let him off at what he 's got," said Legree; "but he shall beg my pardon, and promise better fashions."

"That he won't do," said Cassy.

"Won't, — eh?"

"No, he won't," said Cassy.

"I 'd like to know *why*, Mistress," said Legree, in the extreme of scorn.

"Because he 's done right, and he knows it, and won't say he 's done wrong."

"Who a cuss cares what he knows? The nigger shall say what I please, or" —

"Or, you 'll lose your bet on the cotton crop, by keeping him out of the field, just at this very press."

"But he *will* give up, — course, he will; don't I know what niggers is? He 'll beg like a dog this morning."

"He won't, Simon; you don't know this kind. You may kill him by inches, — you won't get the first word of confession out of him."

"We 'll see; — where is he?" said Legree, going out.

"In the waste-room of the gin-house," said Cassy.

Legree, though he talked so stoutly to Cassy, still sallied forth from the house with a degree of misgiving which was not common with him. His dreams of the past night, mingled with Cassy's prudential suggestions, considerably affected his mind. He resolved that nobody should be witness of his encounter with Tom; and determined, if he could not subdue him by bullying, to defer his vengeance, to be wreaked in a more convenient season.

The solemn light of dawn — the angelic glory of the morning star — had looked in through the rude window of the shed where Tom was lying; and, as if descending on that star-beam, came the solemn words, "I am the root and offspring of David, and the bright and morning star." The mysterious warnings and intimations of Cassy, so far from discouraging his soul, in the end had aroused it as with a heavenly call. He did not know but that the day of his death was dawning in the sky; and his heart throbbed with solemn throes of joy and desire, as he thought that the wondrous *all*, of which he had often pondered, — the great white throne, with its ever radiant rainbow; the white-robed multitude, with voices as many waters; the crowns, the palms, the harps, — might all break upon his vision before that sun should set again. And, therefore, without shuddering or trembling, he heard the voice of his persecutor, as he drew near.

"Well, my boy," said Legree, with a contemptuous kick, "how do you find yourself? Did n't I tell yer I could larn yer a thing or two? How do yer like it, — eh? How did

yer whaling agree with yer, Tom? Ain't quite so crank as ye was last night. Ye could n't treat a poor sinner, now, to a bit of a sermon, could ye, — eh?"

Tom answered nothing.

"Get up, you beast!" said Legree, kicking him again.

This was a difficult matter for one so bruised and faint; and, as Tom made efforts to do so, Legree laughed brutally.

"What makes ye so spry this morning, Tom? Cotched cold, maybe, last night."

Tom by this time had gained his feet, and was confronting his master with a steady, unmoved front.

"The devil, you can!" said Legree, looking him over. "I believe you have n't got enough yet. Now, Tom, get right down on yer knees and beg my pardon, for yer shines last night."

Tom did not move.

"Down, you dog!" said Legree, striking him with his riding-whip.

"Mas'r Legree," said Tom, "I can't do it. I did only what I thought was right. I shall do just so again, if ever the time comes. I never will do a cruel thing, come what may."

"Yes, but ye don't know what may come, Master Tom. Ye think what you 've got is something. I tell you 't ain't anything, — nothing 't all. How would ye like to be tied to a tree, and have a slow fire lit up around ye; — would n't that be pleasant, — eh, Tom?"

"Mas'r," said Tom, "I know ye can do dreadful things; but," — he stretched himself upward and clasped his hands, — "but, after ye 've killed the body, there ain't no more ye can do. And oh, there 's all ETERNITY to come, after that!"

ETERNITY, — the word thrilled through the black man's soul with light and power as he spoke; it thrilled through the sinner's soul, too, like the bite of a scorpion. Legree

gnashed on him with his teeth, but rage kept him silent; and Tom, like a man disenthralled, spoke in a clear and cheerful voice, —

"Mas'r Legree, as ye bought me, I'll be a true and faithful servant to ye. I'll give ye all the work of my hands, all my time, all my strength; but my soul I won't give up to mortal man. I will hold on to the Lord, and put his commands before all, — die or live; you may be sure on 't. Mas'r Legree, I ain't a grain afeard to die. I'd as soon die as not. Ye may whip me, starve me, burn me, — it 'll only send me sooner where I want to go."

"I 'll make ye give out, though, 'fore I've done!" said Legree in a rage.

"I shall have *help*," said Tom. "You 'll never do it."

"Who the devil 's going to help you?" said Legree scornfully.

"The Lord Almighty," said Tom.

"D—n you!" said Legree, as with one blow of his fist he felled Tom to the earth.

A cold soft hand fell on Legree's at this moment. He turned, — it was Cassy's; but the cold soft touch recalled his dream of the night before, and, flashing through the chambers of his brain, came all the fearful images of the night-watches, with a portion of the horror that accompanied them.

"Will you be a fool?" said Cassy in French. "Let him go! Let me alone to get him fit to be in the field again. Is n't it just as I told you?"

They say the alligator, the rhinoceros, though inclosed in bullet-proof mail, have each a spot where they are vulnerable; and fierce, reckless, unbelieving reprobates have commonly this point in superstitious dread.

Legree turned away, determined to let the point go for the time.

"Well, have it your own way," he said doggedly to Cassy.

"Hark ye!" he said to Tom; "I won't deal with ye now because business is pressing, and I want all my hands; but I *never* forget. I'll score it against ye, and some time I'll have my pay out o' yer old black hide, — mind ye!"

Legree turned and went out.

"There you go," said Cassy, looking darkly after him; "your reckoning's to come yet! — My poor fellow, how are you?"

"The Lord God hath sent his angel, and shut the lion's mouth for this time," said Tom.

"For this time, to be sure," said Cassy; "but now you've got his ill will upon you, to follow you day in, day out, hanging like a dog on your throat, — sucking your blood, bleeding away your life, drop by drop. I know the man."

CHAPTER XXXVII

LIBERTY

"No matter with what solemnities he may have been devoted upon the altar of slavery, the moment he touches the sacred soil of Britain, the altar and the God sink together in the dust, and he stands redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled, by the irresistible genius of universal emancipation." — CURRAN.

AWHILE we must leave Tom in the hands of his persecutors, while we turn to pursue the fortunes of George and his wife, whom we left in friendly hands, in a farmhouse on the roadside.

Tom Loker we left groaning and touzling in a most immaculately clean Quaker bed, under the motherly supervision of Aunt Dorcas, who found him to the full as tractable a patient as a sick bison.

Imagine a tall, dignified, spiritual woman, whose clear muslin cap shades waves of silvery hair, parted on a broad, clear forehead, which overarches thoughtful gray eyes. A snowy handkerchief of lisse crape is folded neatly across her bosom, her glossy brown silk dress rustles peacefully, as she glides up and down the chamber.

"The devil!" says Tom Loker, giving a great throw to the bedclothes.

"I must request thee, Thomas, not to use such language," says Aunt Dorcas, as she quietly rearranged the bed.

"Well, I won't, granny, if I can help it," says Tom; "but it is enough to make a fellow swear, — so cursedly hot!"

Dorcas removed a comforter from the bed, straightened

the clothes again, and tucked them in till Tom looked something like a chrysalis; remarking as she did so, —

"I wish, friend, thee would leave off cursing and swearing, and think upon thy ways."

"What the devil," said Tom, "should I think of *them* for? Last thing ever *I* want to think of, — hang it all!" And Tom flounced over, untucking and disarranging everything, in a manner frightful to behold.

"That fellow and gal are here, I s'pose," said he sullenly, after a pause.

"They are so," said Dorcas.

"They 'd better be off up to the lake," said Tom; "the quicker the better."

"Probably they will do so," said Aunt Dorcas, knitting peacefully.

"And hark ye," said Tom; "we 've got correspondents in Sandusky that watch the boats for us. I don't care if I tell now. I hope they *will* get away, just to spite Marks, — the cursed puppy! — d—n him!"

"Thomas!" said Dorcas.

"I tell you, granny, if you bottle a fellow up too tight, I shall split," said Tom. "But about the gal, — tell 'em to dress her up some way, so 's to alter her. Her description 's out in Sandusky."

"We will attend to that matter," said Dorcas, with characteristic composure.

As we at this place take leave of Tom Loker, we may as well say that, having lain three weeks at the Quaker dwelling, sick with rheumatic fever, which set in, in company with his other afflictions, Tom arose from his bed a somewhat sadder and wiser man; and, in place of slave-catching, betook himself to life in one of the new settlements, where his talents developed themselves more happily in trapping bears, wolves, and other inhabitants of the forest, in which he made himself quite a name in the land. Tom always

spoke reverently of the Quakers. "Nice people," he would say; "wanted to convert me, but could n't come it exactly. But, tell ye what, stranger, they do fix up a sick fellow firstrate, — no mistake. Make jist the tallest kind o' broth and knick-knacks."

As Tom had informed them that their party would be looked for in Sandusky, it was thought prudent to divide them. Jim, with his old mother, was forwarded separately; and a night or two after, George and Eliza, with their child, were driven privately into Sandusky, and lodged beneath a hospitable roof, preparatory to taking their last passage on the lake.

Their night was now far spent, and the morning star of liberty rose fair before them. Liberty! — electric word! What is it? Is there anything more in it than a name, — a rhetorical flourish? Why, men and women of America, does your heart's blood thrill at that word, for which your fathers bled, and your braver mothers were willing that their noblest and best should die?

Is there anything in it glorious and dear for a nation, that is not also glorious and dear for a man? What is freedom to a nation but freedom to the individuals in it? What is freedom to that young man who sits there, with his arms folded over his broad chest, the tint of African blood in his cheek, its dark fires in his eye, — what is freedom to George Harris? To your fathers, freedom was the right of a nation to be a nation. To him, it is the right of a man to be a man, and not a brute; the right to call the wife of his bosom his wife, and to protect her from lawless violence; the right to protect and educate his child; the right to have a home of his own, a religion of his own, a character of his own, unsubject to the will of another. All these thoughts were rolling and seething in George's breast, as he was pensively leaning his head on his hand, watching his wife, as she was adapting to her slender and pretty form

the articles of man's attire, in which it was deemed safest she should make her escape.

"Now for it," said she, as she stood before the glass, and shook down her silky abundance of black curly hair. "I say, George, it 's almost a pity, is n't it," she said, as she held up some of it playfully, — "pity it 's all got to come off?"

George smiled sadly, and made no answer.

Eliza turned to the glass, and the scissors glittered as one long lock after another was detached from her head.

"There, now, that 'll do," she said, taking up a hair-brush; "now for a few fancy touches."

"There, ain't I a pretty young fellow?" she said, turning around to her husband, laughing and blushing at the same time.

"You always will be pretty, do what you will," said George.

"What does make you so sober?" said Eliza, kneeling on one knee, and laying her hand on his. "We are only within twenty-four hours of Canada, they say. Only a day and a night on the lake, and then, — oh, then!" —

"Oh, Eliza!" said George, drawing her towards him, "that is it! Now my fate is all narrowing down to a point. To come so near, to be almost in sight, and then lose all — I should never live under it, Eliza."

"Don't fear," said his wife hopefully. "The good Lord would not have brought us so far if he did n't mean to carry us through. I seem to feel him with us, George."

"You are a blessed woman, Eliza!" said George, clasping her with a convulsive grasp. "But — oh, tell me! — can this great mercy be for us? Will these years and years of misery come to an end? — shall we be free?"

"I am sure of it, George," said Eliza, looking upward, while tears of hope and enthusiasm shone on her long, dark lashes. "I feel it in me, that God is going to bring us out of bondage this very day."

"I will believe you, Eliza," said George, rising suddenly up. "I will believe, — come, let 's be off. Well, indeed," said he, holding her off at arm's length, and looking admiringly at her, "you *are* a pretty little fellow. That crop of little short curls is quite becoming. Put on your cap. So! — a little to one side. I never saw you look quite so pretty. But it 's almost time for the carriage; — I wonder if Mrs. Smyth has got Harry rigged?"

The door opened, and a respectable, middle-aged woman entered, leading little Harry, dressed in girl's clothes.

"What a pretty girl he makes," said Eliza, turning him round. "We call him Harriet, you see; — don't the name come nicely?"

The child stood gravely regarding his mother in her new and strange attire, observing a profound silence, and occasionally drawing deep sighs, and peeping at her from under his dark curls.

"Does Harry know mamma?" said Eliza, stretching her hands toward him.

The child clung shyly to the woman.

"Come, Eliza, why do you try to coax him, when you know that he has got to be kept away from you?"

"I know it 's foolish," said Eliza; "yet, I can't bear to have him turn away from me. But come, — where 's my cloak? Here, — how is it men put on cloaks, George?"

"You must wear it so," said her husband, throwing it over his shoulders.

"So, then," said Eliza, imitating the motion, — "and I must stamp, and take long steps, and try to look saucy."

"Don't exert yourself," said George. "There is, now and then, a modest young man; and I think it would be easier for you to act that character."

"And these gloves! mercy upon us!" said Eliza; "why, my hands are lost in them."

"I advise you to keep them on pretty strictly," said

George. "Your little slender paw might bring us all out. Now, Mrs. Smyth, you are to go under our charge, and be our aunty, — you mind."

"I 've heard," said Mrs. Smith, "that there have been men down, warning all the packet captains against a man and woman, with a little boy."

"They have!" said George. "Well, if we see any such people, we can tell them."

A hack now drove to the door, and the friendly family who had received the fugitives crowded around them with farewell greetings.

The disguises the party had assumed were in accordance with the hints of Tom Loker. Mrs. Smyth, a respectable woman from the settlement in Canada, whither they were fleeing, being fortunately about crossing the lake to return thither, had consented to appear as the aunt of little Harry; and, in order to attach him to her, he had been allowed to remain the last two days under her sole charge; and an extra amount of petting, joined to an indefinite amount of seed-cakes and candy, had cemented a very close attachment on the part of the young gentleman.

The hack drove to the wharf. The two young men, as they appeared, walked up the plank into the boat, Eliza gallantly giving her arm to Mrs. Smyth, and George attending to their baggage.

George was standing at the captain's office, settling for his party, when he overheard two men talking by his side.

"I 've watched every one that came on board," said one, "and I know they 're not on this boat."

The voice was that of the clerk of the boat. The speaker whom he addressed was our sometime friend Marks, who, with that valuable perseverance which characterized him, had come on to Sandusky, seeking whom he might devour.

"You would scarcely know the woman from a white one," said Marks. "The man is a very light mulatto; he has a brand in one of his hands."

The hand with which George was taking the tickets and change trembled a little; but he turned coolly around, fixed an unconcerned glance on the face of the speaker, and walked leisurely toward another part of the boat, where Eliza stood waiting for him.

Mrs. Smyth, with little Harry, sought the seclusion of the ladies' cabin, where the dark beauty of the supposed little girl drew many flattering comments from the passengers.

George had the satisfaction, as the bell rang out its farewell peal, to see Marks walk down the plank to the shore; and drew a long sigh of relief, when the boat had put a returnless distance between them.

It was a superb day. The blue waves of Lake Erie danced, rippling and sparkling, in the sunlight. A fresh breeze blew from the shore, and the lordly boat ploughed her way right gallantly onward.

Oh, what an untold world there is in one human heart! Who thought, as George walked calmly up and down the deck of the steamer, with his shy companion at his side, of all that was burning in his bosom? The mighty good that seemed approaching seemed too good, too fair, even to be a reality; and he felt a jealous dread, every moment of the day, that something would rise to snatch it from him.

But the boat swept on. Hours fleeted, and at last clear and full rose the blessed English shores; shores charmed by a mighty spell, — with one touch to dissolve every incantation of slavery, no matter in what language pronounced or by what national power confirmed.

George and his wife stood arm in arm, as the boat neared the small town of Amherstburg, in Canada. His breath grew thick and short; a mist gathered before his eyes; he silently pressed the little hand that lay trembling on his arm. The bell rang; the boat stopped. Scarcely seeing what he did, he looked out his baggage, and gathered his little party. The little company were landed on the shore.

They stood still till the boat had cleared; and then, with tears and embracings, the husband and wife, with their wondering child in their arms, knelt down and lifted up their hearts to God!

> "'T was something like the burst from death to life;
> From the grave's cerements to the robes of heaven;
> From sin's dominion, and from passion's strife,
> To the pure freedom of a soul forgiven;
> Where all the bonds of death and hell are riven,
> And mortal puts on immortality,
> When Mercy's hand hath turned the golden key,
> And Mercy's voice hath said, *Rejoice, thy soul is free.*"

The little party were soon guided, by Mrs. Smyth, to the hospitable abode of a good missionary, whom Christian charity has placed here as a shepherd to the outcast and wandering, who are constantly finding an asylum on this shore.

Who can speak the blessedness of that first day of freedom? Is not the *sense* of liberty a higher and a finer one than any of the five? To move, speak, and breathe, — go out and come in unwatched, and free from danger! Who can speak the blessings of that rest which comes down on the free man's pillow, under laws which insure to him the rights that God has given to man? How fair and precious to that mother was that sleeping child's face, endeared by the memory of a thousand dangers! How impossible was it to sleep, in the exuberant possession of such blessedness! And yet, these two had not one acre of ground, — not a roof that they could call their own, — they had spent their all, to the last dollar. They had nothing more than the birds of the air or the flowers of the field, — yet they could not sleep for joy. "Oh, ye who take freedom from man, with what words shall ye answer it to God?"

CHAPTER XXXVIII

THE VICTORY

"Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory."

HAVE not many of us, in the weary way of life, felt in some hours how far easier it were to die than to live?

The martyr, when faced even by a death of bodily anguish and horror, finds in the very terror of his doom a strong stimulant and tonic. There is a vivid excitement, a thrill and fervor, which may carry through any crisis of suffering that is the birth-hour of eternal glory and rest.

But to live, — to wear on day after day of mean, bitter, low, harassing servitude, every nerve dampened and depressed, every power of feeling gradually smothered, — this long and wasting heart-martyrdom, this slow, daily bleeding away of the inward life, drop by drop, hour after hour, — this is the true searching test of what there may be in man or woman.

When Tom stood face to face with his persecutor, and heard his threats, and thought in his very soul that his hour was come, his heart swelled bravely in him, and he thought he could bear torture and fire, bear anything with the vision of Jesus and heaven but just a step beyond; but, when he was gone, and the present excitement passed off, came back the pain of his bruised and weary limbs, — came back the sense of his utterly degraded, hopeless, forlorn estate; and the day passed wearily enough.

Long before his wounds were healed, Legree insisted that he should be put to the regular field-work; and then came

day after day of pain and weariness, aggravated by every kind of injustice and indignity that the ill will of a mean and malicious mind could devise. Whoever, in *our* circumstances, has made trial of pain, even with all the alleviations which, for us, usually attend it, must know the irritation that comes with it. Tom no longer wondered at the habitual surliness of his associates; nay, he found the placid, sunny temper, which had been the habitude of his life, broken in on, and sorely strained, by the inroads of the same thing. He had flattered himself on leisure to read his Bible; but there was no such thing as leisure there. In the height of the season, Legree did not hesitate to press all his hands through, Sundays and week-days alike. Why should n't he? — he made more cotton by it, and gained his wager; and if it wore out a few more hands, he could buy better ones. At first, Tom used to read a verse or two of his Bible, by the flicker of the fire, after he had returned from his daily toil; but, after the cruel treatment he received, he used to come home so exhausted that his head swam and his eyes failed when he tried to read; and he was fain to stretch himself down, with the others, in utter exhaustion.

Is it strange that the religious peace and trust, which had upborne him hitherto, should give way to tossings of soul and despondent darkness? The gloomiest problem of this mysterious life was constantly before his eyes, — souls crushed and ruined, evil triumphant, and God silent. It was weeks and months that Tom wrestled in his own soul, in darkness and sorrow. He thought of Miss Ophelia's letter to his Kentucky friends, and would pray earnestly that God would send him deliverance. And then he would watch day after day, in the vague hope of seeing somebody sent to redeem him; and, when nobody came, he would crush back to his soul bitter thoughts, — that it was vain to serve God, that God had forgotten him. He sometimes saw Cassy; and sometimes, when summoned to the house,

caught a glimpse of the dejected form of Emmeline, but held very little communion with either; in fact, there was no time for him to commune with anybody.

One evening, he was sitting, in utter dejection and prostration, by a few decaying brands, where his coarse supper was baking. He put a few bits of brushwood on the fire, and strove to raise the light, and then drew his worn Bible from his pocket. There were all the marked passages, which had thrilled his soul so often, — words of patriarchs and seers, poets and sages, who from early time had spoken courage to man, — voices from the great cloud of witnesses who ever surround us in the race of life. Had the word lost its power, or could the failing eye and weary sense no longer answer to the touch of that mighty inspiration? Heavily sighing, he put it in his pocket. A coarse laugh roused him; he looked up, — Legree was standing opposite to him.

"Well, old boy," he said, "you find your religion don't work, it seems! I thought I should get that through your wool at last!"

The cruel taunt was more than hunger and cold and nakedness. Tom was silent.

"You were a fool," said Legree; "for I meant to do well by you, when I bought you. You might have been better off than Sambo or Quimbo either, and had easy times; and, instead of getting cut up and thrashed every day or two, ye might have had liberty to lord it round, and cut up the other niggers; and ye might have had now and then a good warming of whiskey punch. Come, Tom, don't you think you'd better be reasonable? — heave that ar old pack of trash in the fire, and join my church!"

"The Lord forbid!" said Tom fervently.

"You see the Lord ain't going to help you; if he had been, he would n't have let *me* get you! This yer religion is all a mess of lying trumpery, Tom. I know all

about it. Ye 'd better hold to me. I 'm somebody, and can do something!"

"No, Mas'r," said Tom; "I 'll hold on. The Lord may help me, or not help; but I 'll hold to him, and believe him to the last!"

"The more fool you!" said Legree, spitting scornfully at him, and spurning him with his foot. "Never mind; I 'll chase you down yet, and bring you under, — you 'll see!" and Legree turned away.

When a heavy weight presses the soul to the lowest level at which endurance is possible, there is an instant and desperate effort of every physical and moral nerve to throw off the weight; and hence the heaviest anguish often precedes a return tide of joy and courage. So was it now with Tom. The atheistic taunts of his cruel master sunk his before dejected soul to the lowest ebb; and, though the hand of faith still held to the eternal rock, it was with a numb, despairing grasp. Tom sat, like one stunned, at the fire. Suddenly everything around him seemed to fade, and a vision rose before him of one crowned with thorns, buffeted and bleeding. Tom gazed, in awe and wonder, at the majestic patience of the face; the deep, pathetic eyes thrilled him to his inmost heart; his soul woke as, with floods of emotion, he stretched out his hands and fell upon his knees, — when, gradually, the vision changed: the sharp thorns became rays of glory, and, in splendor inconceivable, he saw that same face bending compassionately towards him, and a voice said, "He that overcometh shall sit down with me on my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father on his throne."

How long Tom lay there he knew not. When he came to himself, the fire was gone out, his clothes were wet with the chill and drenching dews; but the dread soul-crisis was past, and, in the joy that filled him, he no longer felt hunger, cold, degradation, disappointment, wretchedness. From

his deepest soul, he that hour loosed and parted from every hope in the life that now is, and offered his own will an unquestioning sacrifice to the Infinite. Tom looked up to the silent, ever-living stars, — types of the angelic hosts who ever look down on man; and the solitude of the night rung with the triumphant words of a hymn which he had sung often in happier days, but never with such feeling as now: —

"The earth shall be dissolved like snow,
The sun shall cease to shine;
But God, who called me here below,
Shall be forever mine.

"And when this mortal life shall fail,
And flesh and sense shall cease,
I shall possess within the veil
A life of joy and peace.

"When we 've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining like the sun,
We 've no less days to sing God's praise,
Than when we first begun."

Those who have been familiar with the religious histories of the slave population know that relations like what we have narrated are very common among them. We have heard some from their own lips, of a very touching and affecting character. The psychologist tells us of a state, in which the affections and images of the mind become so dominant and overpowering, that they press into their service the outward senses, and make them give tangible shape to the inward imagining. Who shall measure what an all-pervading Spirit may do with these capabilities of our mortality, or the ways in which he may encourage the desponding souls of the desolate? If the poor forgotten slave believes that Jesus hath appeared and spoken to him, who shall contradict him? Did He not say that his mission, in all ages, was to bind up the broken-hearted, and set at liberty them that are bruised?

When the dim gray of dawn woke the slumberers to go

forth to the field, there was among those tattered and shivering wretches one who walked with an exultant tread; for firmer than the ground he trod on was his strong faith in almighty, eternal love. Ah, Legree, try all your forces now! Utmost agony, woe, degradation, want, and loss of all things shall only hasten on the process by which he shall be made a king and a priest unto God!

From this time an inviolable sphere of peace encompassed the lowly heart of the oppressed one, — an ever-present Saviour hallowed it as a temple. Past now the bleeding of earthly regrets; past its fluctuations of hope, and fear, and desire; the human will, bent, and bleeding, and struggling long, was now entirely merged in the Divine. So short now seemed the remaining voyage of life, — so near, so vivid, seemed eternal blessedness, — that life's uttermost woes fell from him unharming.

All noticed the change in his appearance. Cheerfulness and alertness seemed to return to him, and a quietness which no insult or injury could ruffle seemed to possess him.

"What the devil 's got into Tom?" Legree said to Sambo. "A while ago he was all down in the mouth, and now he 's peart as a cricket."

"Dunno, Mas'r; gwine to run off, mebbe."

"Like to see him try that," said Legree, with a savage grin, "would n't we, Sambo?"

"Guess we would! Haw! haw! ho!" said the sooty gnome, laughing obsequiously. "Lord, de fun! To see him stickin' in de mud, — chasin' and tarin' through de bushes, dogs a-holdin' on to him! Lord, I laughed fit to split, dat ar time we cotched Molly. I thought they 'd 'a' had her all stripped up afore I could get 'em off. She car's de marks o' dat ar spree yet."

"I reckon she will, to her grave," said Legree. "But now, Sambo, you look sharp. If the nigger 's got anything of this sort going, trip him up."

"Mas'r, let me 'lone for dat," said Sambo. "I 'll tree de coon. Ho, ho, ho!"

This was spoken as Legree was getting on to his horse to go to the neighboring town. That night, as he was returning, he thought he would turn his horse and ride round the quarters, and see if all was safe.

It was a superb moonlight night, and the shadows of the graceful China-trees lay minutely penciled on the turf below, and there was that transparent stillness in the air which it seems almost unholy to disturb. Legree was at a little distance from the quarters, wnen he heard the voice of some one singing. It was not a usual sound there, and he paused to listen. A musical tenor voice sang: —

"When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I 'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

"Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

"Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my Heaven, my All."

"So ho!" said Legree to himself; "he thinks so, does he? How I hate these cursed Methodist hymns! Here, you nigger," said he, coming suddenly out upon Tom, and raising his riding-whip, "how dare you be gettin' up this yer row, when you ought to be in bed? Shut yer old black gash, and get along in with you!"

"Yes, Mas'r," said Tom, with ready cheerfulness, as he rose to go in.

Legree was provoked beyond measure by Tom's evident happiness; and, riding up to him, belabored him over his head and shoulders.

"There, you dog," he said, "see if you 'll feel so comfortable after that!"

But the blows fell now only on the outer man, and not, as before, on the heart. Tom stood perfectly submissive; and yet Legree could not hide from himself that his power over his bond thrall was somehow gone. And as Tom disappeared in his cabin, and he wheeled his horse suddenly round, there passed through his mind one of those vivid flashes that often send the lightning of conscience across the dark and wicked soul. He understood full well that it was God who was standing between him and his victim, and he blasphemed him. That submissive and silent man, whom taunts, nor threats, nor stripes, nor cruelties could disturb, roused a voice within him, such as of old his Master roused in the demoniac soul, saying, "What have we to do with thee, thou Jesus of Nazareth? art thou come to torment us before the time?"

Tom's whole soul overflowed with compassion and sympathy for the poor wretches by whom he was surrounded. To him it seemed as if his life sorrows were now over, and as if, out of that strange treasury of peace and joy, with which he had been endowed from above, he longed to pour out something for the relief of their woes. It is true, opportunities were scanty; but on the way to the fields and back again, and during the hours of labor, chances fell in his way of extending a helping hand to the weary, the disheartened and discouraged. The poor, worn-down, brutalized creatures at first could scarce comprehend this; but when it was continued week after week and month after month, it began to awaken long-silent chords in their benumbed hearts. Gradually and imperceptibly the strange, silent, patient man, who was ready to bear every one's burden, and sought help from none, — who stood aside for all, and came last and took least, yet was foremost to share his little all with any who needed, — the man who in cold nights would

give up his tattered blanket to add to the comfort of some woman who shivered with sickness, and who filled the baskets of the weaker ones in the field, at the terrible risk of coming short in his own measure, — and who, though pursued with unrelenting cruelty by their common tyrant, never joined in uttering a word of reviling or cursing, — this man at last began to have a strange power over them; and when the more pressing season was past, and they were allowed again their Sundays for their own use, many would gather together to hear from him of Jesus. They would gladly have met to hear, and pray, and sing, in some place, together; but Legree would not permit it, and more than once broke up such attempts, with oaths and brutal execrations, — so that the blessed news had to circulate from individual to individual. Yet who can speak the simple joy with which some of these poor outcasts, to whom life was a joyless journey to a dark unknown, heard of a compassionate Redeemer and a heavenly home? It is the statement of missionaries that, of all races of the earth, none have received the gospel with such eager docility as the African. The principle of reliance and unquestioning faith, which is its foundation, is more a native element in this race than any other; and it has often been found among them that a stray seed of truth, borne on some breeze of accident into hearts the most ignorant, has sprung up into fruit, whose abundance has shamed that of higher and more skillful culture.

The poor mulatto woman, whose simple faith had been well-nigh crushed and overwhelmed by the avalanche of cruelty and wrong which had fallen upon her, felt her soul raised up by the hymns and passages of Holy Writ, which this lowly missionary breathed into her ear in intervals, as they were going to and returning from work; and even the half-crazed and wandering mind of Cassy was soothed and calmed by his simple and unobtrusive influences.

Stung to madness and despair by the crushing agonies of

a life, Cassy had often resolved in her soul an hour of retribution, when her hand should avenge on her oppressor all the injustice and cruelty to which she had been witness, or which *she* had in her own person suffered.

One night, after all in Tom's cabin were sunk in sleep, he was suddenly aroused by seeing her face at the hole between the logs, that served for a window. She made a silent gesture for him to come out.

Tom came out the door. It was between one and two o'clock at night, — broad, calm, still moonlight. Tom remarked, as the light of the moon fell upon Cassy's large black eyes, that there was a wild and peculiar glare in them, unlike their wonted fixed despair.

"Come here, Father Tom," she said, laying her small hand on his wrist, and drawing him forward with a force as if the hand were of steel; "come here, — I 've news for you."

"What, Misse Cassy?" said Tom anxiously.

"Tom, would n't you like your liberty?"

"I shall have it, Misse, in God's time," said Tom.

"Ay, but you may have it to-night," said Cassy, with a flash of sudden energy. "Come on."

Tom hesitated.

"Come!" said she in a whisper, fixing her black eyes on him. "Come along! He 's asleep — sound. I put enough into his brandy to keep him so. I wish I 'd had more, — I should n't have wanted you. But come, the back door is unlocked; there 's an axe there — I put it there, — his room door is open; I 'll show you the way. I 'd 'a' done it myself, only my arms are so weak. Come along!"

"Not for ten thousand worlds, Misse!" said Tom firmly, stopping and holding her back, as she was pressing forward.

"But think of all these poor creatures," said Cassy. "We might set them all free, and go somewhere in the

swamps, and find an island, and live by ourselves; I 've heard of its being done. Any life is better than this."

"No!" said Tom firmly. "No! good never comes of wickedness. I 'd sooner chop my right hand off!"

"Then *I* shall do it," said Cassy, turning.

"Oh, Misse Cassy!" said Tom, throwing himself before her, "for the dear Lord's sake that died for ye, don't sell your precious soul to the devil that way! Nothing but evil will come of it. The Lord has n't called us to wrath. We must suffer, and wait his time."

"Wait!" said Cassy. "Have n't I waited? — waited till my head is dizzy and my heart sick? What has he made me suffer? What has he made hundreds of poor creatures suffer? Is n't he wringing the life-blood out of you? I 'm called on; they call me! His time 's come, and I 'll have his heart's blood!"

"No, no, no!" said Tom, holding her small hands, which were clenched with spasmodic violence. "No, ye poor, lost soul, that ye must n't do. The dear, blessed Lord never shed no blood but his own, and that he poured out for us when we was enemies. Lord, help us to follow his steps, and love our enemies."

"Love!" said Cassy, with a fierce glare; "love *such* enemies! It is n't in flesh and blood."

"No, Misse, it is n't," said Tom, looking up; "but *He* gives it to us, and that 's the *victory*. When we can love and pray over all, and through all, the battle 's past, and the victory 's come, — glory be to God!" And with streaming eyes and choking voice the black man looked up to heaven.

And this, O Africa! latest called of nations, — called to the crown of thorns, the scourge, the bloody sweat, the cross of agony, — this is to be *thy* victory; by this shalt thou reign with Christ when his kingdom shall come on earth.

The deep fervor of Tom's feelings, the softness of his voice, his tears, fell like dew on the wild, unsettled spirit of

the poor woman. A softness gathered over the lurid fires of her eyes; she looked down, and Tom could feel the relaxing muscles of her hands, as she said, —

"Did n't I tell you that evil spirits followed me? Oh, Father Tom, I can't pray, — I wish I could. I never have prayed since my children were sold! What you say must be right, I know it must; but when I try to pray, I can only hate and curse. I can't pray!"

"Poor soul!" said Tom compassionately. "Satan desires to have ye, and sift ye as wheat. I pray the Lord for ye. Oh, Misse Cassy, turn to the dear Lord Jesus. He came to bind up the broken-hearted, and comfort all that mourn."

Cassy stood silent, while large, heavy tears dropped from her downcast eyes.

"Misse Cassy," said Tom, in a hesitating tone, after surveying her a moment in silence, "if ye only could get away from here, — if the thing was possible, — I 'd 'vise ye and Emmeline to do it; that is, if ye could go without blood-guiltiness, — not otherwise."

"Would you try with us, Father Tom?"

"No," said Tom; "time was when I would; but the Lord 's given me a work among these yer poor souls, and I 'll stay with 'em and bear my cross with 'em till the end. It 's different with you; it 's a snare to you, it 's more 'n you can stand, — and you 'd better go, if you can."

"I know no way but through the grave," said Cassy. "There 's no beast or bird but can find a home somewhere; even the snakes and the alligators have their places to lie down and be quiet; but there 's no place for us. Down in the darkest swamps their dogs will hunt us out, and find us. Everybody and everything is against us; even the very beasts side against us, — and where shall we go?"

Tom stood silent; at length he said, —

"Him that saved Daniel in the den of lions, — that saved the children in the fiery furnace, — him that walked on the

sea, and bade the winds be still, — he 's alive yet; and I 've faith to believe he can deliver you. Try it, and I 'll pray, with all my might, for you."

By what strange law of mind is it that an idea long overlooked, and trodden under foot as a useless stone, suddenly sparkles out in new light, as a discovered diamond?

Cassy had often revolved, for hours, all possible or probable schemes of escape, and dismissed them all, as hopeless and impracticable; but at this moment there flashed through her mind a plan, so simple and feasible in all its details as to awaken an instant hope.

"Father Tom, I 'll try it!" she said suddenly.

"Amen!" said Tom; "the Lord help ye!"

CHAPTER XXXIX

THE STRATAGEM

"The way of the wicked is as darkness; he knoweth not at what he stumbleth."

THE garret of the house that Legree occupied, like most other garrets, was a great, desolate space, dusty, hung with cobwebs, and littered with cast-off lumber. The opulent family that had inhabited the house in the days of its splendor had imported a great deal of splendid furniture, some of which they had taken away with them, while some remained standing desolate in mouldering, unoccupied rooms, or stored away in this place. One or two immense packing-boxes, in which this furniture was brought, stood against the sides of the garret. There was a small window there, which let in through its dingy, dusty panes a scanty, uncertain light on the tall, high-backed chairs and dusty tables, that had once seen better days. Altogether, it was a weird and ghostly place; but, ghostly as it was, it wanted not in legends among the superstitious negroes, to increase its terrors. Some few years before, a negro woman, who had incurred Legree's displeasure, was confined there for several weeks. What passed there, we do not say; the negroes used to whisper darkly to each other; but it was known that the body of the unfortunate creature was one day taken down from there and buried; and after that, it was said that oaths and cursings, and the sound of violent blows, used to ring through that old garret, and mingled with wailings and groans of despair. Once, when Legree chanced to overhear something of this kind, he flew into a violent passion, and swore that the next

one that told stories about that garret should have an opportunity of knowing what was there, for he would chain them up there for a week. This hint was enough to repress talking, though, of course, it did not disturb the credit of the story in the least.

Gradually, the staircase that led to the garret, and even the passage-way to the staircase, was avoided by every one in the house, from every one fearing to speak of it, and the legend was gradually falling into desuetude. It had suddenly occurred to Cassy to make use of the superstitious excitability, which was so great in Legree, for the purpose of her liberation and that of her fellow sufferer.

The sleeping-room of Cassy was directly under the garret. One day, without consulting Legree, she suddenly took it upon her, with some considerable ostentation, to change all the furniture and appurtenances of the room to one at some considerable distance. The under-servants, who were called on to effect this movement, were running and bustling about with great zeal and confusion, when Legree returned from a ride.

"Hallo! you Cass!" said Legree, "what 's in the wind now?"

"Nothing; only I choose to have another room," said Cassy doggedly.

"And what for, pray?" said Legree.

"I choose to," said Cassy.

"The devil you do! and what for?"

"I 'd like to get some sleep now and then."

"Sleep! well, what hinders your sleeping?"

"I could tell, I suppose, if you want to hear," said Cassy dryly.

"Speak out, you minx!" said Legree.

"Oh! nothing. I suppose it would n't disturb *you!* Only groans, and people scuffing, and rolling round on the garret floor, half the night, from twelve to morning!"

"People up garret!" said Legree uneasily, but forcing a laugh; "who are they, Cassy?"

Cassy raised her sharp, black eyes, and looked in the face of Legree with an expression that went through his bones as she said, "To be sure, Simon, who are they? I'd like to have *you* tell me. You don't know, I suppose!"

With an oath, Legree struck at her with his riding-whip; but she glided to one side, and passed through the door, and looking back, said, "If you'll sleep in that room, you'll know all about it. Perhaps you'd better try it!" and then immediately she shut and locked the door.

Legree blustered and swore, and threatened to break down the door; but apparently thought better of it, and walked uneasily into the sitting-room. Cassy perceived that her shaft had struck home; and from that hour, with the most exquisite address, she never ceased to continue the train of influences she had begun.

In a knot-hole in the garret she had inserted the neck of an old bottle, in such a manner that when there was the least wind most doleful and lugubrious wailing sounds proceeded from it, which, in a high wind, increased to a perfect shriek, such as to credulous and superstitious ears might easily seem to be that of horror and despair.

These sounds were from time to time heard by the servants, and revived in full force the memory of the old ghost legend. A superstitious creeping horror seemed to fill the house; and though no one dared to breathe it to Legree, he found himself encompassed by it, as by an atmosphere.

No one is so thoroughly superstitious as the godless man. The Christian is composed by the belief of a wise, all-ruling Father, whose presence fills the void unknown with light and order; but to the man who has dethroned God, the spirit land is, indeed, in the words of the Hebrew poet, "a land of darkness and the shadow of death," without any

order, where the light is as darkness. Life and death to him are haunted grounds, filled with goblin forms of vague and shadowy dread.

Legree had had the slumbering moral element in him roused by his encounters with Tom, — roused, only to be resisted by the determinate force of evil; but still there was a thrill and commotion of the dark, inner world produced by every word, or prayer, or hymn, that reacted in superstitious dread.

The influence of Cassy over him was of a strange and singular kind. He was her owner, her tyrant and tormentor. She was, as he knew, wholly, and without any possibility of help or redress, in his hands; and yet so it is, that the most brutal man cannot live in constant association with a strong female influence and not be greatly controlled by it. When he first bought her, she was, as she had said, a woman delicately bred; and then he crushed her, without scruple, beneath the foot of his brutality. But as time, and debasing influences, and despair hardened womanhood within her, and waked the fires of fiercer passions, she had become in a measure his mistress, and he alternately tyrannized over and dreaded her.

This influence had become more harassing and decided since partial insanity had given a strange, weird, unsettled cast to all her words and language.

A night or two after this, Legree was sitting in the old sitting-room, by the side of a flickering wood fire, that threw uncertain glances round the room. It was a stormy, windy night, such as raises whole squadrons of nondescript noises in rickety old houses. Windows were rattling, shutters flapping, the wind carousing, rumbling, and tumbling down the chimney, and every once in a while puffing out smoke and ashes, as if a legion of spirits were coming after them. Legree had been casting up accounts and reading newspapers for some hours, while Cassy sat in the corner, sullenly look-

ing into the fire. Legree laid down his paper, and seeing an old book lying on the table, which he had noticed Cassy reading the first part of the evening, took it up, and began to turn it over. It was one of those collections of stories of bloody murders, ghostly legends, and supernatural visitations, which, coarsely got up and illustrated, have a strange fascination for one who once begins to read them.

Legree poohed and pished, but read, turning page after page, till, finally, after reading some way, he threw down the book, with an oath.

"You don't believe in ghosts, do you, Cass?" said he, taking the tongs and settling the fire. "I thought you'd more sense than to let noises scare *you*."

"No matter what I believe," said Cassy sullenly.

"Fellows used to try to frighten me with their yarns at sea," said Legree. "Never come it round me that way. I'm too tough for any such trash, tell ye."

Cassy sat looking intensely at him in the shadow of the corner. There was that strange light in her eyes that always impressed Legree with uneasiness.

"Them noises was nothing but rats and the wind," said Legree. "Rats will make a devil of a noise. I used to hear 'em sometimes down in the hold of the ship; and wind, — Lord's sake! ye can make anything out o' wind."

Cassy knew Legree was uneasy under her eyes, and, therefore, she made no answer, but sat fixing them on him, with that strange, unearthly expression as before.

"Come, speak out, woman, — don't you think so?" said Legree.

"Can rats walk downstairs, and come walking through the entry, and open a door when you've locked it and set a chair against it?" said Cassy; "and come walk, walk, walking right up to your bed, and put out their hand, so?"

Cassy kept her glittering eyes fixed on Legree, as she spoke, and he stared at her like a man in the nightmare, till,

when she finished by laying her hand, icy cold, on his, he sprung back, with an oath.

"Woman! what do you mean? Nobody did!"

"Oh, no, — of course not, — did I say they did?" said Cassy with a smile of chilling derision.

"But — did — have you really seen? — Come, Cass, what is it, now, — speak out!"

"You may sleep there yourself," said Cassy, "if you want to know."

"Did it come from the garret, Cassy?"

"*It* — what?" said Cassy.

"Why, what you told of" —

"I did n't tell you anything," said Cassy with dogged sullenness.

Legree walked up and down the room uneasily.

"I 'll have this yer thing examined. I 'll look into it this very night. I 'll take my pistols" —

"Do," said Cassy; "sleep in that room. I 'd like to see you doing it. Fire your pistols, — do!"

Legree stamped his foot, and swore violently.

"Don't swear," said Cassy; "nobody knows who may be hearing you. Hark! What was that?"

"What?" said Legree, starting.

A heavy old Dutch clock, that stood in the corner of the room, began, and slowly struck twelve.

For some reason or other, Legree neither spoke nor moved; a vague horror fell on him; while Cassy, with a keen, sneering glitter in her eyes, stood looking at him, counting the strokes.

"Twelve o'clock; well, *now* we 'll see," said she, turning, and opening the door into the passage-way, and standing as if listening.

"Hark! What 's that?" said she, raising her finger.

"It 's only the wind," said Legree. "Don't you hear how cursedly it blows?"

"Simon, come here," said Cassy, in a whisper, laying her hand on his, and leading him to the foot of the stairs; "do you know what *that* is? Hark!"

A wild shriek came pealing down the stairway. It came from the garret. Legree's knees knocked together; his face grew white with fear.

"Had n't you better get your pistols?" said Cassy, with a sneer that froze Legree's blood. "It's time this thing was looked into, you know. I 'd like to have you go up now; *they 're at it.*"

"I won't go!" said Legree, with an oath.

"Why not? There ain't any such thing as ghosts, you know! Come!" and Cassy flitted up the winding stairway, laughing, and looking back after him. "Come on."

"I believe you *are* the devil!" said Legree. "Come back, you hag, — come back, Cass! You sha'n't go!"

But Cassy laughed wildly, and fled on. He heard her open the entry doors that led to the garret. A wild gust of wind swept down, extinguishing the candle he held in his hand, and with it the fearful, unearthly screams; they seemed to be shrieked in his very ear.

Legree fled frantically into the parlor, whither, in a few moments, he was followed by Cassy, pale, calm, cold as an avenging spirit, and with that same fearful light in her eye.

"I hope you are satisfied," said she.

"Blast you, Cass!" said Legree.

"What for?" said Cassy. "I only went up and shut the doors. *What's the matter with that garret,* Simon, do you suppose?" said she.

"None of your business!" said Legree.

"Oh, it ain't? Well," said Cassy, "at any rate, I'm glad *I* don't sleep under it."

Anticipating the rising of the wind, that very evening Cassy had been up and opened the garret window. Of

course, the moment the doors were opened, the wind had drafted down, and extinguished the light.

This may serve as a specimen of the game that Cassy played with Legree, until he would sooner have put his head into a lion's mouth than to have explored that garret. Meanwhile, in the night, when everybody else was asleep, Cassy slowly and carefully accumulated there a stock of provisions sufficient to afford subsistence for some time; she transferred, article by article, a greater part of her own and Emmeline's wardrobe. All things being arranged, they only waited a fitting opportunity to put their plan in execution.

By cajoling Legree, and taking advantage of a good-natured interval, Cassy had got him to take her with him to the neighboring town, which was situated directly on the Red River. With a memory sharpened to almost preternatural clearness, she remarked every turn in the road, and formed a mental estimate of the time to be occupied in traversing it.

At the time when all was matured for action, our readers may, perhaps, like to look behind the scenes, and see the final *coup d'état.*

It was now near evening. Legree had been absent, on a ride to a neighboring farm. For many days Cassy had been unusually gracious and accommodating in her humors; and Legree and she had been apparently on the best of terms. At present, we may behold her and Emmeline in the room of the latter, busy in sorting and arranging two small bundles.

"There, these will be large enough," said Cassy. "Now put on your bonnet, and let's start: it's just about the right time."

"Why, they can see us yet," said Emmeline.

"I mean they shall," said Cassy coolly. "Don't you know that they must have their chase after us, at any rate? The way of the thing is to be just this: We will steal out of the back door, and run down by the quarters. Sambo

or Quimbo will be sure to see us. They will give chase, and we will get into the swamp; then, they can't follow us any further till they go up and give the alarm, and turn out the dogs, and so on; and while they are blundering round, and tumbling over each other, as they always do, you and I will just slip along to the creek, that runs back of the house, and wade along in it, till we get opposite the back door. That will put the dogs all at fault; for scent won't lie in the water. Every one will run out of the house to look after us, and then we 'll whip in at the back door, and up into the garret, where I 've got a nice bed made up in one of the great boxes. We must stay in that garret a good while; for, I tell you, he will raise heaven and earth after us. He 'll muster some of those old overseers on the other plantations, and have a great hunt; and they 'll go over every inch of ground in that swamp. He makes it his boast that nobody ever got away from him. So let him hunt at his leisure."

"Cassy, how well you have planned it!" said Emmeline. "Who ever would have thought of it but you?"

There was neither pleasure nor exultation in Cassy's eyes, — only a despairing firmness.

"Come," she said, reaching her hand to Emmeline.

The two fugitives glided noiselessly from the house, and flitted, through the gathering shadows of evening, along by the quarters. The crescent moon, set like a silver signet in the western sky, delayed a little the approach of night. As Cassy expected, when quite near the verge of the swamps that encircled the plantation, they heard a voice calling to them to stop. It was not Sambo, however, but Legree, who was pursuing them with violent execrations. At the sound, the feebler spirit of Emmeline gave way; and, laying hold of Cassy's arm, she said, "Oh, Cassy, I 'm going to faint!"

"If you do, I 'll kill you!" said Cassy, drawing a small, glittering stiletto, and flashing it before the eyes of the girl.

The diversion accomplished the purpose. Emmeline did not faint, and succeeded in plunging, with Cassy, into a part of the labyrinth of swamp, so deep and dark that it was perfectly hopeless for Legree to think of following them without assistance.

"Well," said he, chuckling brutally; "at any rate, they 've got themselves into a trap now — the baggages! They 're safe enough. They shall sweat for it!"

"Hulloa, there! Sambo! Quimbo! All hands!" called Legree, coming to the quarters, when the men and women were just returning from work. "There 's two runaways in the swamps. I 'll give five dollars to any nigger as catches 'em. Turn out the dogs! Turn out Tiger, and Fury, and the rest!"

The sensation produced by this news was immediate. Many of the men sprang forward, officiously, to offer their services, either from the hope of the reward, or from that cringing subserviency which is one of the most baleful effects of slavery. Some ran one way, and some another. Some were for getting flambeaux of pine-knots. Some were uncoupling the dogs, whose hoarse, savage bay added not a little to the animation of the scene.

"Mas'r, shall we shoot 'em, if we can't cotch 'em?" said Sambo, to whom his master brought out a rifle.

"You may fire on Cass if you like; it 's time she was gone to the devil, where she belongs; but the gal not," said Legree. "And now, boys, be spry and smart. Five dollars for him that gets 'em, and a glass of spirits to every one of you anyhow."

The whole band, with the glare of blazing torches, and whoop, and shout, and savage yell, of man and beast, proceeded down to the swamp, followed at some distance by every servant in the house. The establishment was, of a consequence, wholly deserted, when Cassy and Emmeline glided into it the back way. The whooping and shouts of

their pursuers were still filling the air; and, looking from the sitting-room windows, Cassy and Emmeline could see the troop, with their flambeaux, just dispersing themselves along the edge of the swamp.

"See there!" said Emmeline, pointing to Cassy; "the hunt is begun! Look how those lights dance about! Hark! the dogs! Don't you hear? If we were only *there*, our chance would n't be worth a picayune. Oh, for pity's sake, do let 's hide ourselves. Quick!"

"There 's no occasion for hurry," said Cassy coolly; "they are all out after the hunt, — that 's the amusement of the evening! We 'll go upstairs by and by. Meanwhile," said she, deliberately taking a key from the pocket of a coat that Legree had thrown down in his hurry, — "meanwhile I shall take something to pay our passage."

She unlocked the desk, took from it a roll of bills, which she counted over rapidly.

"Oh, don't let 's do that!" said Emmeline.

"Don't!" said Cassy; "why not? Would you have us starve in the swamps, or have that that will pay our way to the free States? Money will do anything, girl." And as she spoke, she put the money in her bosom.

"It would be stealing," said Emmeline, in a distressed whisper.

"Stealing!" said Cassy, with a scornful laugh. "They who steal body and soul need n't talk to us. Every one of these bills is stolen, — stolen from poor, starving, sweating creatures, who must go to the devil at last, for his profit. Let *him* talk about stealing! But come, we may as well go up garret; I 've got a stock of candles there, and some books to pass away the time. You may be pretty sure they won't come *there* to inquire after us. If they do, I 'll play ghost for them."

When Emmeline reached the garret, she found an immense box, in which some heavy pieces of furniture had

once been brought, turned on its side, so that the opening faced the wall, or rather the eaves. Cassy lit a small lamp, and, creeping round under the eaves, they established themselves in it. It was spread with a couple of small mattresses and some pillows; a box near by was plentifully stored with candles, provisions, and all the clothing necessary to their journey, which Cassy had arranged into bundles of an astonishingly small compass.

"There," said Cassy, as she fixed the lamp into a small hook, which she had driven into the side of the box for that purpose; "this is to be our home for the present. How do you like it?"

"Are you sure they won't come and search the garret?"

"I'd like to see Simon Legree doing that," said Cassy. "No, indeed; he will be too glad to keep away. As to the servants, they would any of them stand and be shot sooner than show their faces here."

Somewhat reassured, Emmeline settled herself back on her pillow.

"What did you mean, Cassy, by saying you would kill me?" she said simply.

"I meant to stop your fainting," said Cassy, "and I did do it. And now I tell you, Emmeline, you must make up your mind *not* to faint, let what will come; there's no sort of need of it. If I had not stopped you, that wretch might have had his hands on you now."

Emmeline shuddered.

The two remained some time in silence. Cassy busied herself with a French book; Emmeline, overcome with the exhaustion, fell into a doze, and slept some time. She was awakened by loud shouts and outcries, the tramp of horses' feet, and the baying of dogs. She started up, with a faint shriek.

"Only the hunt coming back," said Cassy coolly; "never fear. Look out of this knot-hole. Don't you see 'em all

down there? Simon has to give it up, for this night. Look, how muddy his horse is, flouncing about in the swamp; the dogs, too, look rather crestfallen. Ah, my good sir, you'll have to try the race again and again — the game is n't there."

"Oh, don't speak a word!" said Emmeline; "what if they should hear you?"

"If they do hear anything, it will make them very particular to keep away," said Cassy. "No danger; we may make any noise we please, and it will only add to the effect."

At length the stillness of midnight settled down over the house. Legree, cursing his ill luck, and vowing dire vengeance on the morrow, went to bed.

CHAPTER XL

THE MARTYR

"Deem not the just by Heaven forgot!
Though life its common gifts deny, —
Though, with a crushed and bleeding heart,
And spurned of man, he goes to die!
For God hath marked each sorrowing day,
And numbered every bitter tear;
And heaven's long years of bliss shall pay
For all his children suffer here."

BRYANT.

THE longest way must have its close, — the gloomiest night will wear on to a morning. An eternal, inexorable lapse of moments is ever hurrying the day of the evil to an eternal night, and the night of the just to an eternal day. We have walked with our humble friend thus far in the valley of slavery; first through flowery fields of ease and indulgence, then through heart-breaking separations from all that man holds dear. Again, we have waited with him in a sunny island, where generous hands concealed his chains with flowers; and, lastly, we have followed him when the last ray of earthly hope went out in night, and seen how, in the blackness of earthly darkness, the firmament of the unseen has blazed with stars of new and significant lustre.

The morning star now stands over the tops of the mountains, and gales and breezes, not of earth, show that the gates of day are unclosing.

The escape of Cassy and Emmeline irritated the before surly temper of Legree to the last degree; and his fury, as was to be expected, fell upon the defenseless head of Tom. When he hurriedly announced the tidings among his hands,

there was a sudden light in Tom's eye, a sudden upraising of his hands, that did not escape him. He saw that he did not join the muster of the pursuers. He thought of forcing him to do it; but having had, of old, experience of his inflexibility when commanded to take part in any deed of inhumanity, he would not, in his hurry, stop to enter into any conflict with him.

Tom, therefore, remained behind, with a few who had learned of him to pray, and offered up prayers for the escape of the fugitives.

When Legree returned, baffled and disappointed, all the long-working hatred of his soul towards his slave began to gather in a deadly and desperate form. Had not this man braved him, — steadily, powerfully, resistlessly, — ever since he bought him? Was there not a spirit in him which, silent as it was, burned on him like the fires of perdition?

"I *hate* him!" said Legree that night, as he sat up in his bed; "I *hate* him! And is n't he MINE? Can't I do what I like with him? Who 's to hinder, I wonder?" And Legree clenched his fist, and shook it, as if he had something in his hands that he could rend in pieces.

But, then, Tom was a faithful, valuable servant; and although Legree hated him the more for that, yet the consideration was still somewhat of a restraint to him.

The next morning, he determined to say nothing as yet; to assemble a party from some neighboring plantations, with dogs and guns; to surround the swamp, and go about the hunt systematically. If it succeeded, well and good; if not, he would summon Tom before him, and — his teeth clenched and his blood boiled — *then* he would break that fellow down, or — there was a dire inward whisper, to which his soul assented.

Ye say that the *interest* of the master is a sufficient safeguard for the slave. In the fury of man's mad will, he will wittingly, and with open eye, sell his own soul to the

devil to gain his ends; and will he be more careful of his neighbor's body?

"Well," said Cassy, the next day, from the garret, as she reconnoitred through the knot-hole, "the hunt's going to begin again to-day!"

Three or four mounted horsemen were curveting about, on the space in front of the house; and one or two leashes of strange dogs were struggling with the negroes who held them, baying and barking at each other.

The men are, two of them, overseers of plantations in the vicinity; and others were some of Legree's associates at the tavern-bar of a neighboring city, who had come for the interest of the sport. A more hard-favored set, perhaps, could not be imagined. Legree was serving brandy, profusely, round among them, as also among the negroes, who had been detailed from the various plantations for this service; for it was an object to make every service of this kind, among the negroes, as much of a holiday as possible.

Cassy placed her ear at the knot-hole; and as the morning air blew directly towards the house, she could overhear a good deal of the conversation. A grave sneer overcast the dark, severe gravity of her face as she listened, and heard them divide out the ground, discuss the rival merits of the dogs, give orders about firing, and the treatment of each in case of capture.

Cassy drew back; and, clasping her hands, looked upward, and said, "O great Almighty God! we are *all* sinners; but what have *we* done, more than all the rest of the world, that we should be treated so?"

There was a terrible earnestness in her face and voice as she spoke.

"If it was n't for *you*, child," she said, looking at Emmeline, "I 'd *go* out to them; and I 'd thank any one of them that *would* shoot me down; for what use will free-

dom be to me? Can it give me back my children, or make me what I used to be?"

Emmeline, in her childlike simplicity, was half afraid of the dark moods of Cassy. She looked perplexed, but made no answer. She only took her hand, with a gentle, caressing movement.

"Don't!" said Cassy, trying to draw it away; "you 'll get me to loving you; and I never mean to love anything again!"

"Poor Cassy!" said Emmeline, "don't feel so! If the Lord gives us liberty, perhaps he 'll give you back your daughter; at any rate, I 'll be like a daughter to you. I know I 'll never see my poor old mother again! I shall love you, Cassy, whether you love me or not!"

The gentle, childlike spirit conquered. Cassy sat down by her, put her arm round her neck, stroked her soft, brown hair; and Emmeline then wondered at the beauty of her magnificent eyes, now soft with tears.

"Oh, Em!" said Cassy. "I 've hungered for my children, and thirsted for them, and my eyes fail with longing for them! Here! here!" she said, striking her breast, "it 's all desolate, all empty! If God would give me back my children, then I could pray."

"You must trust him, Cassy," said Emmeline; "he is our Father!"

"His wrath is upon us," said Cassy; "he has turned away in anger."

"No, Cassy! He will be good to us! Let us hope in him," said Emmeline; "I always have had hope."

. . . . . .

The hunt was long, animated, and thorough, but unsuccessful, and with grave, ironic exultation, Cassy looked down on Legree, as, weary and dispirited, he alighted from his horse.

"Now, Quimbo," said Legree, as he stretched himself

down in the sitting-room, "you jest go and walk that Tom up here right away! The old cuss is at the bottom of this yer whole matter; and I'll have it out of his old black hide, or I'll know the reason why."

Sambo and Quimbo both, though hating each other, were joined in one mind by a no less cordial hatred of Tom. Legree had told them at first that he had bought him for a general overseer in his absence; and this had begun an ill will, on their part, which had increased, in their debased and servile natures, as they saw him becoming obnoxious to their master's displeasure. Quimbo, therefore, departed with a will, to execute his orders.

Tom heard the message with a forewarning heart; for he knew all the plan of the fugitives' escape, and the place of their present concealment; he knew the deadly character of the man he had to deal with, and his despotic power. But he felt strong in God to meet death rather than betray the helpless.

He set his basket down by the row, and, looking up, said, "Into thy hands I commend my spirit! Thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth!" and then quietly yielded himself to the rough, brutal grasp with which Quimbo seized him.

"Ay, ay!" said the giant, as he dragged him along; "ye'll cotch it now! I'll boun' Mas'r's back's up *high!* No sneaking out now! Tell ye, ye'll get it, and no mistake! See how ye'll look, now, helpin' Mas'r's niggers to run away! See what ye'll get!"

The savage words none of them reached that ear! — a higher voice there was saying, "Fear not them that kill the body, and after that have no more that they can do." Nerve and bone of that poor man's body vibrated to those words, as if touched by the finger of God; and he felt the strength of a thousand souls in one. As he passed along, the trees and bushes, the huts of his servitude, the whole

scene of his degradation, seemed to whirl by him as the landscape by the rushing car. His soul throbbed, — his home was in sight, — and the hour of release seemed at hand.

"Well, Tom!" said Legree, walking up, and seizing him grimly by the collar of his coat, and speaking through his teeth, in a paroxysm of determined rage, "do you know I've made up my mind to KILL you?"

"It's very likely, Mas'r," said Tom calmly.

"I *have*," said Legree, with grim, terrible calmness, "*done — just — that — thing*, Tom, unless you'll tell me what you know about these yer gals!"

Tom stood silent.

"D' ye hear?" said Legree, stamping, with a roar like that of an incensed lion. "Speak!"

"*I hain't got nothing to tell, Mas'r*," said Tom, with a slow, firm, deliberate utterance.

"Do you dare to tell me, ye old black Christian, ye don't *know?*" said Legree.

Tom was silent.

"Speak!" thundered Legree, striking him furiously. "Do you know anything?"

"I know, Mas'r; but I can't tell anything. *I can die!*"

Legree drew in a long breath; and, suppressing his rage, took Tom by the arm, and, approaching his face almost to his, said in a terrible voice, "Hark 'e, Tom! — ye think 'cause I've let you off before I don't mean what I say; but, this time I've *made up my mind*, and counted the cost. You've always stood it out agin me: now, I'll *conquer ye or kill ye!* — one or t' other. I'll count every drop of blood there is in you, and take 'em, one by one, till ye give up!"

Tom looked up to his master, and answered, "Mas'r, if you was sick, or in trouble, or dying, and I could save ye, I'd *give* ye my heart's blood; and, if taking every drop of

blood in this poor old body would save your precious soul, I 'd give 'em freely, as the Lord gave his for me. Oh, Mas'r! don't bring this great sin on your soul! It will hurt you more than 't will me! Do the worst you can, my troubles 'll be over soon; but if ye don't repent yours won't *never* end!"

Like a strange snatch of heavenly music, heard in the lull of a tempest, this burst of feeling made a moment's blank pause. Legree stood aghast, and looked at Tom; and there was such a silence that the tick of the old clock could be heard, measuring, with silent touch, the last moments of mercy and probation to that hardened heart.

It was but a moment. There was one hesitating pause, — one irresolute, relenting thrill, — and the spirit of evil came back, with sevenfold vehemence; and Legree, foaming with rage, smote his victim to the ground.

. . . . . .

Scenes of blood and cruelty are shocking to our ear and heart. What man has nerve to do, man has not nerve to hear. What brother man and brother Christian must suffer cannot be told us, even in our secret chamber, it so harrows up the soul! And yet, O my country! these things are done under the shadow of thy laws! O Christ! thy church sees them, almost in silence!

But, of old, there was One whose suffering changed an instrument of torture, degradation, and shame, into a symbol of glory, honor, and immortal life; and, where his spirit is, neither degrading stripes, nor blood, nor insults can make the Christian's last struggle less than glorious.

Was he alone that long night, whose brave, loving spirit was bearing up, in that old shed, against buffeting and brutal stripes?

Nay! There stood by him ONE, — seen by him alone, — "like unto the Son of God."

The tempter stood by him, too, — blinded by furious,

despotic will, — every moment pressing him to shun that agony by the betrayal of the innocent. But the brave, true heart was firm on the Eternal Rock. Like his Master, he knew that, if he saved others, himself he could not save; nor could utmost extremity wring from him words save of prayer and holy trust.

"He 's 'most gone, Mas'r," said Sambo, touched, in spite of himself, by the patience of his victim.

"Pay away, till he gives up! Give it to him! — give it to him!" shouted Legree. "I 'll take every drop of blood he has, unless he confesses!"

Tom opened his eyes, and looked upon his master. "Ye poor miserable crittur!" he said, "there ain't no more ye can do! I forgive ye, with all my soul!" and he fainted entirely away.

"I b'lieve, my soul, he 's done for finally," said Legree, stepping forward to look at him. "Yes, he is! Well, his mouth 's shut up at last, — that 's one comfort!"

Yes, Legree; but who shall shut up that voice in thy soul? — that soul, past repentance, past prayer, past hope, in whom the fire that never shall be quenched is already burning!

Yet Tom was not quite gone. His wondrous words and pious prayers had struck upon the hearts of the imbruted blacks, who had been the instruments of cruelty upon him; and, the instant Legree withdrew, they took him down, and, in their ignorance, sought to call him back to life, — as if *that* were any favor to him.

"Sartin, we 's been doin' a dreffull wicked thing!" said Sambo; "hopes Mas'r 'll have to 'count for it, and not we."

They washed his wounds, — they provided a rude bed, of some refuse cotton, for him to lie down on; and one of them, stealing up to the house, begged a drink of brandy of Legree, pretending that he was tired, and wanted it for himself. He brought it back, and poured it down Tom's throat.

"Oh, Tom!" said Quimbo, "we 's been awful wicked to ye!"

"I forgive ye, with all my heart!" said Tom faintly.

"Oh, Tom! do tell us who is *Jesus*, anyhow?" said Sambo, — "Jesus, that 's been a-standin' by you so all this night? — Who is he?"

The word roused the failing, fainting spirit. He poured forth a few energetic sentences of that wondrous One, — his life, his death, his everlasting presence, and power to save.

They wept, — both the two savage men.

"Why did n't I never hear this before?" said Sambo; "but I do believe! — I can't help it! Lord Jesus, have mercy on us!"

"Poor critturs!" said Tom; "I 'd be willin' to bar all I have, if it 'll only bring ye to Christ! O Lord! give me these two more souls, I pray!"

That prayer was answered.

CHAPTER XLI

THE YOUNG MASTER

Two days after, a young man drove a light wagon up through the avenue of China-trees, and, throwing the reins hastily on the horses' neck, sprang out and inquired for the owner of the place.

It was George Shelby; and, to show how he came to be there, we must go back in our story.

The letter of Miss Ophelia to Mrs. Shelby had, by some unfortunate accident, been detained for a month or two at some remote post-office, before it reached its destination; and, of course, before it was received, Tom was already lost to view among the distant swamps of the Red River.

Mrs. Shelby read the intelligence with the deepest concern; but any immediate action upon it was an impossibility. She was then in attendance on the sick-bed of her husband, who lay delirious in the crisis of a fever. Master George Shelby, who, in the interval, had changed from a boy to a tall young man, was her constant and faithful assistant, and her only reliance in superintending his father's affairs. Miss Ophelia had taken the precaution to send them the name of the lawyer who did business for the St. Clares; and the most that, in the emergency, could be done was to address a letter of inquiry to him. The sudden death of Mr. Shelby, a few days after, brought of course an absorbing pressure of other interests for a season.

Mr. Shelby showed his confidence in his wife's ability by appointing her sole executrix upon his estates; and thus immediately a large and complicated amount of business was brought upon her hands.

Mrs. Shelby, with characteristic energy, applied herself to the work of straightening the entangled web of affairs; and she and George were for some time occupied with collecting and examining accounts, selling property, and settling debts; for Mrs. Shelby was determined that everything should be brought into tangible and recognizable shape, let the consequences to her prove what they might. In the mean time, they received a letter from the lawyer to whom Miss Ophelia had referred them, saying that he knew nothing of the matter; that the man was sold at a public auction, and that, beyond receiving the money, he knew nothing of the affair.

Neither George nor Mrs. Shelby could be easy at this result; and accordingly some six months after, the latter, having business for his mother down the river, resolved to visit New Orleans in person, and push his inquiries, in hopes of discovering Tom's whereabouts and restoring him.

After some months of unsuccessful search, by the merest accident, George fell in with a man in New Orleans, who happened to be possessed of the desired information; and with his money in his pocket, our hero took steamboat for Red River, resolving to find out and repurchase his old friend.

He was soon introduced into the house, where he found Legree in the sitting-room.

Legree received the stranger with a kind of surly hospitality.

"I understand," said the young man, "that you bought, in New Orleans, a boy named Tom. He used to be on my father's place, and I came to see if I could n't buy him back."

Legree's brow grew dark, and he broke out passionately: "Yes, I did buy such a fellow, — and a h—l of a bargain I had of it, too! The most rebellious, saucy, impudent dog! Set up my niggers to run away; got off two gals, worth

eight hundred or a thousand dollars apiece. He owned to that, and when I bid him tell me where they was, he up and said he knew, but he would n't tell; and stood to it, though I gave him the cussedest flogging I ever gave nigger yet. I b'lieve he 's trying to die; but I don't know as he 'll make it out."

"Where is he?" said George impetuously. "Let me see him." The cheeks of the young man were crimson, and his eyes flashed fire; but he prudently said nothing as yet.

"He 's in dat ar shed," said a little fellow, who stood holding George's horse.

Legree kicked the boy, and swore at him; but George, without saying another word, turned and strode to the spot.

Tom had been lying two days since the fatal night; not suffering, for every nerve of suffering was blunted and destroyed. He lay for the most part in a quiet stupor; for the laws of a powerful and well-knit frame would not at once release the imprisoned spirit. By stealth, there had been there, in the darkness of the night, poor desolated creatures, who stole from their scanty hours' rest, that they might repay to him some of those ministrations of love in which he had always been so abundant. Truly, those poor disciples had little to give, — only the cup of cold water; but it was given with full hearts.

Tears had fallen on that honest, insensible face, — tears of late repentance in the poor, ignorant heathen, whom his dying love and patience had awakened to repentance, and bitter prayers, breathed over him to a late-found Saviour, of whom they scarce knew more than the name, but whom the yearning ignorant heart of man never implores in vain.

Cassy, who had glided out of her place of concealment, and, by overhearing, learned the sacrifice that had been made for her and Emmeline, had been there the night before, defying the danger of detection; and moved by the few last words

which the affectionate soul had yet strength to breathe, the long winter of despair, the ice of years, had given way, and the dark, despairing woman had wept and prayed.

When George entered the shed, he felt his head giddy and his heart sick.

"Is it possible, — is it possible?" said he, kneeling down by him. "Uncle Tom, my poor, poor old friend!"

Something in the voice penetrated to the ear of the dying. He moved his head gently, smiled, and said, —

> "Jesus can make a dying bed
> Feel soft as downy pillows are."

Tears which did honor to his manly heart fell from the young man's eyes, as he bent over his poor friend.

"Oh, dear Uncle Tom! do wake, — do speak once more! Look up! Here 's Mas'r George, — your own little Mas'r George. Don't you know me?"

"Mas'r George!" said Tom, opening his eyes, and speaking in a feeble voice. "Mas'r George!" He looked bewildered.

Slowly the idea seemed to fill his soul; and the vacant eye became fixed and brightened, the whole face lighted up, the hard hands clasped, and tears ran down the cheeks.

"Bless the Lord! it is, — it is, — it 's all I wanted! They have n't forgot me. It warms my soul; it does my old heart good! Now I shall die content! Bless the Lord, O my soul!"

"You sha'n't die! you *must n't* die, nor think of it. I 've come to buy you, and take you home," said George, with impetuous vehemence.

"Oh, Mas'r George, ye 're too late. The Lord 's bought me, and is going to take me home, — and I long to go. Heaven is better than Kintuck."

"Oh, don't die! It 'll kill me! — it 'll break my heart to think what you 've suffered, — and lying in this old shed here! Poor, poor fellow!"

"Don't call me poor fellow!" said Tom solemnly. "I *have* been poor fellow; but that's all past and gone now. I'm right in the door, going into glory! Oh, Mas'r George! *heaven has come!* I've got the victory! — the Lord Jesus has given it to me! Glory be to his name!"

George was awe-struck at the force, the vehemence, the power, with which these broken sentences were uttered. He sat gazing in silence.

Tom grasped his hand, and continued: "Ye must n't, now, tell Chloe, poor soul! how ye found me; — 't would be so dreffu l to her. Only tell her ye found me going into glory; and that I could n't stay for no one. And tell her the Lord's stood by me everywhere and al'ays, and made everything light and easy. And oh, the poor chil'en and the baby! — my old heart's been most broke for 'em time and agin! Tell 'em all to follow me — follow me! Give my love to Mas'r, and dear good Missis, and everybody in the place! Ye don't know! 'Pears like I loves 'em all! I loves every creatur everywhar! — it's nothing *but* love! Oh, Mas'r George, what a thing 't is to be a Christian!"

At this moment, Legree sauntered up to the door of the shed, looked in, with a dogged air of affected carelessness, and turned away.

"The old Satan!" said George, in his indignation. "It's a comfort to think the devil will pay *him* for this some of these days!"

"Oh, don't! — Oh, ye must n't!" said Tom, grasping his hand; "he's a poor mis'able crittur! it's awful to think on 't! Oh, if he only could repent, the Lord would forgive him now; but I'm 'feard he never will!"

"I hope he won't!" said George; "I never want to see *him* in heaven!"

"Hush, Mas'r George! — it worries me! Don't feel so! He ain't done me no real harm, — only opened the gate of the kingdom for me; that's all!"

At this moment, the sudden flush of strength which the joy of meeting his young master had infused into the dying man gave way. A sudden sinking fell upon him; he closed his eyes; and that mysterious and sublime change passed over his face, that told the approach of other worlds.

He began to draw his breath with long, deep inspirations, and his broad chest rose and fell heavily. The expression of his face was that of a conqueror.

"Who — who — who shall separate us from the love of Christ?" he said, in a voice that contended with mortal weakness; and, with a smile, he fell asleep.

George sat fixed with solemn awe. It seemed to him that the place was holy; and, as he closed the lifeless eyes and rose up from the dead, only one thought possessed him, — that expressed by his simple old friend: "What a thing it is to be a Christian!"

He turned; Legree was standing sullenly behind him.

Something in that dying scene had checked the natural fierceness of youthful passion. The presence of the man was simply loathsome to George; and he felt only an impulse to get away from him, with as few words as possible.

Fixing his keen, dark eyes on Legree, he simply said, pointing to the dead, "You have got all you ever can of him. What shall I pay you for the body? I will take it away, and bury it decently."

"I don't sell dead niggers," said Legree doggedly. "You are welcome to bury him where and when you like."

"Boys," said George, in an authoritative tone, to two or three negroes, who were looking at the body, "help me lift him up, and carry him to my wagon; and get me a spade."

One of them ran for a spade; the other two assisted George to carry the body to the wagon.

George neither spoke to nor looked at Legree, who did not countermand his orders, but stood, whistling with an

air of forced unconcern. He sulkily followed them to where the wagon stood at the door.

George spread his cloak in the wagon, and had the body carefully disposed of in it, — moving the seat, so as to give it room. Then he turned, fixed his eyes on Legree, and said, with forced composure, —

"I have not as yet said to you what I think of this most atrocious affair; — this is not the time and place. But, sir, this innocent blood shall have justice. I will proclaim this murder. I will go to the very first magistrate and expose you."

"Do!" said Legree, snapping his fingers scornfully. "I'd like to see you doing it. Where you going to get witnesses? — how you going to prove it? — Come, now!"

George saw, at once, the force of this defiance. There was not a white person on the place; and, in all Southern courts, the testimony of colored blood is nothing. He felt at that moment as if he could have rent the heavens with his heart's indignant cry for justice; but in vain.

"After all, what a fuss, for a dead nigger!" said Legree.

The word was as a spark to a powder-magazine. Prudence was never a cardinal virtue of the Kentucky boy. George turned, and, with one indignant blow, knocked Legree flat upon his face; and, as he stood over him, blazing with wrath and defiance, he would have formed no bad personification of his great namesake triumphing over the dragon.

Some men, however, are decidedly bettered by being knocked down. If a man lays them fairly flat in the dust, they seem immediately to conceive a respect for him; and Legree was one of this sort. As he rose, therefore, and brushed the dust from his clothes, he eyed the slowly retreating wagon with some evident consideration; nor did he open his mouth till it was out of sight.

Beyond the boundaries of the plantation, George had

noticed a dry, sandy knoll, shaded by a few trees; there they made the grave.

"Shall we take off the cloak, Mas'r?" said the negroes, when the grave was ready.

"No, no, — bury it with him! It 's all I can give you now, poor Tom, and you shall have it."

They laid him in; and the men shoveled away silently. They banked it up, and laid green turf over it.

"You may go, boys," said George, slipping a quarter into the hand of each. They lingered about, however.

"If young Mas'r would please buy us" — said one.

"We 'd serve him so faithful!" said the other.

"Hard times here, Mas'r!" said the first. "Do, Mas'r, buy us, please!"

"I can't, — I can't!" said George, with difficulty, motioning them off; "it 's impossible!"

The poor fellows looked dejected, and walked off in silence.

"Witness, eternal God!" said George, kneeling on the grave of his poor friend, — "oh, witness, that, from this hour, I will do *what one man can* to drive out this curse of slavery from my land!"

There is no monument to mark the last resting-place of our friend. He needs none! His Lord knows where he lies, and will raise him up, immortal, to appear with him when he shall appear in his glory.

Pity him not! Such a life and death is not for pity! Not in the riches of omnipotence is the chief glory of God; but in self-denying, suffering love! And blessed are the men whom he calls to fellowship with him, bearing their cross after him with patience. Of such it is written, "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted."

CHAPTER XLII

AN AUTHENTIC GHOST STORY

For some remarkable reason, ghostly legends were uncommonly rife about this time among the servants on Legree's place.

It was whisperingly asserted that footsteps in the dead of night had been heard descending the garret stairs, and patroling the house. In vain the doors of the upper entry had been locked; the ghost either carried a duplicate key in its pocket, or availed itself of a ghost's immemorial privilege of coming through the keyhole, and promenaded as before, with a freedom that was alarming.

Authorities were somewhat divided as to the outward form of the spirit, owing to a custom quite prevalent among negroes, — and, for ought we know, among whites, too, — of invariably shutting the eyes, and covering up heads under blankets, petticoats, or whatever else might come in use for a shelter, on these occasions. Of course, as everybody knows, when the bodily eyes are thus out of the lists, the spiritual eyes are uncommonly vivacious and perspicuous; and, therefore, there were abundance of full-length portraits of the ghost, abundantly sworn and testified to, which, as is often the case with portraits, agreed with each other in no particular, except the common family peculiarity of the ghost tribe, — the wearing of a *white sheet*. The poor souls were not versed in ancient history, and did not know that Shakespeare had authenticated this costume, by telling how

"the *sheeted* dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets."

And, therefore, their all hitting upon this is a striking fact in pneumatology, which we recommend to the attention of spiritual media generally.

Be it as it may, we have private reasons for knowing that a tall figure in a white sheet did walk, at the most approved ghostly hours, around the Legree premises, — pass out the doors, glide about the house, — disappear at intervals, and, reappearing, pass up the silent stairway, into that fatal garret; and that, in the morning, the entry doors were all found shut and locked as firm as ever.

Legree could not help overhearing this whispering; and it was all the more exciting to him, from the pains that were taken to conceal it from him. He drank more brandy than usual; held up his head briskly, and swore louder than ever in the daytime; but he had bad dreams, and the visions of his head on his bed were anything but agreeable. The night after Tom's body had been carried away, he rode to the next town for a carouse, and had a high one. Got home late and tired; locked his door, took out the key, and went to bed.

After all, let a man take what pains he may to hush it down, a human soul is an awful ghostly, unquiet possession for a bad man to have. Who knows the metes and bounds of it? Who knows all its awful perhapses, — those shudderings and tremblings, which it can no more live down than it can outlive its own eternity! What a fool is he who locks his door to keep out spirits, who has in his own bosom a spirit he dares not meet alone, — whose voice, smothered far down, and piled over with mountains of earthliness, is yet like the forewarning trumpet of doom!

But Legree locked his door and set a chair against it; he set a night-lamp at the head of his bed; and he put his pistols there. He examined the catches and fastenings of the windows, and then swore he "did n't care for the devil and all his angels," and went to sleep.

Well, he slept, for he was tired, — slept soundly. But finally, there came over his sleep a shadow, a horror, an apprehension of something dreadful hanging over him. It was his mother's shroud, he thought; but Cassy had it, holding it up, and showing it to him. He heard a confused noise of screams and groanings; and, with it all, he knew he was asleep, and he struggled to wake himself. He was half awake. He was sure something was coming into his room. He knew the door was opening, but he could not stir hand or foot. At last he turned, with a start; the door *was* open, and he saw a hand putting out his light.

It was a cloudy, misty moonlight, and there he saw it! — something white, gliding in! He heard the still rustle of its ghostly garments. It stood still by his bed; — a cold hand touched his; a voice said, three times, in a low, fearful whisper, "Come! come! come!" And while he lay sweating with terror, he knew not when or how, the thing was gone. He sprang out of bed, and pulled at the door. It was shut and locked, and the man fell down in a swoon.

After this, Legree became a harder drinker than ever before. He no longer drank cautiously, prudently, but imprudently and recklessly.

There were reports around the country soon after that he was sick and dying. Excess had brought on that frightful disease that seems to throw the lurid shadows of a coming retribution back into the present life. None could bear the horrors of that sick-room, when he raved and screamed, and spoke of sights which almost stopped the blood of those who heard him; and, at his dying-bed, stood a stern, white, inexorable figure, saying, "Come! come! come!"

By a singular coincidence, on the very night that this vision appeared to Legree, the house-door was found open in the morning, and some of the negroes had seen two white figures gliding down the avenue towards the highroad.

It was near sunrise when Cassy and Emmeline paused, for a moment, in a little knot of trees near the town.

Cassy was dressed after the manner of the Creole Spanish ladies, — wholly in black. A small black bonnet on her head, covered by a veil thick with embroidery, concealed her face. It had been agreed that, in their escape, she was to personate the character of a Creole lady, and Emmeline that of her servant.

Brought up from early life in connection with the highest society, the language, movements, and air of Cassy were all in agreement with this idea; and she had still enough remaining with her, of a once splendid wardrobe and sets of jewels, to enable her to personate the thing to advantage.

She stopped in the outskirts of the town, where she had noticed trunks for sale, and purchased a handsome one. This she requested the man to send along with her. And, accordingly, thus escorted by a boy wheeling her trunk, and Emmeline behind her, carrying her carpet-bag and sundry bundles, she made her appearance at the small tavern, like a lady of consideration.

The first person that struck her, after her arrival, was George Shelby, who was staying there, awaiting the next boat.

Cassy had remarked the young man from her loop-hole in the garret, and seen him bear away the body of Tom, and observed with secret exultation his rencontre with Legree. Subsequently, she had gathered from the conversations she had overheard among the negroes, as she glided about in her ghostly disguise after nightfall, who he was, and in what relation he stood to Tom. She, therefore, felt an immediate accession of confidence, when she found that he was, like herself, awaiting the next boat.

Cassy's air and manner, address, and evident command of money prevented any rising disposition to suspicion in the hotel. People never inquire too closely into those who are

fair on the main point, of paying well, — a thing which Cassy had foreseen when she provided herself with money.

In the edge of the evening, a boat was heard coming along, and George Shelby handed Cassy aboard, with the politeness which comes natural to every Kentuckian, and exerted himself to provide her with a good stateroom.

Cassy kept her room and bed, on pretext of illness, during the whole time they were on Red River; and was waited on, with obsequious devotion, by her attendant.

When they arrived at the Mississippi River, George, having learned that the course of the strange lady was upward, like his own, proposed to take a stateroom for her on the same boat with himself, — good-naturedly compassionating her feeble health, and desirous to do what he could to assist her.

Behold, therefore, the whole party safely transferred to the good steamer Cincinnati, and sweeping up the river under a powerful head of steam.

Cassy's health was much better. She sat upon the guards, came to the table, and was remarked upon in the boat as a lady that must have been very handsome.

From the moment that George got the first glimpse of her face, he was troubled with one of those fleeting and indefinite likenesses, which almost everybody can remember, and has been at times perplexed with. He could not keep himself from looking at her, and watching her perpetually. At table, or sitting at her stateroom door, still she would encounter the young man's eyes fixed on her, and politely withdrawn when she showed, by her countenance, that she was sensible of the observation.

Cassy became uneasy. She began to think that he suspected something; and finally resolved to throw herself entirely on his generosity, and intrusted him with her whole history.

George was heartily disposed to sympathize with any one

who had escaped from Legree's plantation, — a place that he could not remember or speak of with patience, — and, with the courageous disregard of consequences which is characteristic of his age and state, he assured her that he would do all in his power to protect and bring them through.

The next stateroom to Cassy's was occupied by a French lady, named De Thoux, who was accompanied by a fine little daughter, a child of some twelve summers.

This lady, having gathered from George's conversation that he was from Kentucky, seemed evidently disposed to cultivate his acquaintance; in which design she was seconded by the graces of her little girl, who was about as pretty a plaything as ever diverted the weariness of a fortnight's trip on a steamboat.

George's chair was often placed at her stateroom door; and Cassy, as she sat upon the guards, could hear their conversation.

Madame de Thoux was very minute in her inquiries as to Kentucky, where she said she had resided in a former period of her life. George discovered, to his surprise, that her former residence must have been in his own vicinity; and her inquiries showed a knowledge of people and things in his region that was perfectly surprising to him.

"Do you know," said Madame de Thoux to him one day, "of any man in your neighborhood of the name of Harris?"

"There is an old fellow of that name lives not far from my father's place," said George. "We never have had much intercourse with him, though."

"He is a large slave-owner, I believe," said Madame de Thoux, with a manner which seemed to betray more interest than she was exactly willing to show.

"He is," said George, looking rather surprised at her manner.

"Did you ever know of his having — perhaps, you may have heard of his having a mulatto boy, named George?"

"Oh, certainly, — George Harris, — I know him well; he married a servant of my mother's, but has escaped now to Canada."

"He has?" said Madame de Thoux quickly. "Thank God!"

George looked a surprised inquiry, but said nothing.

Madame de Thoux leaned her head on her hand, and burst into tears.

"He is my brother," she said.

"Madame!" said George, with a strong accent of surprise.

"Yes," said Madame de Thoux, lifting her head proudly, and wiping her tears; "Mr. Shelby, George Harris is my brother!"

"I am perfectly astonished," said George, pushing back his chair a pace or two, and looking at Madame de Thoux.

"I was sold to the south when he was a boy," said she. "I was bought by a good and generous man. He took me with him to the West Indies, set me free, and married me. It is but lately that he died; and I was coming up to Kentucky, to see if I could find and redeem my brother."

"I have heard him speak of a sister Emily, that was sold south," said George.

"Yes, indeed! I am the one," said Madame de Thoux; — "tell me what sort of a" —

"A very fine young man," said George, "notwithstanding the curse of slavery that lay on him. He sustained a first-rate character, both for intelligence and principle. I know, you see," he said, "because he married in our family."

"What sort of a girl?" said Madame de Thoux eagerly.

"A treasure," said George; "a beautiful, intelligent, amiable girl, — very pious. My mother had brought her up, and trained her as carefully almost as a daughter. She could read and write, embroider and sew beautifully; and was a beautiful singer."

"Was she born in your house?" said Madame de Thoux.

"No. Father bought her once, in one of his trips to New Orleans, and brought her up as a present to mother. She was about eight or nine years old then. Father would never tell mother what he gave for her; but the other day, in looking over his old papers, we came across the bill of sale. He paid an extravagant sum for her, to be sure. I suppose, on account of her extraordinary beauty."

George sat with his back to Cassy, and did not see the absorbed expression of her countenance as he was giving these details.

At this point in the story, she touched his arm, and, with a face perfectly white with interest, said, "Do you know the names of the people he bought her of?"

"A man of the name of Simmons, I think, was the principal in the transaction. At least, I think that was the name on the bill of sale."

"Oh, my God!" said Cassy, and fell insensible on the floor of the cabin.

George was wide awake now, and so was Madame de Thoux. Though neither of them could conjecture what was the cause of Cassy's fainting, still they made all the tumult which is proper in such cases; — George upsetting a wash-pitcher and breaking two tumblers, in the warmth of his humanity; and various ladies in the cabin, hearing that somebody had fainted, crowded the stateroom door, and kept out all the air they possibly could, so that, on the whole, everything was done that could be expected.

Poor Cassy, when she recovered, turned her face to the wall, and wept and sobbed like a child. Perhaps, mother, you can tell what she was thinking of! Perhaps you cannot; but she felt as sure, in that hour, that God had had mercy on her, and that she should see her daughter, as she did, months afterwards, when — But we anticipate.

CHAPTER XLIII

RESULTS

The rest of our story is soon told. George Shelby, interested, as any other young man might be, by the romance of the incident, no less than by feelings of humanity, was at the pains to send to Cassy the bill of sale of Eliza, whose date and name all corresponded with her own knowledge of facts, and left no doubt upon her mind as to the identity of her child. It remained now only for her to trace out the path of the fugitives.

Madame de Thoux and she, thus drawn together by the singular coincidence of their fortunes, proceeded immediately to Canada, and began a tour of inquiry among the stations where the numerous fugitives from slavery are located. At Amherstburg they found the missionary with whom George and Eliza had taken shelter on their first arrival in Canada; and through him were enabled to trace the family to Montreal.

George and Eliza had now been five years free. George had found constant occupation in the shop of a worthy machinist, where he had been earning a competent support for his family, which in the mean time had been increased by the addition of another daughter.

Little Harry — a fine, bright boy — had been put to a good school, and was making rapid proficiency in knowledge.

The worthy pastor of the station in Amherstburg, where George had first landed, was so much interested in the statements of Madame de Thoux and Cassy, that he yielded to the solicitations of the former to accompany them to

Montreal, in their search, — she bearing all the expense of the expedition.

The scene now changes to a small, neat tenement, in the outskirts of Montreal; the time, evening. A cheerful fire blazes on the hearth; a tea-table, covered with a snowy cloth, stands prepared for the evening meal. In one corner of the room was a table covered with a green cloth, where was an open writing-desk, pens, paper, and over it a shelf of well-selected books.

This was George's study. The same zeal for self-improvement, which led him to steal the much coveted arts of reading and writing, amid all the toils and discouragements of his early life, still led him to devote all his leisure time to self-cultivation.

At this present time, he is seated at the table, making notes from a volume of the family library he has been reading.

"Come, George," says Eliza, "you 've been gone all day. Do put down that book, and let 's talk, while I 'm getting tea, — do."

And little Eliza seconds the effort, by toddling up to her father, and trying to pull the book out of his hand, and install herself on his knee as a substitute.

"Oh, you little witch!" says George, yielding, as in such circumstances man always must.

"That 's right," says Eliza, as she begins to cut a loaf of bread. A little older she looks; her form a little fuller; her air more matronly than of yore; but evidently contented and happy as woman need be.

"Harry, my boy, how did you come on in that sum to-day?" says George, as he laid his hand on his son's head.

Harry has lost his long curls; but he can never lose those eyes and eyelashes, and that fine, bold brow, that flushes with triumph as he answers, "I did it, every bit of it, *myself*, father; and *nobody* helped me!"

"That 's right," says his father; "depend on yourself,

my son. You have a better chance than ever your poor father had."

At this moment there is a rap at the door, and Eliza goes and opens it. The delighted "Why! — this you?" calls up her husband; and the good pastor of Amherstburg is welcomed. There are two women with him, and Eliza asks them to sit down.

Now, if the truth must be told, the honest pastor had arranged a little programme, according to which this affair was to develop itself; and, on the way up, all had very cautiously and prudently exhorted each other not to let things out, except according to previous arrangement.

What was the good man's consternation, therefore, just as he had motioned to the ladies to be seated, and was taking out his pocket-handkerchief to wipe his mouth, so as to proceed to his introductory speech in good order, when Madame de Thoux upset the whole plan, by throwing her arms around George's neck, and letting all out at once, by saying, "Oh, George! don't you know me? I 'm your sister Emily."

Cassy had seated herself more composedly, and would have carried on her part very well, had not little Eliza suddenly appeared before her in exact shape and form, every outline and curl, just as her daughter was when she saw her last. The little thing peered up in her face; and Cassy caught her up in her arms, pressed her to her bosom, saying, what at the moment she really believed, "Darling, I 'm your mother!"

In fact, it was a troublesome matter to do up exactly in proper order; but the good pastor at last succeeded in getting everybody quiet, and delivering the speech with which he had intended to open the exercises; and in which at last he succeeded so well, that his whole audience were sobbing about him in a manner that ought to satisfy any orator, ancient or modern.

They knelt together, and the good man prayed, — for there are some feelings so agitated and tumultuous that they can find rest only by being poured into the bosom of Almighty love, — and then, rising up, the new-found family embraced each other, with a holy trust in Him who from such peril and dangers, and by such unknown ways, had brought them together.

The notebook of a missionary among the Canadian fugitives contains truth stranger than fiction. How can it be otherwise, when a system prevails which whirls families and scatters their members, as the wind whirls and scatters the leaves of autumn? These shores of refuge, like the eternal shore, often unite again, in glad communion, hearts that for long years have mourned each other as lost. And affecting beyond expression is the earnestness with which every new arrival among them is met, if, perchance, it may bring tidings of mother, sister, child, or wife, still lost to view in the shadows of slavery.

Deeds of heroism are wrought here more than those of romance, when defying torture, and braving death itself, the fugitive voluntarily threads his way back to the terrors and perils of that dark land, that he may bring out his sister, or mother, or wife.

One young man, of whom a missionary has told us, twice recaptured, and suffering shameful stripes for his heroism, had escaped again; and, in a letter which we heard read, tells his friends that he is going back a third time, that he may, at last, bring away his sister. My good sir, is this man a hero, or a criminal? Would not you do as much for your sister? And can you blame him?

But, to return to our friends, whom we left wiping their eyes and recovering themselves from too great and sudden a joy. They are now seated around the social board, and are getting decidedly companionable; only that Cassy, who keeps little Eliza on her lap, occasionally squeezes the little

thing in a manner that rather astonishes her, and obstinately refuses to have her mouth stuffed with cake to the extent the little one desires, — alleging, what the child rather wonders at, that she has got something better than cake, and does n't want it.

And, indeed, in two or three days, such a change has passed over Cassy that our readers would scarcely know her. The despairing, haggard expression of her face had given way to one of gentle trust. She seemed to sink at once into the bosom of the family, and take the little ones into her heart, as something for which it long had waited. Indeed, her love seemed to flow more naturally to the little Eliza than to her own daughter; for she was the exact image and body of the child whom she had lost. The little one was a flowery bond between mother and daughter, through whom grew up acquaintanceship and affection. Eliza's steady, consistent piety, regulated by the constant reading of the sacred word, made her a proper guide for the shattered and wearied mind of her mother. Cassy yielded at once, and with her whole soul, to every good influence, and became a devout and tender Christian.

After a day or two, Madame de Thoux told her brother more particularly of her affairs. The death of her husband had left her an ample fortune, which she generously offered to share with the family. When she asked George what way she could best apply it for him, he answered, "Give me an education, Emily; that has always been my heart's desire. Then I can do all the rest."

On mature deliberation, it was decided that the whole family should go for some years to France; whither they sailed, carrying Emmeline with them.

The good looks of the latter won the affection of the first mate of the vessel; and, shortly after entering the port, she became his wife.

George remained four years at a French university, and,

applying himself with an unintermitted zeal, obtained a very thorough education.

Political troubles in France, at last, led the family again to seek an asylum in this country.

George's feelings and views, as an educated man, may be best expressed in a letter to one of his friends.

I feel somewhat at a loss as to my future course. True, as you have said to me, I might mingle in the circles of the whites in this country, my shade of color is so slight, and that of my wife and family scarce perceptible. Well, perhaps, on sufferance, I might. But, to tell you the truth, I have no wish to.

My sympathies are not for my father's race, but for my mother's. To him I was no more than a fine dog or horse; to my poor heart-broken mother I was a *child;* and, though I never saw her, after the cruel sale that separated us, till she died, yet I *know* she always loved me dearly. I know it by my own heart. When I think of all she suffered, of my own early sufferings, of the distresses and struggles of my heroic wife, of my sister, sold in the New Orleans slave-market, — though I hope to have no unchristian sentiments, yet I may be excused for saying I have no wish to pass for an American, or to identify myself with them.

It is with the oppressed, enslaved African race that I cast in my lot; and, if I wished anything, I would wish myself two shades darker rather than one lighter.

The desire and yearning of my soul is for an African *nationality.* I want a people that shall have a tangible, separate existence of its own; and where am I to look for it? Not in Hayti; for in Hayti they had nothing to start with. A stream cannot rise above its fountain. The race that formed the character of the Haytiens was a worn-out, effeminate one; and, of course, the subject race will be centuries in rising to anything.

Where, then, shall I look? On the shores of Africa I see a republic, — a republic formed of picked men, who, by energy and self-educating force, have, in many cases individually, raised themselves above a condition of slavery. Having gone through a preparatory stage of feebleness, this republic has at last become an acknowledged nation on the face of the earth, — acknowledged by both France and England. There it is my wish to go, and find myself a people.

I am aware, now, that I shall have you all against me; but, before you strike, hear me. During my stay in France, I have followed up, with intense interest, the history of my people in America. I have noted the struggle between abolitionist and colonizationist, and have received some impressions as a distant spectator which could never have occurred to me as a participator.

I grant that this Liberia may have subserved all sorts of purposes, by being played off, in the hands of our oppressors, against us. Doubtless the scheme may have been used, in unjustifiable ways, as a means of retarding our emancipation. But the question to me is, Is there not a God above all man's schemes? May he not have overruled their designs, and founded for us a nation by them?

In these days, a nation is born in a day. A nation starts now with all the great problems of republican life and civilization wrought out to its hand; — it has not to discover, but only to apply. Let us, then, all take hold together, with all our might, and see what we can do with this new enterprise, and the whole splendid continent of Africa opens before us and our children. *Our nation* shall roll the tide of civilization and Christianity along its shores, and plant there mighty republics, that, growing with the rapidity of tropical vegetation, shall be for all coming ages.

Do you say that I am deserting my enslaved brethren? I think not. If I forget them one hour, one moment of my life, so may God forget me! But what can I do for

them here? Can I break their chains? No, not as an individual; but let me go and form part of a nation, which shall have a voice in the councils of nations, and then we can speak. A nation has a right to argue, remonstrate, implore, and present the cause of its race, — which an individual has not.

If Europe ever becomes a grand council of free nations, — as I trust in God it will; if, there, serfdom and all unjust and oppressive social inequalities are done away; and if they, as France and England have done, acknowledge our position, — then, in the great congress of nations we will make our appeal, and present the cause of our enslaved and suffering race; and it cannot be that free, enlightened America will not then desire to wipe from her escutcheon that bar sinister which disgraces her among nations, and is as truly a curse to her as to the enslaved.

But, you will tell me, our race have equal rights to mingle in the American republic as the Irishman, the German, and the Swede. Granted they have. We *ought* to be free to meet and mingle, — to rise by our individual worth, without any consideration of caste or color; and they who deny us this right are false to their own professed principles of human equality. We ought, in particular, to be allowed *here*. We have *more* than the rights of common men; — we have the claim of an injured race for reparation. But, then, *I do not want it;* I want a country, a nation, of my own. I think that the African race has peculiarities, yet to be unfolded in the light of civilization and Christianity, which, if not the same with those of the Anglo-Saxon, may prove to be morally of even a higher type.

To the Anglo-Saxon race has been intrusted the destinies of the world, during its pioneer period of struggle and conflict. To that mission its stern, inflexible, energetic elements were well adapted; but, as a Christian, I look for another era to arise. On its borders I trust we stand;

and the throes that now convulse the nations are, to my hope, but the birth-pangs of an hour of universal peace and brotherhood.

I trust that the development of Africa is to be essentially a Christian one. If not a dominant and commanding race, they are, at least, an affectionate, magnanimous, and forgiving one. Having been called in the furnace of injustice and oppression, they have need to bind closer to their hearts that sublime doctrine of love and forgiveness, through which alone they are to conquer, which it is to be their mission to spread over the continent of Africa.

In myself, I confess, I am feeble for this, — full half the blood in my veins is the hot and hasty Saxon; but I have an eloquent preacher of the gospel ever by my side, in the person of my beautiful wife. When I wander, her gentler spirit ever restores me, and keeps before my eyes the Christian calling and mission of our race. As a Christian patriot, as a teacher of Christianity, I go to *my country*, — my chosen, my glorious Africa! — and to her, in my heart, I sometimes apply those splendid words of prophecy: "Whereas thou hast been forsaken and hated, so that no man went through thee, *I* will make thee an eternal excellence, a joy of many generations!"

You will call me an enthusiast: you will tell me that I have not well considered what I am undertaking. But I have considered, and counted the cost. I go to *Liberia*, not as to an Elysium of romance, but as to *a field of work*. I expect to work with both hands, — to work *hard;* to work against all sorts of difficulties and discouragements; and to work till I die. This is what I go for; and in this I am quite sure I shall not be disappointed.

Whatever you may think of my determination, do not divorce me from your confidence; and think that, in whatever I do, I act with a heart wholly given to my people.

George Harris.

George, with his wife, children, sister, and mother, embarked for Africa some few weeks after. If we are not mistaken, the world will yet hear from him here.

Of our other characters we have nothing very particular to write, except a word relating to Miss Ophelia and Topsy, and a farewell chapter, which we shall dedicate to George Shelby.

Miss Ophelia took Topsy home to Vermont with her, much to the surprise of that grave deliberative body whom a New Englander recognizes under the term "*Our folks.*"

"Our folks," at first, thought it an odd and unnecessary addition to their well-trained domestic establishment; but so thoroughly efficient was Miss Ophelia in her conscientious endeavor to do her duty by her *élève*, that the child rapidly grew in grace and in favor with the family and neighborhood. At the age of womanhood, she was, by her own request, baptized, and became a member of the Christian church in the place; and showed so much intelligence, activity, and zeal, and desire to do good in the world, that she was at last recommended, and approved, as a missionary to one of the stations in Africa; and we have heard that the same activity and ingenuity which, when a child, made her so multiform and restless in her developments, is now employed, in a safer and wholesomer manner, in teaching the children of her own country.

P. S. It will be a satisfaction to some mother, also, to state, that some inquiries, which were set on foot by Madame de Thoux, have resulted recently in the discovery of Cassy's son. Being a young man of energy, he had escaped some years before his mother, and been received and educated by friends of the oppressed in the North. He will soon follow his family to Africa.

CHAPTER XLIV

THE LIBERATOR

George Shelby had written to his mother merely a line, stating the day that she might expect him home. Of the death scene of his old friend he had not the heart to write. He had tried several times, and only succeeded in half choking himself; and invariably finished by tearing up the paper, wiping his eyes, and rushing somewhere to get quiet.

There was a pleased bustle all through the Shelby mansion, that day, in expectation of the arrival of young Mas'r George.

Mrs. Shelby was seated in her comfortable parlor, where a cheerful hickory fire was dispelling the chill of the late autumn evening. A supper-table, glittering with plate and cut glass, was set out, on whose arrangements our former friend, old Chloe, was presiding.

Arrayed in a new calico dress, with clean, white apron, and high, well-starched turban, her black polished face glowing with satisfaction, she lingered, with needless punctiliousness, around the arrangements of the table, merely as an excuse for talking a little to her mistress.

"Laws, now! won't it look natural to him?" she said. "Thar, — I set his plate just whar he likes it, — round by the fire. Mas'r George allers wants de warm seat. Oh, go way! — why did n't Sally get out de *best* teapot, — de little new one, Mas'r George got for Missis, Christmas? I 'll have it out! And Missis has heard from Mas'r George?" she said inquiringly.

"Yes, Chloe; but only a line, just to say he would be home to-night, if he could, — that 's all."

"Did n't say nothin' 'bout my old man, s'pose?" said Chloe, still fidgeting with the teacups.

"No, he did n't. He did not speak of anything, Chloe. He said he would tell all when he got home."

"Jes like Mas'r George, — he 's allers so ferce for tellin' everything hisself. I allers minded dat ar in Mas'r George. Don't see, for my part, how white people gen'lly can bar to hev to write things much as they do, writin' 's such slow, oneasy kind o' work."

Mrs. Shelby smiled.

"I 'm a-thinkin' my old man won't know de boys and de baby. Lor! she 's de biggest gal, now, — good she is, too, and peart, Polly is. She 's out to the house, now, watchin' de hoe-cake. I 's got jist de very pattern my old man liked so much, a-bakin'. Jist sich as I gin him the mornin' he was took off. Lord bless us! how I felt dat ar morning!"

Mrs. Shelby sighed, and felt a heavy weight on her heart, at this allusion. She had felt uneasy, ever since she received her son's letter, lest something should prove to be hidden behind the veil of silence which he had drawn.

"Missis has got dem bills?" said Chloe anxiously.

"Yes, Chloe."

"'Cause I wants to show my old man dem very bills de *perfectioner* gave me. 'And,' says he, 'Chloe, I wish you 'd stay longer.' 'Thank you, Mas'r,' says I, 'I would, only my old man 's coming home, and Missis, — she can't do without me no longer.' There 's jist what I telled him. Bery nice man, dat Mas'r Jones was."

Chloe had pertinaciously insisted that the very bills in which her wages had been paid should be preserved, to show to her husband, in memorial of her capability. And Mrs. Shelby had readily consented to humor her in the request.

"He won't know Polly, — my old man won't. Laws, it 's five year since they tuck him! She was a baby den, — could n't but jist stand. Remember how tickled he used to be 'cause she would keep a-fallin' over, when she sot out to walk. Laws a me!"

The rattling of wheels now was heard.

"Mas'r George!" said Aunt Chloe, starting to the window.

Mrs. Shelby ran to the entry door, and was folded in the arms of her son. Aunt Chloe stood anxiously straining her eyes out into the darkness.

"Oh, *poor* Aunt Chloe!" said George, stopping compassionately, and taking her hard, black hand between both his; "I 'd have given all my fortune to have brought him with me, but he 's gone to a better country."

There was a passionate exclamation from Mrs. Shelby, but Aunt Chloe said nothing.

The party entered the supper-room. The money, of which Chloe was so proud, was still lying on the table.

"Thar," said she, gathering it up, and holding it, with a trembling hand, to her mistress, "don't never want to see nor hear on 't again. Jist as I knew 't would be, — sold, and murdered on dem ar old plantations!"

Chloe turned, and was walking proudly out of the room. Mrs. Shelby followed her softly and took one of her hands, drew her down into a chair, and sat down by her.

"My poor, good Chloe!" said she.

Chloe leaned her head on her mistress's shoulder, and sobbed out, "Oh, Missis! 'scuse me, my heart 's broke, — dat 's all!"

"I know it is," said Mrs. Shelby, as her tears fell fast; "and *I* cannot heal it, but Jesus can. He healeth the broken-hearted, and bindeth up their wounds."

There was a silence for some time, and all wept together. At last, George, sitting down beside the mourner,

took her hand, and, with simple pathos, repeated the triumphant scene of her husband's death and his last messages of love.

About a month after this, one morning, all the servants of the Shelby estate were convened together in the great hall that ran through the house, to hear a few words from their young master.

To the surprise of all, he appeared among them with a bundle of papers in his hand, containing a certificate of freedom to every one on the place, which he read successively, and presented, amid the sobs and tears and shouts of all present.

Many, however, pressed around him, earnestly begging him not to send them away; and, with anxious faces, tendering back their free papers.

"We don't want to be no freer than we are. We 's allers had all we wanted. We don't want to leave de old place, and Mas'r and Missis, and de rest!"

"My good friends," said George, as soon as he could get a silence, "there 'll be no need for you to leave me. The place wants as many hands to work it as it did before. We need the same about the house that we did before. But you are now free men and free women. I shall pay you wages for your work, such as we shall agree on. The advantage is, that in case of my getting in debt, or dying, — things that might happen, — you cannot now be taken up and sold. I expect to carry on the estate, and to teach you what, perhaps, it will take you some time to learn, — how to use the rights I give you as free men and women. I expect you to be good, and willing to learn; and I trust in God that I shall be faithful, and willing to teach. And now, my friends, look up, and thank God for the blessing of freedom."

An aged, patriarchal negro, who had grown gray and blind on the estate, now rose, and, lifting his trembling

hand, said, "Let us give thanks unto the Lord!" As all kneeled by one consent, a more touching and hearty Te Deum never ascended to heaven, though borne on the peal of organ, bell, and cannon, than came from that honest old heart.

On rising, another struck up a Methodist hymn, of which the burden was, —

> "The year of Jubilee is come, —
> Return, ye ransomed sinners, home."

"One thing more," said George, as he stopped the congratulations of the throng; "you all remember our good old Uncle Tom?"

George here gave a short narration of the scene of his death, and of his loving farewell to all on the place, and added, —

"It was on his grave, my friends, that I resolved, before God, that I would never own another slave while it was possible to free him; that nobody, through me, should ever run the risk of being parted from home and friends and dying on a lonely plantation, as he died. So, when you rejoice in your freedom, think that you owe it to that good old soul, and pay it back in kindness to his wife and children. Think of your freedom, every time you see UNCLE TOM'S CABIN; and let it be a memorial to put you all in mind to follow in his steps, and be as honest and faithful and Christian as he was."

CHAPTER XLV

CONCLUDING REMARKS

THE writer has often been inquired of, by correspondents from different parts of the country, whether this narrative is a true one; and to these inquiries she will give one general answer.

The separate incidents that compose the narrative are to a very great extent authentic, occurring, many of them, either under her own observation or that of her personal friends. She or her friends have observed characters the counterpart of almost all that are here introduced; and many of the sayings are word for word as heard herself, or reported to her.

The personal appearance of Eliza, the character ascribed to her, are sketches drawn from life. The incorruptible fidelity, piety, and honesty of Uncle Tom had more than one development, to her personal knowledge. Some of the most deeply tragic and romantic, some of the most terrible incidents, have also their parallel in reality. The incident of the mother's crossing the Ohio River on the ice is a well-known fact.

The story of "old Prue" (Chapter XIX.) was an incident that fell under the personal observation of a brother of the writer, then collecting-clerk to a large mercantile house in New Orleans. From the same source was derived the character of the planter Legree. Of him her brother thus wrote, speaking of visiting his plantation on a collecting tour: "He actually made me feel of his fist, which was like a blacksmith's hammer, or a nodule of iron, telling me

that it was 'calloused with knocking down niggers.' When I left the plantation, I drew a long breath, and felt as if I had escaped from an ogre's den."

That the tragical fate of Tom, also, has too many times had its parallel, there are living witnesses, all over our land, to testify. Let it be remembered that in all southern States it is a principle of jurisprudence that no person of colored lineage can testify in a suit against a white, and it will be easy to see that such a case may occur, wherever there is a man whose passions outweigh his interests, and a slave who has manhood or principle enough to resist his will. There is actually nothing to protect the slave's life but the *character* of the master. Facts too shocking to be contemplated occasionally force their way to the public ear, and the comment that one often hears made on them is more shocking than the thing itself. It is said, "Very likely such cases may now and then occur, but they are no samples of general practice." If the laws of New England were so arranged that a master could *now and then* torture an apprentice to death, without a possibility of being brought to justice, would it be received with equal composure? Would it be said, "These cases are rare, and no samples of general practice"? This injustice is an *inherent* one in the slave system, — it cannot exist without it.

The public and shameless sale of beautiful mulatto and quadroon girls has acquired a notoriety, from the incidents following the capture of the Pearl. We extract the following from the speech of Hon. Horace Mann, one of the legal counsel for the defendants in that case. He says: "In that company of seventy-six persons, who attempted, in 1848, to escape from the District of Columbia in the schooner Pearl, and whose officers I assisted in defending, there were several young and healthy girls, who had those peculiar attractions of form and feature which connoisseurs prize so highly. Elizabeth Russel was one of them. She

immediately fell into the slave-trader's fangs, and was doomed for the New Orleans market. The hearts of those that saw her were touched with pity for her fate. They offered eighteen hundred dollars to redeem her; and some there were who offered to give that would not have much left after the gift; but the fiend of a slave-trader was inexorable. She was dispatched to New Orleans; but when about halfway there God had mercy on her, and smote her with death. There were two girls named Edmundson in the same company. When about to be sent to the same market, an older sister went to the shambles, to plead with the wretch who owned them, for the love of God, to spare his victims. He bantered her, telling what fine dresses and fine furniture they would have. 'Yes,' she said, 'that may do very well in this life, but what will become of them in the next?' They too were sent to New Orleans; but were afterwards redeemed, at an enormous ransom, and brought back." Is it not plain, from this, that the histories of Emmeline and Cassy may have many counterparts?

Justice, too, obliges the author to state that the fairness of mind and generosity attributed to St. Clare are not without a parallel, as the following anecdote will show. A few years since, a young Southern gentleman was in Cincinnati, with a favorite servant, who had been his personal attendant from a boy. The young man took advantage of this opportunity to secure his own freedom, and fled to the protection of a Quaker, who was quite noted in affairs of this kind. The owner was exceedingly indignant. He had always treated the slave with such indulgence, and his confidence in his affection was such, that he believed he must have been practiced upon to induce him to revolt from him. He visited the Quaker, in high anger; but, being possessed of uncommon candor and fairness, was soon quieted by his arguments and representations. It

was a side of the subject which he never had heard, — never had thought on; and he immediately told the Quaker that if his slave would, to his own face, say that it was his desire to be free, he would liberate him. An interview was forthwith procured, and Nathan was asked by his young master whether he had ever had any reason to complain of his treatment, in any respect.

"No, Mas'r," said Nathan; "you 've always been good to me."

"Well, then, why do you want to leave me?"

"Mas'r may die, and then who get me? — I 'd rather be a free man."

After some deliberation, the young master replied, "Nathan, in your place, I think I should feel very much so, myself. You are free."

He immediately made him out free papers, deposited a sum of money in the hands of the Quaker, to be judiciously used in assisting him to start in life, and left a very sensible and kind letter of advice to the young man. That letter was for some time in the writer's hands.

The author hopes she has done justice to that nobility, generosity, and humanity which in many cases characterize individuals at the South. Such instances save us from utter despair of our kind. But, she asks any person who knows the world, are such characters *common*, anywhere?

For many years of her life, the author avoided all reading upon or allusion to the subject of slavery, considering it as too painful to be inquired into, and one which advancing light and civilization would certainly live down. But since the legislative act of 1850, when she heard, with perfect surprise and consternation, Christian and humane people actually recommending the remanding escaped fugitives into slavery, as a duty binding on good citizens, — when she heard on all hands, from kind, compassionate, and estimable people, in the free States of the North, delibera-

tions and discussions as to what Christian duty could be on this head, she could only think, These men and Christians cannot know what slavery is; if they did, such a question could never be open for discussion. And from this arose a desire to exhibit it in a *living dramatic reality.* She has endeavored to show it fairly, in its best and its worst phases. In its *best* aspect, she has, perhaps, been successful; but, oh! who shall say what yet remains untold in that valley and shadow of death that lies the other side?

To you, generous, noble-minded men and women, of the South, — you, whose virtue, and magnanimity, and purity of character are the greater for the severer trial it has encountered, — to you is her appeal. Have you not, in your own secret souls, in your own private conversings, felt that there are woes and evils, in this accursed system, far beyond what are here shadowed, or can be shadowed? Can it be otherwise? Is *man* ever a creature to be trusted with wholly irresponsible power? And does not the slave system, by denying the slave all legal right of testimony, make every individual owner an irresponsible despot? Can anybody fail to make the inference what the practical result will be? If there is, as we admit, a public sentiment among you, men of honor, justice, and humanity, is there not also another kind of public sentiment among the ruffian, the brutal, and debased? And cannot the ruffian, the brutal, the debased, by slave law, own just as many slaves as the best and purest? Are the honorable, the just, the high-minded and compassionate, the majority anywhere in this world?

The slave-trade is now, by American law, considered as piracy. But a slave-trade, as systematic as ever was carried on on the coast of Africa, is an inevitable attendant and result of American slavery. And its heart-break and its horrors — *can* they be told?

The writer has given only a faint shadow, a dim pic-

ture, of the anguish and despair that are, at this very moment, riving thousands of hearts, shattering thousands of families, and driving a helpless and sensitive race to frenzy and despair. There are those living who know the mothers whom this accursed traffic has driven to the murder of their children; and themselves seeking in death a shelter from woes more dreaded than death. Nothing of tragedy can be written, can be spoken, can be conceived, that equals the frightful reality of scenes daily and hourly acting on our shores, beneath the shadow of American law and the shadow of the cross of Christ.

And now, men and women of America, is this a thing to be trifled with, apologized for, and passed over in silence? Farmers of Massachusetts, of New Hampshire, of Vermont, of Connecticut, who read this book by the blaze of your winter evening fire, — strong-hearted, generous sailors and ship-owners of Maine, — is this a thing for you to countenance and encourage? Brave and generous men of New York, farmers of rich and joyous Ohio, and ye of the wide prairie States, — answer, is this a thing for you to protect and countenance? And you, mothers of America, — you, who have learned, by the cradles of your own children, to love and feel for all mankind, — by the sacred love you bear your child; by your joy in his beautiful, spotless infancy; by the motherly pity and tenderness with which you guide his growing years; by the anxieties of his education; by the prayers you breathe for his soul's eternal good; — I beseech you, pity the mother who has all your affections, and not one legal right to protect, guide, or educate the child of her bosom! By the sick-hour of your child; by those dying eyes, which you can never forget; by those last cries, that wrung your heart when you could neither help nor save; by the desolation of that empty cradle, that silent nursery, — I beseech you, pity those mothers that are constantly made childless by the Ameri-

can slave-trade! And say, mothers of America, is this a thing to be defended, sympathized with, passed over in silence?

Do you say that the people of the free States have nothing to do with it, and can do nothing? Would to God this were true! But it is not true. The people of the free States have defended, encouraged, and participated; and are more guilty for it, before God, than the South, in that they have *not* the apology of education or custom.

If the mothers of the free States had all felt as they should, in times past, the sons of the free States would not have been the holders, and, proverbially, the hardest masters of slaves; the sons of the free States would not have connived at the extension of slavery, in our national body; the sons of the free States would not, as they do, trade the souls and bodies of men as an equivalent to money, in their mercantile dealings. There are multitudes of slaves temporarily owned, and sold again, by merchants in Northern cities; and shall the whole guilt or obloquy of slavery fall only on the South?

Northern men, Northern mothers, Northern Christians, have something more to do than denounce their brethren at the South; they have to look to the evil among themselves.

But, what can any individual do? Of that, every individual can judge. There is one thing that every individual can do, — they can see to it that *they feel right.* An atmosphere of sympathetic influence encircles every human being; and the man or woman who *feels* strongly, healthily, and justly on the great interests of humanity is a constant benefactor to the human race. See, then, to your sympathies in this matter! Are they in harmony with the sympathies of Christ? or are they swayed and perverted by the sophistries of worldly policy?

Christian men and women of the North! still further, —

you have another power; you can *pray!* Do you believe in prayer? or has it become an indistinct apostolic tradition? You pray for the heathen abroad; pray also for the heathen at home. And pray for those distressed Christians whose whole chance of religious improvement is an accident of trade and sale; from whom any adherence to the morals of Christianity is, in many cases, an impossibility, unless they have given them from above the courage and grace of martyrdom.

But, still more. On the shores of our free States are emerging the poor, shattered, broken remnants of families, — men and women escaped, by miraculous providences, from the surges of slavery, — feeble in knowledge, and in many cases infirm in moral constitution, from a system which confounds and confuses every principle of Christianity and morality. They come to seek a refuge among you; they come to seek education, knowledge, Christianity.

What do you owe to these poor unfortunates, O Christians? Does not every American Christian owe to the African race some effort at reparation for the wrongs that the American nation has brought upon them? Shall the doors of churches and school-houses be shut upon them? Shall States arise and shake them out? Shall the Church of Christ hear in silence the taunt that is thrown at them, and shrink away from the helpless hand that they stretch out; and by her silence encourage the cruelty that would chase them from our borders? If it must be so, it will be a mournful spectacle. If it must be so, the country will have reason to tremble, when it remembers that the fate of nations is in the hands of One who is very pitiful, and of tender compassion.

Do you say, "We don't want them here; let them go to Africa"?

That the providence of God has provided a refuge in Africa, is, indeed, a great and noticeable fact; but that is

no reason why the Church of Christ should throw off that responsibility to this outcast race which her profession demands of her.

To fill up Liberia with an ignorant, inexperienced, half-barbarized race, just escaped from the chains of slavery, would be only to prolong, for ages, the period of struggle and conflict which attends the inception of new enterprises. Let the Church of the North receive these poor sufferers in the spirit of Christ; receive them to the educating advantages of Christian republican society and schools, until they have attained to somewhat of a moral and intellectual maturity, and then assist them in their passage to those shores, where they may put in practice the lessons they have learned in America.

There is a body of men at the North, comparatively small, who have been doing this; and, as the result, this country has already seen examples of men, formerly slaves, who have rapidly acquired property, reputation, and education. Talent has been developed, which, considering the circumstances, is certainly remarkable; and for moral traits of honesty, kindness, tenderness of feeling, — for heroic efforts and self-denials, endured for the ransom of brethren and friends yet in slavery, — they have been remarkable, to a degree that, considering the influence under which they were born, is surprising.

The writer has lived, for many years, on the frontier-line of slave States, and has had great opportunities of observation among those who formerly were slaves. They have been in her family as servants; and, in default of any other school to receive them, she has, in many cases, had them instructed in a family school, with her own children. She has also the testimony of missionaries, among the fugitives in Canada, in coincidence with her own experience; and her deductions, with regard to the capabilities of the race, are encouraging in the highest degree.

. The first desire of the emancipated slave, generally, is for *education*. There is nothing that they are not willing to give or do to have their children instructed; and, so far as the writer has observed herself, or taken the testimony of teachers among them, they are remarkably intelligent and quick to learn. The results of schools, founded for them by benevolent individuals in Cincinnati, fully establish this.

The author gives the following statement of facts, on the authority of Professor C. E. Stowe, then of Lane Seminary, Ohio, with regard to emancipated slaves, now resident in Cincinnati; given to show the capability of the race, even without any very particular assistance or encouragement.

The initial letters alone are given. They are all residents of Cincinnati.

"B——. Furniture-maker; twenty years in the city; worth ten thousand dollars, all his own earnings; a Baptist.

"C——. Full black; stolen from Africa; sold in New Orleans; been free fifteen years; paid for himself six hundred dollars; a farmer; owns several farms in Indiana; Presbyterian; probably worth fifteen or twenty thousand dollars, all earned by himself.

"K——. Full black; dealer in real estate; worth thirty thousand dollars; about forty years old; free six years; paid eighteen hundred dollars for his family; member of the Baptist Church; received a legacy from his master, which he has taken good care of, and increased.

"G——. Full black; coal-dealer; about thirty years old; worth eighteen thousand dollars; paid for himself twice, being once defrauded to the amount of sixteen hundred dollars; made all his money by his own efforts, — much of it while a slave, hiring his time of his master, and doing business for himself; a fine gentlemanly fellow.

"W——. Three fourths black; barber and waiter; from Kentucky; nineteen years free; paid for self and family over three thousand dollars; worth twenty thousand dollars, all his own earnings; deacon in the Baptist Church.

"G. D——. Three fourths black; whitewasher; from Kentucky; nine years free; paid fifteen hundred dollars for self and family; recently died, aged sixty; worth six thousand dollars."

Professor Stowe says, "With all these, except G——, I have been, for some years, personally acquainted, and make my statements from my own knowledge."

The writer well remembers an aged colored woman, who was employed as a washerwoman in her father's family. The daughter of this woman married a slave. She was a remarkably active and capable young woman, and by her industry and thrift, and the most persevering self-denial, raised nine hundred dollars for her husband's freedom, which she paid, as she raised it, into the hands of his master. She yet wanted a hundred dollars of the price, when he died. She never recovered any of the money.

These are but few facts, among multitudes which might be adduced, to show the self-denial, energy, patience, and honesty which the slave has exhibited in a state of freedom.

And let it be remembered that these individuals have thus bravely succeeded in conquering for themselves comparative wealth and social position, in the face of every disadvantage and discouragement. The colored man, by the law of Ohio, cannot be a voter, and, till within a few years, was even denied the right of testimony in legal suits with the white. Nor are these instances confined to the State of Ohio. In all States of the Union we see men, but yesterday burst from the shackles of slavery, who, by a self-educating force, which cannot be too much admired,

have risen to highly respectable stations in society. Pennington, among clergymen, Douglas and Warde, among editors, are well-known instances. If this persecuted race, with every discouragement and disadvantage, have done thus much, how much more they might do if the Christian Church would act towards them in the spirit of her Lord!

This is an age of the world when nations are trembling and convulsed. A mighty influence is abroad, surging and heaving the world, as with an earthquake. And is America safe? Every nation that carries in its bosom great and unredressed injustice has in it the elements of this last convulsion.

For what is this mighty influence thus rousing in all nations and languages those groanings that cannot be uttered, for man's freedom and equality?

O Church of Christ, read the signs of the times! Is not this power the spirit of HIM whose kingdom is yet to come, and whose will is to be done on earth as it is in heaven?

But who may abide the day of his appearing? "For that day shall burn as an oven: and he shall appear as a swift witness against those that oppress the hireling in his wages, the widow and the fatherless, and that *turn aside the stranger in his right:* and he shall break in pieces the oppressor."

Are not these dread words for a nation bearing in her bosom so mighty an injustice? Christians! every time that you pray that the kingdom of Christ may come, can you forget that prophecy associates in dread fellowship the *day of vengeance* with the year of his redeemed?

A day of grace is yet held out to us. Both North and South have been guilty before God; and the *Christian Church* has a heavy account to answer. Not by combining together, to protect injustice and cruelty, and mak-

ing a common capital of sin, is this Union to be saved, — but by repentance, justice, and mercy; for, not surer is the eternal law by which the millstone sinks in the ocean, than that stronger law by which injustice and cruelty shall bring on nations the wrath of Almighty God!

A KEY TO UNCLE TOM'S CABIN

PRESENTING THE ORIGINAL FACTS AND DOCUMENTS UPON WHICH THE STORY IS FOUNDED

TOGETHER WITH CORROBORATIVE STATEMENTS VERIFYING THE TRUTH OF THE WORK

BY HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

PREFACE

THE work which the writer here presents to the public is one which has been written with no pleasure, and with much pain.

In fictitious writing, it is possible to find refuge from the hard and the terrible by inventing scenes and characters of a more pleasing nature. No such resource is open in a work of fact; and the subject of this work is one on which the truth, if told at all, must needs be very dreadful. There is no bright side to slavery, as such. Those scenes which are made bright by the generosity and kindness of masters and mistresses would be brighter still if the element of slavery were withdrawn. There is nothing picturesque or beautiful in the family attachment of old servants, which is not to be found in countries where these servants are legally free. The tenants on an English estate are often more fond and faithful than if they were slaves. Slavery, therefore, is not the element which forms the picturesque and beautiful of Southern life. What is peculiar to slavery, and dis-

tinguishes it from free servitude, is evil, and only evil, and that continually.

In preparing this work, it has grown much beyond the author's original design. It has so far overrun its limits that she has been obliged to omit one whole department, — that of the characteristics and developments of the colored race in various countries and circumstances. This is more properly the subject for a volume; and she hopes that such an one will soon be prepared by a friend to whom she has transferred her materials.

The author desires to express her thanks particularly to those legal gentlemen who have given her their assistance and support in the legal part of the discussion. She also desires to thank those, at the North and at the South, who have kindly furnished materials for her use. Many more have been supplied than could possibly be used. The book is actually selected out of a mountain of materials.

The great object of the author in writing has been to bring this subject of slavery, as a moral and religious question, before the minds of all those who profess to be followers of Christ, in this country. A minute history has been given of the action of the various denominations on this subject.

The writer has aimed, as far as possible, to say what is true, and only that, without regard to the effect which it may have upon any person or party. She hopes that what she has said will be examined without bitterness, — in that serious and earnest spirit which is appropriate for the examination of so very serious a subject. It would be vain for her to indulge the hope of being wholly free from error. In the wide field which she has been called to go over, there is a possibility of many mistakes. She can only say that she has used the most honest and earnest endeavors to learn the truth.

The book is commended to the candid attention and earn-

est prayers of all true Christians, throughout the world. May they unite their prayers that Christendom may be delivered from so great an evil as slavery!

PART I

CHAPTER I

At different times, doubt has been expressed whether the representations of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" are a fair representation of slavery as it at present exists. This work, more, perhaps, than any other work of fiction that ever was written, has been a collection and arrangement of real incidents, — of actions really performed, of words and expressions really uttered, — grouped together with reference to a general result, in the same manner that the mosaic artist groups his fragments of various stones into one general picture. His is a mosaic of gems, — this is a mosaic of facts.

Artistically considered, it might not be best to point out in which quarry and from which region each fragment of the mosaic picture had its origin; and it is equally unartistic to disentangle the glittering web of fiction, and show out of what real warp and woof it is woven, and with what real coloring dyed. But the book had a purpose entirely transcending the artistic one, and accordingly encounters, at the hands of the public, demands not usually made on fictitious works. It is *treated* as a reality, — sifted, tried, and tested as a reality; and therefore as a reality it may be proper that it should be defended.

The writer acknowledges that the book is a very inadequate representation of slavery; and it is so, necessarily, for this reason, — that slavery, in some of its workings, is too dreadful for the purposes of art. A work which should represent it strictly as it is would be a work which could

not be read. And all works which ever mean to give pleasure must draw a veil somewhere, or they cannot succeed.

The author will now proceed along the course of the story, from the first page onward, and develop, as far as possible, the incidents by which different parts were suggested.

CHAPTER II

MR. HALEY

In the very first chapter of the book we encounter the character of the negro-trader, Mr. Haley. His name stands at the head of this chapter as the representative of all the different characters introduced in the work which exhibit the trader, the kidnapper, the negro-catcher, the negro-whipper, and all the other inevitable auxiliaries and indispensable appendages of what is often called the "divinely instituted relation" of slavery. The author's first personal observation of this class of beings was somewhat as follows.

Several years ago, while one morning employed in the duties of the nursery, a colored woman was announced. She was ushered into the nursery, and the author thought, on first survey, that a more surly, unpromising face she had never seen. The woman was thoroughly black, thick-set, firmly built, and with strongly marked African features. Those who have been accustomed to read the expressions of the African face know what a peculiar effect is produced by a lowering, desponding expression upon its dark features. It is like the shadow of a thunder-cloud. Unlike her race generally, the woman did not smile when smiled upon, nor utter any pleasant remark in reply to such as were addressed to her. The youngest pet of the nursery, a boy about three years old, walked up, and laid his little hand on her knee, and seemed astonished not to meet the quick smile which

the negro almost always has in reserve for the little child. The writer thought her very cross and disagreeable, and, after a few moments' silence, asked, with perhaps a little impatience, "Do you want anything of me to-day?"

"Here are some papers," said the woman, pushing them towards her; "perhaps you would read them."

The first paper opened was a letter from a negro-trader in Kentucky, stating concisely that he had waited about as long as he could for her child; that he wanted to start for the South, and must get it off his hands; that, if she would send him two hundred dollars before the end of the week, she should have it; if not, that he would set it up at auction, at the court-house door, on Saturday. He added, also, that he might have got more than that for the child, but that he was willing to let her have it cheap.

"What sort of a man is this?" said the author to the woman, when she had done reading the letter.

"Dunno, ma'am; great Christian, I know, — member of the Methodist church, anyhow."

The expression of sullen irony with which this was said was a thing to be remembered.

"And how old is this child?" said the author to her.

The woman looked at the little boy who had been standing at her knee, with an expressive glance, and said, "She will be three years old this summer."

On further inquiry into the history of the woman, it appeared that she had been set free by the will of her owners; that the child was legally entitled to freedom, but had been seized on by the heirs of the estate. She was poor and friendless, without money to maintain a suit, and the heirs, of course, threw the child into the hands of the trader. The necessary sum, it may be added, was all raised in the small neighborhood which then surrounded the Lane Theological Seminary, and the child was redeemed.

If the public would like a specimen of the correspondence

which passes between these worthies, who are the principal reliance of the community for supporting and extending the institution of slavery, the following may be interesting as a matter of literary curiosity. It was forwarded by Mr. M. J. Thomas, of Philadelphia, to the "National Era," and stated by him to be "a copy taken verbatim from the original, found among the papers of the person to whom it was addressed, at the time of his arrest and conviction, for passing a variety of counterfeit bank-notes."

POOLSVILLE, MONTGOMERY CO., MD.,
March 24, 1831.

DEAR SIR: I arrived home in safety with Louisa, John having been rescued from me, out of a two-story window, at twelve o'clock at night. I offered a reward of fifty dollars, and have him here safe in jail. The persons who took him brought him to Fredericktown jail. I wish you to write to no person in this State but myself. Kephart and myself are determined to go the whole hog for any negro you can find, and you must give me the earliest information, as soon as you do find any. Enclosed you will receive a handbill, and I can make a good bargain, if you can find them. I will in all cases, as soon as a negro runs off, send you a handbill immediately, so that you may be on the look-out. Please tell the constable to go on with the sale of John's property; and, when the money is made, I will send on an order to you for it. Please attend to this for me; likewise write to me, and inform me of any negro you think has run away, — no matter where you think he has come from, nor how far, — and I will try and find out his master. Let me know where you think he is from, with all particular marks, and if I don't find his master, *Joe's dead!*

Write to me about the crooked-fingered negro, and let me know which hand and which finger, color, etc.; likewise any mark the fellow has who says he got away from the negro-buyer, with his height and color, or any other you think has run off.

Give my respects to your partner, and be sure you write to no person but myself. If any person writes to you, you can inform me of it, and I will try to *buy* from them. I think we can make money, if we do business together; for I have plenty of

money, if you can find plenty of negroes. Let me know if Daniel is still where he was, and if you have heard anything of Francis since I left you. Accept for yourself my regard and esteem.

REUBEN B. CARLLEY.

JOHN C. SAUNDERS.

This letter strikingly illustrates the character of these fellow-patriots with whom the great men of our land have been acting in conjunction, in carrying out the beneficent provisions of the Fugitive Slave Law.

The writer has drawn in this work only one class of the negro-traders. There are all varieties of them, up to the great wholesale purchasers, who keep their large trading-houses; who are gentlemanly in manners and courteous in address; who, in many respects, often perform actions of real generosity; who consider slavery a very great evil, and hope the country will at some time be delivered from it, but who think that so long as clergyman and layman, saint and sinner, are all agreed in the propriety and necessity of slave-holding, it is better that the necessary trade in the article be conducted by men of humanity and decency, than by swearing, brutal men, of the Tom Loker school. These men are exceedingly sensitive with regard to what they consider the injustice of the world in excluding them from good society, simply because they undertake to supply a demand in the community which the bar, the press, and the pulpit, all pronounce to be a proper one. In this respect, society certainly imitates the unreasonableness of the ancient Egyptians, who employed a certain class of men to prepare dead bodies for embalming, but flew at them with sticks and stones the moment the operation was over, on account of the sacrilegious liberty which they had taken. If there is an ill-used class of men in the world, it is certainly the slave-traders; for, if there is no harm in the institution of

slavery, — if it is a divinely appointed and honorable one, like civil government and the family state, and like other species of property relation, — then there is no earthly reason why a man may not as innocently be a slave-trader as any other kind of trader.

CHAPTER III

MR. AND MRS. SHELBY

It was the design of the writer, in delineating the domestic arrangements of Mr. and Mrs. Shelby, to show a picture of the fairest side of slave-life, where easy indulgence and good-natured forbearance are tempered by just discipline and religious instruction, skillfully and judiciously imparted.

The writer did not come to her task without reading much upon both sides of the question, and making a particular effort to collect all the most favorable representations of slavery which she could obtain. And, as the reader may have a curiosity to examine some of the documents, the writer will present them quite at large. There is no kind of danger to the world in letting the very fairest side of slavery be seen; in fact, the horrors and barbarities which are necessarily inherent in it are so terrible that one stands absolutely in need of all the comfort which can be gained from incidents like the subjoined, to save them from utter despair of human nature. [Long extracts follow from J. K. Paulding's "Letters on Slavery," and Ingraham's "Travels in the Southwest."]

With regard to the character of Mrs. Shelby the writer must say a few words. While traveling in Kentucky, a few years since, some pious ladies expressed to her the same sentiments with regard to slavery which the reader has heard expressed by Mrs. Shelby.

There are many whose natural sense of justice cannot be

made to tolerate the enormities of the system, even though they hear it defended by clergymen from the pulpit, and see it countenanced by all that is most honorable in rank and wealth.

A pious lady said to the author, with regard to instructing her slaves, "I am ashamed to teach them what is right; I know that they know as well as I do that it is wrong to hold them as slaves, and I am ashamed to look them in the face." Pointing to an intelligent mulatto woman who passed through the room, she continued, "Now, there 's B——. She is as intelligent and capable as any white woman I ever knew, and as well able to have her liberty and take care of herself; and she knows it is n't right to keep her as we do, and I know it too; and yet I cannot get my husband to think as I do, or I should be glad to set them free."

A venerable friend of the writer, a lady born and educated a slave-holder, used to the writer the very words attributed to Mrs. Shelby: "I never thought it was right to hold slaves. I always thought it was wrong when I was a girl, and I thought so still more when I came to join the church." An incident related by this friend of her examination for the church shows in a striking manner what a difference may often exist between theoretical and practical benevolence.

A certain class of theologians in America have advocated the doctrine of disinterested benevolence with such zeal as to make it an imperative article of belief that every individual ought to be willing to endure everlasting misery, if by doing so they could, on the whole, produce a greater amount of general good in the universe; and the inquiry was sometimes made of candidates for church-membership whether they could bring themselves to this point, as a test of their sincerity. The clergyman who was to examine this lady was particularly interested in these speculations. When he

came to inquire of her with regard to her views as to the obligations of Christianity, she informed him decidedly that she had brought her mind to the point of emancipating all her slaves, of whom she had a large number. The clergyman seemed rather to consider this as an excess of zeal, and recommended that she should take time to reflect upon it. He was, however, very urgent to know whether, if it should appear for the greatest good of the universe, she would be willing to be damned. Entirely unaccustomed to theological speculations, the good woman answered, with some vehemence, that "she was sure she was not;" adding, naturally enough, that if that had been her purpose she need not have come to join the church. The good lady, however, was admitted, and proved her devotion to the general good by the more tangible method of setting all her slaves at liberty, and carefully watching over their education and interests after they were liberated.

Mrs. Shelby is a fair type of the very best class of Southern women; and while the evils of the institution are felt and deplored, and while the world looks with just indignation on the national support and patronage which is given to it, and on the men who, knowing its nature, deliberately make efforts to perpetuate and extend it, it is but justice that it should bear in mind the virtues of such persons.

Many of them, surrounded by circumstances over which they can have no control, perplexed by domestic cares of which women in free States can have very little conception, loaded down by duties and responsibilities which wear upon the very springs of life, still go on bravely and patiently from day to day, doing all they can to alleviate what they cannot prevent, and, as far as the sphere of their own immediate power extends, rescuing those who are dependent upon them from the evils of the system.

We read of Him who shall at last come to judgment, that "His fan is in his hand, and he will thoroughly purge

his floor, and gather his wheat into the garner." Out of the great abyss of national sin he will rescue every grain of good and honest purpose and intention. His eyes, which are as a flame of fire, penetrate at once those intricate mazes where human judgment is lost, and will save and honor at last the truly good and sincere, however they may have been involved with the evil; and such souls as have resisted the greatest temptations, and persisted in good under the most perplexing circumstances, are those of whom he has written, "And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of Hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels; and I will spare them as a man spareth his own son that serveth him."

CHAPTER IV

GEORGE HARRIS

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With regard to the incidents of George Harris's life, that he may not be supposed a purely exceptional case, we propose to offer some parallel facts from the lives of slaves of our personal acquaintance.

Lewis Clark is an acquaintance of the writer. Soon after his escape from slavery, he was received into the family of a sister-in-law of the author, and there educated. His conduct during this time was such as to win for him uncommon affection and respect, and the author has frequently heard him spoken of in the highest terms by all who knew him. The gentleman in whose family he so long resided says of him, in a recent letter to the writer, "I would trust him, as the saying is, with untold gold."

Lewis is a quadroon, a fine-looking man, with European features, hair slightly wavy, and with an intelligent, agreeable expression of countenance.

The reader is now desired to compare the following inci-

dents of his life, part of which he related personally to the author, with the incidents of the life of George Harris.

His mother was a handsome quadroon woman, the daughter of her master, and given by him in marriage to a free white man, a Scotchman, with the express understanding that she and her children were to be free. This engagement, if made sincerely at all, was never complied with. His mother had nine children, and, on the death of her husband, came back, with all these children, as slaves in her father's house. A married daughter of the family, who was the dread of the whole household on account of the violence of her temper, had taken from the family, upon her marriage, a young girl. By the violence of her abuse she soon reduced the child to a state of idiocy, and then came imperiously back to her father's establishment, declaring that the child was good for nothing, and that she would have another; and, as poor Lewis's evil star would have it, fixed her eye upon him.

To avoid one of her terrible outbreaks of temper, the family offered up this boy as a pacificatory sacrifice. The incident is thus described by Lewis, in a published narrative: —

"Every boy was ordered in, to pass before this female sorceress, that she might select a victim for her unprovoked malice, and on whom to pour the vials of her wrath for years. I was that unlucky fellow. Mr. Campbell, my grandfather, objected, because it would divide a family, and offered her Moses; . . . but objections and claims of every kind were swept away by the wild passion and shrill-toned voice of Mrs. B. Me she would have, and none else. Mr. Campbell went out to hunt, and drive away bad thoughts; the old lady became quiet, for she was sure none of her blood run in my veins, and, if there was any of her husband's there, it was no fault of hers. Slaveholding women are always revengeful toward the children of slaves that have any of the blood of their husbands in them. I was too young — only seven years of age — to understand what was going on. But my poor and affectionate mother

understood and appreciated it all. When she left the kitchen of the mansion-house, where she was employed as cook, and came home to her own little cottage, the tear of anguish was in her eye, and the image of sorrow upon every feature of her face. She knew the female Nero whose rod was now to be over me. That night sleep departed from her eyes. With the youngest child clasped firmly to her bosom, she spent the night in walking the floor, coming ever and anon to lift up the clothes and look at me and my poor brother, who lay sleeping together. *Sleeping*, I said. Brother slept, but not I. I saw my mother when she first came to me, and I could not sleep. The vision of that night — its deep, ineffaceable impression — is now before my mind with all the distinctiveness of yesterday. In the morning I was put into the carriage with Mrs. B. and her children, and my weary pilgrimage of suffering was fairly begun."

Mrs. Banton is a character that can only exist where the laws of the land clothe with absolute power the coarsest, most brutal, and violent-tempered, equally with the most generous and humane.

. . . . . .

With regard to the intelligence of George, and his teaching himself to read and write, there is a most interesting and affecting parallel to it in the "Life of Frederick Douglass," — a book which can be recommended to any one who has a curiosity to trace the workings of an intelligent and active mind through all the squalid misery, degradation, and oppression of slavery.

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Let the reader peruse the account which George Harris gives of the sale of his mother and her children, and then read the following account given by the venerable Josiah Henson, now pastor of the missionary settlement at Dawn, in Canada.

After the death of his master, he says, the slaves of the plantation were all put up at auction and sold to the highest bidder.

"My brothers and sisters were bid off one by one, while my mother, holding my hand, looked on in an agony of grief, the cause of which I but ill understood at first, but which dawned on my mind with dreadful clearness as the sale proceeded. My mother was then separated from me, and put up in her turn. She was bought by a man named Isaac R., residing in Montgomery County [Maryland], and then I was offered to the assembled purchasers. My mother, half distracted with the parting forever from all her children, pushed through the crowd, while the bidding for me was going on, to the spot where R. was standing. She fell at his feet, and clung to his knees, entreating him, in tones that a mother only could command, to buy her *baby* as well as herself, and spare to her one of her little ones at least. Will it, can it be believed, that this man, thus appealed to, was capable not merely of turning a deaf ear to her supplication, but of disengaging himself from her with such violent blows and kicks as to reduce her to the necessity of creeping out of his reach, and mingling the groan of bodily suffering with the sob of a breaking heart?"

Now, all these incidents that have been given are *real* incidents of slavery, related by those who know slavery by the best of all tests — experience; and they are given by men who have earned a character in freedom which makes their word as good as the word of any man living.

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Doubt has been expressed whether such a thing as an advertisement for a man, "*dead or alive*," like the advertisement for George Harris, was ever published in the Southern States. The scene of the story in which that occurs is supposed to be laid a few years back, at the time when the black laws of Ohio were passed. That at this time such advertisements were common in the newspapers, there is abundant evidence. That they are less common now is a matter of hope and gratulation.

In the year 1839, Mr. Theodore D. Weld made a systematic attempt to collect and arrange the statistics of slavery. A mass of facts and statistics was gathered, which were

authenticated with the most unquestionable accuracy. Some of the "one thousand witnesses," whom he brings upon the stand, were ministers, lawyers, merchants, and men of various other callings, who were either natives of the slave States, or had been residents there for many years of their life. Many of these were slave-holders. Others of the witnesses were, or had been, slave-drivers, or officers of coasting-vessels engaged in the slave-trade.

Another part of his evidence was gathered from public speeches in Congress, in the state legislatures, and elsewhere. But the majority of it was taken from recent newspapers.

The papers from which these facts were copied were preserved and put on file in a public place, where they remained for some years, for the information of the curious. After Mr. Weld's book was completed, a copy of it was sent, through the mail, to every editor from whose paper such advertisements had been taken, and to every individual of whom any facts had been narrated, with the passages which concerned them marked.

It is quite possible that this may have had some influence in rendering such advertisements less common. Men of sense often go on doing a thing which is very absurd, or even inhuman, simply because it has always been done before them, and they follow general custom, without much reflection. When their attention, however, is called to it by a stranger who sees the thing from another point of view, they become immediately sensible of the impropriety of the practice, and discontinue it. The reader will, however, be pained to notice, when he comes to the legal part of the book, that even in some of the largest cities of our slave States this barbarity had not been entirely discontinued in the year 1850.

The list of advertisements in Mr. Weld's book is here inserted, not to weary the reader with its painful details, but that, by running his eyes over the dates of the papers

quoted, and the places of their publication, he may form a fair estimate of the extent to which this atrocity was *publicly* practiced.

The "Wilmington (North Carolina) Advertiser" of July 13, 1838, contains the following advertisement: —

$100 will be paid to any person who may apprehend and safely confine in any jail in this State a certain negro man, named ALFRED. And the same reward will be paid, if satisfactory evidence is given of *his having been* KILLED. He has one or more scars on one of his hands, caused by his having been shot.

THE CITIZENS OF ONSLOW.

Richlands, Onslow Co., May 16, 1838.

In the same column with the above, and directly under it, is the following: —

RANAWAY, my negro man RICHARD. A reward of $25 will be paid for his apprehension, DEAD or ALIVE. Satisfactory proof will only be required of his being KILLED. He has with him, in all probability, his wife, ELIZA, who ran away from Col. Thompson, now a resident of Alabama, about the time he commenced his journey to that State. DURANT H. RHODES.

In the "Macon (Georgia) Telegraph," May 28, is the following: —

About the 1st of March last the negro man RANSOM left me without the least provocation whatever; I will give a reward of twenty dollars for said negro, if taken, DEAD OR ALIVE, — and if killed in any attempt, an advance of five dollars will be paid. BRYANT JOHNSON.

Crawford Co., Georgia.

See the "Newbern (N. C.) Spectator," January 5, 1838, for the following: —

RANAWAY from the subscriber, a negro man named SAMPSON. Fifty dollars reward will be given for the delivery of him to me, or his confinement in any jail, so that I get him; and should he resist in being taken, so that violence is necessary to arrest him, I will not hold any person liable for damages should the slave be KILLED. ENOCH FOY.

Jones Co., N. C.

From the "Charleston (S. C.) Courier," February 20, 1836:

$300 REWARD. — Ranaway from the subscriber, in November last, his two negro men, named Billy and Pompey.

Billy is 25 years old, and is known as the patroon of my boat for many years; in all probability he may resist; in that event 50 dollars will be paid for his HEAD.

CHAPTER V

ELIZA

The writer stated in her book that Eliza was a portrait drawn from life. The incident which brought the original to her notice may be simply narrated.

While the writer was traveling in Kentucky, many years ago, she attended church in a small country town. While there, her attention was called to a beautiful quadroon girl, who sat in one of the slips of the church, and appeared to have charge of some young children. The description of Eliza may suffice for a description of her. When the author returned from church, she inquired about the girl, and was told that she was as good and amiable as she was beautiful; that she was a pious girl, and a member of the church; and finally, that she was *owned* by Mr. So-and-so. The idea that this girl was a slave struck a chill to her heart, and she said, earnestly, "Oh, I hope they treat her kindly."

"Oh, certainly," was the reply; "they think as much of her as of their own children."

"I hope they will never sell her," said a person in the company.

"Certainly they will not; a Southern gentleman, not long ago, offered her master a thousand dollars for her; but he told him that she was too good to be his wife, and he certainly should not have her for a mistress."

This is all that the writer knows of that girl.

With regard to the incident of Eliza's crossing the river on the ice, — as the possibility of the thing has been dis-

puted, — the writer gives the following circumstance in confirmation.

Last spring, while the author was in New York, a Presbyterian clergyman, of Ohio, came to her, and said, "I understand they dispute that fact about the woman's crossing the river. Now, I know all about that, for I got the story from the very man that helped her up the bank. I know it is true, for she is now living in Canada."

It has been objected that the representation of the scene in which the plan for kidnapping Eliza is concocted by Haley, Marks, and Loker, at the tavern, is a gross caricature on the state of things in Ohio.

What knowledge the author has had of the facilities which some justices of the peace, under the old fugitive law of Ohio, were in the habit of giving to kidnapping, may be inferred by comparing the statement in her book with some in her personal knowledge.

"Ye see," said Marks to Haley, stirring his punch as he did so, "ye see, we has justices convenient at all p'ints alongshore, that does up any little jobs in our line quite reasonable. Tom, he does the knockin' down, and that ar; and I come in all dressed up, — shining boots, — everything first chop, — when the swearin' 's to be done. You oughter see, now," said Marks, in a glow of professional pride, "how I can tone it off. One day I 'm Mr. Twickem, from New Orleans; 'nother day, I 'm just come from my plantation on Pearl River, where I works seven hundred niggers; then, again, I come out a distant relation of Henry Clay, or some old cock in Kentuck. Talents is different, you know. Now, Tom 's a roarer when there 's any thumping or fighting to be done; but at lying he ain't good, Tom ain't, — ye see it don't come natural to him; but, Lord, if thar 's a feller in the country that can swear to anything and everything, and put in all the circumstances and flourishes with a longer face, and carry 't through better 'n I can, why, I 'd like to see him, that 's all! I b'lieve my heart, I could get along and snake through, even if justices were more particular than they is. Sometimes I rather wish they was more particular; 't would be a heap more relishin' if they was, — more fun, yer know."

In the year 1839, the writer received into her family, as a servant, a girl from Kentucky. She had been the slave of one of the lowest and most brutal families, with whom she had been brought up, in a log-cabin, in a state of half-barbarism. In proceeding to give her religious instruction, the author heard, for the first time in her life, an inquiry which she had not supposed possible to be made in America: "Who is Jesus Christ, now, anyhow?"

When the author told her the history of the love and life and death of Christ, the girl seemed wholly overcome; tears streamed down her cheeks; and she exclaimed piteously, "Why did n't nobody never tell me this before?"

"But," said the writer to her, "have n't you ever seen the Bible?"

"Yes, I have seen missus a-readin' on 't sometimes; but, law sakes! she 's just a-readin' on 't 'cause she could; don't s'pose it did her no good, no way."

She said she had been to one or two camp-meetings in her life, but "did n't notice very particular."

At all events, the story certainly made great impression on her, and had such an effect in improving her conduct that the writer had great hopes of her.

On inquiring into her history, it was discovered that, by the laws of Ohio, she was legally entitled to her freedom, from the fact of her having been brought into the State, and left there temporarily, by the consent of her mistress. These facts being properly authenticated before the proper authorities, papers attesting her freedom were drawn up, and it was now supposed that all danger of pursuit was over. After she had remained in the family for some months, word was sent, from various sources, to Professor Stowe, that the girl's young master was over, looking for her, and that, if care were not taken, she would be conveyed back into slavery.

Professor Stowe called on the magistrate who had authen-

ticated her papers, and inquired whether they were not sufficient to protect her. The reply was, "Certainly they are, in law, if she could have a fair hearing; but they will come to your house in the night, with an officer and a warrant; they will take her before Justice D——, and swear to her. He 's the man that does all this kind of business, and he 'll deliver her up, and there 'll be an end to it."

Mr. Stowe then inquired what could be done; and was recommended to carry her to some place of security till the inquiry for her was over. Accordingly, that night, a brother of the author, with Professor Stowe, performed for the fugitive that office which the senator is represented as performing for Eliza. They drove about ten miles on a solitary road, crossed the creek at a very dangerous fording, and presented themselves, at midnight, at the house of John Van Zandt, a noble-minded Kentuckian, who had performed the good deed which the author, in her story, ascribes to Van Tromp.

After some rapping at the door, the worthy owner of the mansion appeared, candle in hand, as has been narrated.

"Are you the man that would save a poor colored girl from kidnappers?" was the first question.

"Guess I am," was the prompt response; "where is she?"

"Why, she 's here."

"But how did you come?"

"I crossed the creek."

"Why, the Lord help you!" said he; "I should n't dare cross it myself in the night. A man and his wife, and five children, were drowned there, a little while ago."

The reader may be interested to know that the poor girl never was retaken; that she married well in Cincinnati, is a very respectable woman, and the mother of a large family of children.

CHAPTER VI

UNCLE TOM

The character of Uncle Tom has been objected to as improbable; and yet the writer has received more confirmations of that character, and from a greater variety of sources, than of any other in the book.

Many people have said to her, "I knew an Uncle Tom in such and such a Southern State." All the histories of this kind which have thus been related to her would of themselves, if collected, make a small volume. The author will relate a few of them.

While visiting in an obscure town in Maine, in the family of a friend, the conversation happened to turn upon this subject, and the gentleman with whose family she was staying related the following. He said that, when on a visit to his brother in New Orleans some years before, he found in his possession a most valuable negro man, of such remarkable probity and honesty that his brother literally trusted him with all he had. He had frequently seen him take out a handful of bills, without looking at them, and hand them to this servant, bidding him go and provide what was necessary for the family, and bring him the change. He remonstrated with his brother on this imprudence; but the latter replied that he had had such proof of this servant's impregnable conscientiousness that he felt it safe to trust him to any extent.

The history of the servant was this. He had belonged to a man in Baltimore, who, having a general prejudice against all the religious exercises of slaves, did all that he could to prevent his having any time for devotional duties, and strictly forbade him to read the Bible and pray, either by himself, or with the other servants; and because, like a certain man of old, named Daniel, he constantly disobeyed

this unchristian edict, his master inflicted upon him that punishment which a master always has in his power to inflict, — he sold him into perpetual exile from his wife and children, down to New Orleans.

The gentleman who gave the writer this information says that, although not himself a religious man at the time, he was so struck with the man's piety that he said to his brother, "I hope you will never do anything to deprive this man of his religious privileges, for I think a judgment will come upon you if you do." To this his brother replied that he should be very foolish to do it, since he had made up his mind that the man's religion was the root of his extraordinary excellences.

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A last instance parallel with that of Uncle Tom is to be found in the published memoirs of the venerable Josiah Henson, now, as we have said, a clergyman in Canada. He was "raised" in the State of Maryland. His first recollections were of seeing his father mutilated and covered with blood, suffering the penalty of the law for the crime of raising his hand against a white man, — that white man being the overseer, who had attempted a brutal assault upon his mother. This punishment made his father surly and dangerous, and he was subsequently sold South, and thus parted forever from his wife and children. Henson grew up in a state of heathenism, without any religious instruction, till, in a camp-meeting, he first heard of Jesus Christ, and was electrified by the great and thrilling news that He had tasted death for every man, the bond as well as the free. This story produced an immediate conversion, such as we read of in the Acts of the Apostles, where the Ethiopian eunuch, from one interview, hearing the story of the cross, at once believes and is baptized. Henson forthwith not only became a Christian, but began to declare the news to those about him; and, being a man of great natural force

of mind and strength of character, his earnest endeavors to enlighten his fellow heathen were so successful that he was gradually led to assume the station of a negro preacher; and though he could not read a word of the Bible or hymn-book, his labors in this line were much prospered. He became immediately a very valuable slave to his master, and was intrusted by the latter with the oversight of his whole estate, which he managed with great judgment and prudence. His master appears to have been a very ordinary man in every respect, — to have been entirely incapable of estimating him in any other light than as exceedingly valuable property, and to have had no other feeling excited by his extraordinary faithfulness than the desire to make the most of him. When his affairs became embarrassed, he formed the design of removing all his negroes into Kentucky, and intrusted the operation entirely to his overseer. Henson was to take them alone, without any other attendant, from Maryland to Kentucky, a distance of some thousands of miles, giving only his promise as a Christian that he would faithfully perform this undertaking. On the way thither they passed through a portion of Ohio, and there Henson was informed that he could now secure his own freedom and that of all his fellows, and he was strongly urged to do it. He was exceedingly tempted and tried, but his Christian principle was invulnerable. No inducements could lead him to feel that it was right for a Christian to violate a pledge solemnly given, and his influence over the whole band was so great that he took them all with him into Kentucky. Those casuists among us who lately seem to think and teach that it is right for us to violate the plain commands of God whenever some great national good can be secured by it would do well to contemplate the inflexible principle of this poor slave, who, without being able to read a letter of the Bible, was yet enabled to perform this most sublime act of self-renunciation in obedience to its commands.

Subsequently to this, his master, in a relenting moment, was induced by a friend to sell him his freedom for four hundred dollars; but when the excitement of the importunity had passed off, he regretted that he had suffered so valuable a piece of property to leave his hands for so slight a remuneration. By an unworthy artifice, therefore, he got possession of his servant's free papers, and condemned him still to hopeless slavery.

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The vision attributed to Uncle Tom introduces quite a curious chapter of psychology with regard to the negro race, and indicates a peculiarity which goes far to show how very different they are from the white race. They are possessed of a nervous organization peculiarly susceptible and impressible. Their sensations and impressions are very vivid, and their fancy and imagination lively. In this respect the race has an oriental character, and betrays its tropical origin. Like the Hebrews of old and the oriental nations of the present, they give vent to their emotions with the utmost vivacity of expression, and their whole bodily system sympathizes with the movements of their minds. When in distress, they actually lift up their voices to weep, and "cry with an exceeding bitter cry." When alarmed, they are often paralyzed, and rendered entirely helpless. Their religious exercises are all colored by this sensitive and exceedingly vivacious temperament. Like oriental nations, they incline much to outward expressions, violent gesticulations, and agitating movements of the body. Sometimes, in their religious meetings, they will spring from the floor many times in succession, with a violence and rapidity which is perfectly astonishing. They will laugh, weep, embrace each other convulsively, and sometimes become entirely paralyzed and cataleptic. A clergyman from the North once remonstrated with a Southern clergyman for permitting such extravagances among his flock. The reply of the Southern

minister was, in effect, this : "Sir, I am satisfied that the races are so essentially different that they cannot be regulated by the same rules. I at first felt as you do ; and, though I saw that genuine conversions did take place, with all this outward manifestation, I was still so much annoyed by it as to forbid it among my negroes, till I was satisfied that the repression of it was a serious hindrance to real religious feeling ; and then I became certain that all men cannot be regulated in their religious exercises by one model. I am assured that conversions produced with these accessories are quite as apt to be genuine, and to be as influential over the heart and life, as those produced in any other way." The fact is that the Anglo-Saxon race — cool, logical, and practical — have yet to learn the doctrine of toleration for the peculiarities of other races ; and perhaps it was with a foresight of their peculiar character, and dominant position in the earth, that God gave the Bible to them in the fervent language and with the glowing imagery of the more susceptible and passionate oriental races.

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CHAPTER VII

MISS OPHELIA

Miss Ophelia stands as the representative of a numerous class of the very best of Northern people ; to whom, perhaps, if our Lord should again address his churches a letter, as He did those of old time, He would use the same words as then : "I know thy works, and thy labor, and thy patience, and how thou canst not bear them which are evil ; and thou hast tried them which are apostles and are not, and hast found them liars : and hast borne, and hast patience, and for my name's sake hast labored and hast not fainted. Nevertheless, I have somewhat against thee, because thou hast left thy first love."

There are in this class of people activity, zeal, unflinching conscientiousness, clear intellectual discriminations between truth and error, and great logical and doctrinal correctness; but there is a want of that spirit of love, without which, in the eye of Christ, the most perfect character is as deficient as a wax flower — wanting in life and perfume.

Yet this blessed principle is not dead in their hearts, but only sleepeth; and so great is the real and genuine goodness that when the true magnet of divine love is applied, they always answer to its touch.

So when the gentle Eva, who is an impersonation in childish form of the love of Christ, solves at once, by a blessed instinct, the problem which Ophelia has long been unable to solve by dint of utmost hammering and vehement effort, she at once, with a good and honest heart, perceives and acknowledges her mistake, and is willing to learn even of a little child.

Miss Ophelia, again, represents one great sin, of which, unconsciously, American Christians have allowed themselves to be guilty. Unconsciously it must be, for nowhere is conscience so predominant as among this class, and nowhere is there a more honest strife to bring every thought into captivity to the obedience of Christ.

One of the first and most declared objects of the gospel has been to break down all those irrational barriers and prejudices which separate the human brotherhood into diverse and contending clans. Paul says, "In Christ Jesus there is neither Jew nor Greek, barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free." The Jews at that time were separated from the Gentiles by an insuperable wall of prejudice. They could not eat and drink together nor pray together. But the apostles most earnestly labored to show them the sin of this prejudice. St. Paul says to the Ephesians, speaking of this former division, "He is our peace, who hath made both one, and hath broken down the middle wall of partition between us."

It is very easy to see that although slavery has been abolished in the New England States, it has left behind it the most baneful feature of the system, — that which makes American worse than Roman slavery, — the prejudice of caste and color. In the New England States the negro has been treated as belonging to an inferior race of beings; — forced to sit apart by himself in the place of worship; his children excluded from the schools; himself excluded from the railroad-car and the omnibus, and the peculiarities of his race made the subject of bitter contempt and ridicule.

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Not long since the writer called upon a benevolent lady, and during the course of the call the conversation turned upon the incidents of a fire which had occurred the night before in the neighborhood. A deserted house had been burned to the ground. The lady said it was supposed it had been set on fire. "What could be any one's motive for setting it on fire?" said the writer.

"Well," replied the lady, "it was supposed that a colored family was about to move into it, and it was thought that the neighborhood would n't consent to that. So it was supposed that was the reason."

This was said with an air of innocence and much unconcern.

The writer inquired, "Was it a family of bad character?"

"No, not particularly, that I know of," said the lady; "but then they are negroes, you know."

Now, this lady is a very pious lady. She probably would deny herself to send the gospel to the heathen, and if she had ever thought of considering this family a heathen family, would have felt the deepest interest in their welfare; because on the subject of duty to the heathen she had been frequently instructed from the pulpit, and had all her religious and conscientious sensibilities

awake. Probably she had never listened from the pulpit to a sermon which should exhibit the great truth, that "in Christ Jesus there is neither Jew nor Greek, barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free."

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It is, however, but just to our Northern Christians to say that this sin has been committed ignorantly and in unbelief, and that within a few years signs of a much better spirit have begun to manifest themselves. In some places, recently, the doors of school-houses have been thrown open to the children, and many a good Miss Ophelia has opened her eyes in astonishment to find that, while she has been devouring the "Missionary Herald," and going without butter on her bread and sugar in her tea to send the gospel to the Sandwich Islands, there is a very thriving colony of heathen in her own neighborhood at home; and, true to her own good and honest heart, she has resolved, *not* to give up her prayers and efforts for the heathen abroad, but to add thereunto labors for the heathen at home.

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CHAPTER VIII

MARIE ST. CLARE

Marie St. Clare is the type of a class of women not peculiar to any latitude, nor any condition of society. She may be found in England or in America. In the northern free States we have many Marie St. Clares, more or less fully developed.

When found in a northern latitude, she is forever in trouble about her domestic relations. Her servants never do anything right. Strange to tell, they are not perfect, and she thinks it a very great shame. She is fully convinced that she ought to have every moral and Christian

virtue in her kitchen for a little less than the ordinary wages; and when her cook leaves her, because she finds she can get better wages and less work in a neighboring family, she thinks it shockingly selfish, unprincipled conduct. She is of opinion that servants ought to be perfectly disinterested; that they ought to be willing to take up with the worst rooms in the house, with very moderate wages, and very indifferent food, when they can get much better elsewhere, purely for the sake of pleasing her. She likes to get hold of foreign servants, who have not yet learned our ways, who are used to working for low wages, and who will be satisfied with almost anything; but she is often heard to lament that they soon get spoiled, and want as many privileges as anybody else, — which is perfectly shocking. Marie often wishes that she could be a slave-holder, or could live somewhere where the lower class are kept down, and made to know their place. She is always hunting for cheap seamstresses, and will tell you, in an undertone, that she has discovered a woman who will make linen shirts beautifully, stitch the collars and wristbands twice, all for thirty-seven cents, when many seamstresses get a dollar for it; says she does it because she 's poor, and has no friends; thinks you had better be careful in your conversation, and not let her know what prices are, or else she will get spoiled, and go to raising her price, — these sewing-women are so selfish. When Marie St. Clare has the misfortune to live in a free State, there is no end to her troubles. Her cook is always going off for better wages and more comfortable quarters; her chambermaid, strangely enough, won't agree to be chambermaid and seamstress both for half wages, and so she deserts. Marie's kitchen-cabinet, therefore, is always in a state of revolution; and she often declares, with affecting earnestness, that servants are the torment of her life. If her husband endeavor to remonstrate, or suggest another mode of treatment, he is a hard-hearted, unfeeling man;

"he does n't love her, and she always knew he did n't;" and so he is disposed of..

But when Marie comes under a system of laws which gives her absolute control over her dependants, — which enables her to separate them, at her pleasure, from their dearest family connections, or to inflict upon them the most disgraceful and violent punishments, without even the restraint which seeing the execution might possibly produce, — then it is that the character arrives at full maturity. Human nature is no worse at the South than at the North; but law at the South distinctly provides for and protects the worst abuses to which that nature is liable.

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With regard to those degrading punishments to which females are subjected, by being sent to professional whippers, or by having such functionaries sent for to the house, — as John Caphart testifies that he has often been, in Baltimore, — what can be said of their influence both on the superior and on the inferior class? It is very painful indeed to contemplate this subject. The mind instinctively shrinks from it; but still it is a very serious question whether it be not our duty to encounter this pain, that our sympathies may be quickened into more active exercise. For this reason, we give here the testimony of a gentleman whose accuracy will not be doubted, and who subjected himself to the pain of being an eye-witness to a scene of this kind in the calaboose in New Orleans. As this reader will perceive from the account, it was a scene of such every-day occurrence as not to excite any particular remark, or any expression of sympathy from those of the same condition and color with the sufferer.

When our missionaries first went to India, it was esteemed a duty among Christian nations to make themselves acquainted with the cruelties and atrocities of idolatrous worship, as a means of quickening our zeal to send them the gospel.

If it be said that we in the free States have no such interest in slavery, as we do not support it, and have no power to prevent it, it is replied that slavery does exist in the District of Columbia, which belongs to the whole United States; and that the free States are, before God, guilty of the crime of continuing it there, unless they will honestly do what in them lies for its extermination.

The subjoined account was written by the benevolent Dr. Howe, whose labors in behalf of the blind have rendered his name dear to humanity, and was sent in a letter to the Hon. Charles Sumner. If any one think it too painful to be perused, let him ask himself if God will hold those guiltless who suffer a system to continue, the details of which they cannot even read. That this describes a common scene in the calaboose, we shall by and by produce other witnesses to show.

"I have passed ten days in New Orleans, not unprofitably, I trust, in examining the public institutions, — the schools, asylums, hospitals, prisons, etc. With the exception of the first, there is little hope of amelioration. I know not how much merit there may be in their system; but I do know that, in the administration of the penal code, there are abominations which should bring down the fate of Sodom upon the city. If Howard or Mrs. Fry ever discovered so ill-administered a den of thieves as the New Orleans prison, they never described it. In the negroes' apartment I saw much which made me blush that I was a white man, and which, for a moment, stirred up an evil spirit in my animal nature. Entering a large paved court-yard, around which ran galleries filled with slaves of all ages, sexes, and colors, I heard the snap of a whip, every stroke of which sounded like the sharp crack of a pistol. I turned my head, and beheld a sight which absolutely chilled me to the marrow of my bones, and gave me, for the first time in my life, the sensation of my hair stiffening at the roots. There lay a black girl flat upon her face, on a board, her two thumbs tied and fastened to one end, her feet tied and drawn tightly to the other end, while a strap passed over the small of her back and, fastened around the board, compressed her closely to it. Below

the strap she was entirely naked. By her side, and six feet off, stood a huge negro, with a long whip, which he applied with dreadful power and wonderful precision. Every stroke brought away a strip of skin, which clung to the lash, or fell quivering on the pavement, while the blood followed after it. The poor creature writhed and shrieked, and, in a voice which showed alike her fear of death and her dreadful agony, screamed to her master, who stood at her head, 'Oh, spare my life! don't cut my soul out!' But still fell the horrid lash; still strip after strip peeled off from the skin; gash after gash was cut in her living flesh, until it became a livid and bloody mass of raw and quivering muscle. It was with the greatest difficulty I refrained from springing upon the torturer, and arresting his lash; but, alas! what could I do, but turn aside to hide my tears for the sufferer, and my blushes for humanity? This was in a public and regularly organized prison; the punishment was one recognized and authorized by the law. But think you the poor wretch had committed a heinous offence, and had been convicted thereof, and sentenced to the lash? Not at all. She was brought by her master to be whipped by the common executioner, without trial, judge or jury, just at his beck or nod, for some real or supposed offense, or to gratify his own whim or malice. And he may bring her day after day, without cause assigned, and inflict any number of lashes he pleases, short of twenty-five, provided only he pays the fee. Or, if he choose, he may have a private whipping-board on his own premises, and brutalize himself there. A shocking part of this horrid punishment was its publicity, as I have said; it was in a court-yard surrounded by galleries, which were filled with colored persons of all sexes, — runaway slaves, committed for some crime, or slaves up for sale. You would naturally suppose they crowded forward, and gazed, horror-stricken, at the brutal spectacle below; but they did not; many of them hardly noticed it, and many were entirely indifferent to it. They went on in their childish pursuits, and some were laughing outright in the distant parts of the galleries; so low can man, created in God's image, be sunk in brutality."

CHAPTER IX

ST. CLARE

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The twin brothers, Alfred and Augustine St. Clare, represent two classes of men which are to be found in all countries. They are the radically aristocratic and democratic men. The aristocrat by position is not always the aristocrat by nature, and *vice versa;* but the aristocrat by nature, whether he be in a higher or lower position in society, is he who, though he may be just, generous, and humane, to those whom he considers his equals, is entirely insensible to the wants and sufferings and common humanity of those whom he considers the lower orders. The sufferings of a countess would make him weep; the sufferings of a seamstress are quite another matter.

On the other hand, the democrat is often found in the highest position of life. To this man, superiority to his brother is a thing which he can never boldly and nakedly assert without a secret pain. In the lowest and humblest walk of life, he acknowledges the sacredness of a common humanity; and however degraded by the opinions and institutions of society any particular class may be, there is an instinctive feeling in his soul which teaches him that they are *men* of like passions with himself. Such men have a penetration which at once sees through all the false shows of outward custom which make one man so dissimilar to another, to those great generic capabilities, sorrows, wants, and weaknesses, wherein all men and women are alike; and there is no such thing as making them realize that one order of human beings have any prescriptive right over another order, or that the tears and sufferings of one are not just as good as those of another order.

That such men are to be found at the South in the

relation of slave-masters, that when so found they cannot and will not be deluded by any of the shams and sophistry wherewith slavery has been defended, that they look upon it as a relic of a barbarous age, and utterly scorn and contemn all its apologists, we can abundantly show. Many of the most illustrious Southern men of the Revolution were of this class, and many men of distinguished position of later day have entertained the same sentiments.

Witness the following letter of Patrick Henry, the sentiments of which are so much an echo of those of St. Clare that the reader might suppose one to be a copy of the other:

LETTER OF PATRICK HENRY.

HANOVER, January 18th, 1773.

DEAR SIR, — I take this opportunity to acknowledge the receipt of Anthony Benezet's book against the slave-trade; I thank you for it. Is it not a little surprising that the professors of Christianity, whose chief excellence consists in softening the human heart, in cherishing and improving its finer feelings, should encourage a practice so totally repugnant to the first impressions of right and wrong? What adds to the wonder is, that this abominable practice has been introduced in the most enlightened ages. Times that seem to have pretensions to boast of high improvements in the arts and sciences, and refined morality, have brought into general use, and guarded by many laws, a species of violence and tyranny which our more rude and barbarous, but more honest, ancestors detested. Is it not amazing that at a time when the rights of humanity are defined and understood with precision, in a country above all others fond of liberty, — that in such an age and in such a country we find men professing a religion the most mild, humane, gentle, and generous, adopting such a principle, as repugnant to humanity as it is inconsistent with the Bible, and destructive to liberty? Every thinking, honest man rejects it in speculation. How free in practice from conscientious motives!

Would any one believe that I am master of slaves of my own purchase? I am drawn along by the general inconvenience of living here without them. I will not, I cannot, justify it. How-

ever culpable my conduct, I will so far pay my devoir to virtue as to own the excellence and rectitude of her precepts, and lament my want of conformity to them.

I believe a time will come when an opportunity will be offered to abolish this lamentable evil. Everything we can do is to improve it, if it happens in our day; if not, let us transmit to our descendants, together with our slaves, a pity for their unhappy lot, and an abhorrence for slavery. If we cannot reduce this wished-for reformation to practice, let us treat the unhappy victims with lenity. It is the furthest advance we can make towards justice. It is a debt we owe to the purity of our religion, to show that it is at variance with that law which warrants slavery.

I know not when to stop. I could say many things on the subject, a serious view of which gives *a gloomy prospect to future times!*

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The celebrated John Randolph, of Roanoke, said in Congress, on one occasion: —

"Sir, I envy neither the heart nor the head of that man from the North who rises here to defend slavery on principle."

The following lines from the will of this eccentric man show that this clear sense of justice, which is a gift of superior natures, at last produced the same appropriate fruits in practice: —

"*I give to my slaves their freedom, to which my conscience tells me they are justly entitled.* It has a long time been a matter of the deepest regret to me, that the circumstances under which I inherited them, and the obstacles thrown in the way by the laws of the land, have prevented my emancipating them in my lifetime, which it is my full intention to do in case I can accomplish it."

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The character of St. Clare was drawn by the writer with enthusiasm and with hope. Will this hope never be realized? Will those men at the South, to whom God has given the power to perceive and the heart to feel the unutterable wrong and injustice of slavery, always remain

silent and inactive? What nobler ambition to a Southern man than to deliver his country from this disgrace? From the South must the deliverer arise. How long shall he delay? There is a crown brighter than any earthly ambition has ever worn, — there is a laurel which will not fade: it is prepared and waiting for that hero who shall rise up for liberty at the South, and free that noble and beautiful country from the burden and disgrace of slavery.

CHAPTER X

LEGREE

As St. Clare and the Shelbys are the representatives of one class of masters, so Legree is the representative of another; and, as all good masters are not as enlightened, as generous, and as considerate as St. Clare and Mr. Shelby, or as careful and successful in religious training as Mrs. Shelby, so all bad masters do not unite the personal ugliness, the coarseness and profaneness, of Legree.

Legree is introduced not for the sake of vilifying masters as a class, but for the sake of bringing to the minds of honorable Southern men, who are masters, a very important feature in the system of slavery, upon which, perhaps, they have never reflected. It is this: that *no Southern law requires any test of* CHARACTER *from the man to whom the absolute power of master is granted.*

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Are there such men as Legree? Let any one go into the low districts and dens of New York, let them go into some of the lanes and alleys of London, and will they not there see many Legrees? Nay, take the purest district of New England, and let people cast about in their memory and see if there have not been men there, hard, coarse, unfeeling, brutal, who, if they had possessed the absolute power of

Legree, would have used it in the same way; and that there should be Legrees in the Southern States is only saying that human nature is the same there that it is everywhere. The only difference is this, — that in free States Legree is chained and restrained by law; in the slave States, the law makes him an absolute, irresponsible despot.

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With regard to that atrocious system of working up the human being in a given time, on which Legree is represented as conducting his plantation, there is unfortunately too much reason to know that it has been practiced and is still practiced.

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A friend of the writer — the Rev. Mr. Barrows, now officiating as teacher of Hebrew in Andover Theological Seminary — stated the following, in conversation with her: that, while at New Orleans, some time since, he was invited by a planter to visit his estate, as he considered it to be a model one. He found good dwellings for the slaves, abundant provision distributed to them, all cruel punishments superseded by rational and reasonable ones, and half a day every week allowed to the negroes to cultivate their own grounds. Provision was also made for their moral and religious instruction. Mr. Barrows then asked the planter, "Do you consider your estate a fair specimen?" The gentleman replied, "There are two systems pursued among us. One is, to make all we can out of a negro in a few years, and then supply his place with another; and the other is, to treat him as I do. My neighbor on the next plantation pursues the opposite system. His boys are hard worked and scantily fed; and I have had them come to me, and get down on their knees to beg me to buy them."

Mr. Barrows says he subsequently passed by this plantation, and that the woe-struck, dejected aspect of its laborers fully confirmed the account. He also says that the

gentleman who managed so benevolently told him, "I do not make much money out of my slaves."

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The peculiar mode of labor on the sugar plantation is such that the master, at a certain season of the year, must overwork his slaves, unless he is willing to incur great pecuniary loss. In that very gracefully written apology for slavery, Professor Ingraham's "Travels in the Southwest," the following description of sugar-making is given. We quote from him in preference to any one else, because he speaks as an apologist, and describes the thing with the grace of a Mr. Skimpole.

"When the grinding has once commenced, there is no cessation of labor till it is completed. From beginning to end a busy and cheerful scene continues. The negroes,

> 'Whose sore task
> Does not divide the Sunday from the week,'

work from eighteen to twenty hours,

> 'And make the night joint laborer with the day;'

though, to lighten the burden as much as possible, the gang is divided into two watches, one taking the first and the other the last part of the night; and, notwithstanding this continued labor, the negroes improve in appearance, and appear fat and flourishing. They drink freely of cane-juice, and the sickly among them revive, and become robust and healthy.

"After the grinding is finished, the negroes have several holidays, when they are quite at liberty to dance and frolic as much as they please; and the cane-song — which is improvised by one of the gang, the rest all joining in a prolonged and unintelligible chorus — now breaks, night and day, upon the ear, in notes 'most musical, most melancholy.'"

The above is inserted as a specimen of the facility with which the most horrible facts may be told in the genteelest phrase. In a work entitled "Travels in Louisiana in 1802" is the following extract (see Weld's "Slavery as It Is," p. 134), from which it appears that this *cheerful* process of laboring night and day lasts *three months!*

Now, let any one learn the private history of seven hundred blacks, — men and women, — compelled to work day and night, under the lash of a driver, for a period of three months.

Possibly, if the gentleman who wrote this account were employed, with his wife and family, in this "cheerful scene" of labor, — if he saw the woman that he loved, the daughter who was dear to him as his own soul, forced on in the general gang, in this toil which

> "Does not divide the Sunday from the week,
> And makes the night joint laborer with the day,"

— possibly, if he saw all this, he might have another opinion of its cheerfulness; and it might be an eminently salutary thing if every apologist for slavery were to enjoy some such privilege for a season, particularly as Mr. Ingraham is careful to tell us that its effect upon the general health is so excellent that the negroes improve in appearance, and appear fat and flourishing, and that the sickly among them revive, and become robust and healthy. One would think it a surprising fact, if working slaves night and day, and giving them cane-juice to drink, really produces such salutary results, that the practice should not be continued the whole year round; though, perhaps, in this case, the negroes would become so fat as to be unable to labor. Possibly, it is because this healthful process is not longer continued that the agricultural societies of Louisiana are obliged to set down an annual loss of slaves on sugar plantations to the amount of two and a half per cent. This ought to be looked into by philanthropists. Perhaps working them all night for six months, instead of three, might remedy the evil.

But this periodical pressure is not confined to the making of sugar. There is also a press in the cotton season, as any one can observe by reading the Southern newspapers. At

a certain season of the year, the whole interest of the community is engaged in gathering in the cotton crop.

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As a specimen, of recent date, of this kind of affair, we subjoin the following from the "Fairfield Herald," Winsboro', S. C., November 4, 1852.

COTTON-PICKING.

We find in many of our Southern and Western exchanges notices of the amount of cotton picked by hands, and the quantity by each hand; and, as we have received a similar account, which we have not seen excelled, so far as regards the quantity picked by one hand, we with pleasure furnish the statement, with the remark that it is from a citizen of this district, overseeing for Maj. H. W. Parr.

"BROAD RIVER, Oct. 12, 1852.

"MESSRS. EDITORS, — By way of contributing something to your variety (provided it meets your approbation), I send you the return of a day's picking of cotton, not by picked hands, but the fag-end of a set of hands on one plantation, the able-bodied hands having been drawn out for other purposes. Now for the result of a day's picking, from sun-up until sun-down, by twenty-two hands, — women, boys, and two men, — four thousand eight hundred and eighty pounds of clean picked cotton, from the stalk.

"The highest, three hundred and fifty pounds, by several; the lowest, one hundred and fifteen pounds. One of the number has picked in the last seven and a half days (Sunday excepted), eleven hours each day, nineteen hundred pounds clean cotton. When any of my agricultural friends beat this, in the same time, and during sunshine, I will try again.

JAMES STEWARD."

It seems that this agriculturist professes to have accomplished all these extraordinary results with what he very elegantly terms the "fag-end" of a set of hands; and, the more to exalt his glory in the matter, he distinctly informs the public that there were no "able-bodied" hands employed; that this whole triumphant result was worked out

of women and children, and two disabled men; in other words, he boasts that out of women and children, and the feeble and sickly, *he* has extracted four thousand eight hundred and eighty pounds of clean picked cotton in a day; and that one of these same hands has been made to pick nineteen hundred pounds of clean cotton in a week! and adds, complacently, that, when any of his agricultural friends beat this, in the same time, and during sunshine, he "will try again."

Will any of our readers now consider the forcing up of the hands on Legree's plantation an exaggeration? Yet see how complacently this account is quoted by the editor, as a most praiseworthy and laudable thing!

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CHAPTER XI

SELECT INCIDENTS OF LAWFUL TRADE

In this chapter of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" were recorded some of the most highly wrought and touching incidents of the slave-trade. It will be well to authenticate a few of them.

One of the first sketches presented to view is an account of the separation of a very old, decrepit negro woman from her young son, by a sheriff's sale. The writer is sorry to say that not the slightest credit for invention is due to her in this incident. She found it, almost exactly as it stands, in the published journal of a young Southerner, related as a scene to which he was eye-witness. The only circumstance which she has omitted in the narrative was one of additional inhumanity and painfulness which he had delineated. He represents the boy as being bought by a planter, who fettered his hands, and tied a rope round his neck which he attached to the neck of his horse, thus com-

pelling the child to trot by his side. This incident alone was suppressed by the author.

Another scene of fraud and cruelty, in the same chapter, is described as perpetrated by a Kentucky slave-master, who sells a woman to a trader, and induces her to go with him by the deceitful assertion that she is to be taken down the river a short distance, to work at the same hotel with her husband. This was an instance which occurred under the writer's own observation, some years since, when she was going down the Ohio River. The woman was very respectable both in appearance and dress. The writer recalls her image now with distinctness, attired with great neatness in a white wrapper, her clothing and hair all arranged with evident care, and having with her a prettily dressed boy about seven years of age. She had also a hair trunk of clothing, which showed that she had been carefully and respectably brought up. It will be seen, in perusing the account, that the incident is somewhat altered to suit the purpose of the story, the woman being there represented as carrying with her a young infant.

The custom of unceremoniously separating the infant from its mother, when the latter is about to be taken from a Northern to a Southern market, is a matter of every-day notoriety in the trade. It is not done occasionally and sometimes, but always, whenever there is occasion for it; and the mother's agonies are no more regarded than those of a cow when her calf is separated from her.

The reason of this is, that the care and raising of children is no part of the intention or provision of a Southern plantation. They are a trouble; they detract from the value of the mother as a field-hand, and it is more expensive to raise them than to buy them ready raised; they are therefore left behind in the making up of a coffle. Not longer ago than last summer, the writer was conversing with Thomas Strother, a slave minister of the gospel in St. Louis,

for whose emancipation she was making some effort. He incidentally mentioned to her a scene which he had witnessed but a short time before, in which a young woman of his acquaintance came to him almost in a state of distraction, telling him that she had been sold to go South with a trader, and leave behind her a nursing infant.

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The incident in this same chapter which describes the scene where the wife of the unfortunate article, catalogued as "John aged 30," rushed on board the boat and threw her arms around him, with moans and lamentations, was a real incident. The gentleman who related it was so stirred in his spirit at the sight, that he addressed the trader in the exact words which the writer represents the young minister as having used in her narrative.

"My friend, how can you, how dare you, carry on a trade like this? Look at those poor creatures! Here I am, rejoicing in my heart that I am going home to my wife and child; and the same bell which is the signal to carry me onward towards them will part this poor man and his wife forever. Depend upon it, God will bring you into judgment for this."

If that gentleman has read the work, — as perhaps he has before now, — he has probably recognized his own words. One affecting incident in the narrative, as it really occurred, ought to be mentioned. The wife was passionately bemoaning her husband's fate, as about to be forever separated from all that he held dear, to be sold to the hard usage of a Southern plantation. The husband, in reply, used that very simple but sublime expression which the writer has placed in the mouth of Uncle Tom, in similar circumstances: "*There'll be the same God there that there is here.*"

One other incident mentioned in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" may, perhaps, be as well verified in this place as in any other.

The case of old Prue was related by a brother and sister of the writer, as follows: She was the woman who supplied rusks and other articles of the kind at the house where they boarded. Her manners, appearance, and character were just as described. One day another servant came in her place, bringing the rusks. The sister of the writer inquired what had become of Prue. She seemed reluctant to answer for some time, but at last said that they had taken her into the cellar and beaten her, and that the flies had got at her, and she was dead!

It is well known that there are no *cellars*, properly so called, in New Orleans, the nature of the ground being such as to forbid digging. The slave who used the word had probably been imported from some State where cellars were in use, and applied the term to the place which was used for the ordinary purposes of a cellar. A cook who lived in the writer's family, having lived most of her life on a plantation, always applied the descriptive terms of the plantation to the very limited enclosures and retinue of a very plain house and yard.

This same lady, while living in the same place, used frequently to have her compassion excited by hearing the wailings of a sickly baby in a house adjoining their own, as also the objurgations and tyrannical abuse of a ferocious virago upon its mother. She once got an opportunity to speak to its mother, who appeared heart-broken and dejected, and inquired what was the matter with her child. Her answer was that she had had a fever, and that her milk was all dried away; and that her mistress was set against her child, and would not buy milk for it. She had tried to feed it on her own coarse food, but it pined and cried continually; and in witness of this she brought the baby to her. It was emaciated to a skeleton. The lady took the little thing to a friend of hers in the house who had been recently confined, and who was suffering from a redundancy

of milk, and begged her to nurse it. The miserable sight of the little, famished, wasted thing affected the mother so as to overcome all other considerations, and she placed it to her breast, when it revived, and took food with an eagerness which showed how much it had suffered. But the child was so reduced that this proved only a transient alleviation. It was after this almost impossible to get sight of the woman, and the violent temper of her mistress was such as to make it difficult to interfere in the case. The lady secretly afforded what aid she could, though, as she confessed, with a sort of misgiving that it was a cruelty to try to hold back the poor little sufferer from the refuge of the grave; and it was a relief to her when at last its wailings ceased, and it went where the weary are at rest. This is one of those cases which go to show that the *interest* of the owner will not always insure kind treatment of the slave.

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CHAPTER XII

TOPSY

Topsy stands as the representative of a large class of the children who are growing up under the institution of slavery, — quick, active, subtle, and ingenious, apparently utterly devoid of principle and conscience, keenly penetrating, by an instinct which exists in the childish mind, the degradation of their condition, and the utter hopelessness of rising above it; feeling the black skin on them, like the mark of Cain, to be a sign of reprobation and infamy, and urged on by a kind of secret desperation to make their "calling and election" in sin "sure."

Christian people have often been perfectly astonished and discouraged, as Miss Ophelia was, in the attempt to bring up such children decently and Christianly, under a state of

things which takes away every stimulant which God meant should operate healthfully on the human mind.

We are not now speaking of the Southern States merely, but of the New England States; for, startling as it may appear, *slavery is not yet wholly abolished in the free States of the North.* The most unchristian part of it, that which gives to it all the bitterness and all the sting, is yet, in a great measure, unrepealed; it is the practical denial to the negro of the rights of human brotherhood. In consequence of this, Topsy is a character which may be found at the North as well as at the South.

In conducting the education of negro, mulatto, and quadroon children, the writer has often observed this fact: that, for a certain time, and up to a certain age, they kept equal pace with, and were often superior to, the white children with whom they were associated; but that there came a time when they became indifferent to learning, and made no further progress. This was invariably at the age when they were old enough to reflect upon life, and to perceive that society had no place to offer them for which anything more would be requisite than the rudest and most elementary knowledge.

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It is often objected to the negro race that they are frivolous and vain, passionately fond of show, and are interested only in trifles. And who is to blame for all this? Take away all high aims, all noble ambition, from any class, and what is left for them to be interested in *but* trifles?

The present attorney-general of Liberia, Mr. Lewis, is a man who commands the highest respect, for talent and ability in his position; yet, while he was in America, it is said that, like many other young colored men, he was distinguished only for foppery and frivolity. What made the change in Lewis after he went to Liberia? Who does not see the answer? Does any one wish to know what is in-

scribed on the seal which keeps the great stone over the sepulchre of African mind? It is this, — which was so truly said by poor Topsy, — "NOTHING BUT A NIGGER!"

It is this, burnt into the soul by the branding-iron of cruel and unchristian scorn, that is a sorer and deeper wound than all the physical evils of slavery together.

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An acquaintance of the writer was married to a gentleman in Louisana, who was the proprietor of some eight hundred slaves. He, of course, had a large train of servants in his domestic establishment. When about to enter upon her duties, she was warned that the servants were all so thievish that she would be under the necessity, in common with all other housekeepers, of keeping everything under lock and key. She, however, announced her intention of training her servants in such a manner as to make this unnecessary. Her ideas were ridiculed as chimerical, but she resolved to carry them into practice. The course she pursued was as follows: She called all the family servants together; told them that it would be a great burden and restraint upon her to be obliged to keep everything locked from them; that she had heard that they were not at all to be trusted, but that she could not help hoping that they were much better than they had been represented. She told them that she should provide abundantly for all their wants, and then that she should leave her stores unlocked, and trust to their honor.

The idea that they were supposed capable of having any honor struck a new chord at once in every heart. The servants appeared most grateful for the trust, and there was much public spirit excited, the older and graver ones exerting themselves to watch over the children, that nothing might be done to destroy this new-found treasure of honor.

At last, however, the lady discovered that some depredations had been made on her cake by some of the juvenile

part of the establishment; she therefore convened all the servants, and stated the fact to them. She remarked that it was not on account of the value of the cake that she felt annoyed, but that they must be sensible that it would not be pleasant for her to have it indiscriminately fingered and handled, and that, therefore, she should set some cake out upon a table, or some convenient place, and beg that all those who were disposed to take it would go there and help themselves, and allow the rest to remain undisturbed in the closet. She states that the cake stood upon the table and dried, without a morsel of it being touched, and that she never afterwards had any trouble in this respect.

A little time after, a new carriage was bought, and one night the leather boot of it was found to be missing. Before her husband had time to take any steps on the subject, the servants of the family called a convention among themselves, and instituted an inquiry into the offense. The boot was found and promptly restored, though they would not reveal to their master and mistress the name of the offender.

One other anecdote which this lady related illustrates that peculiar devotion of a slave to a good master, to which allusion has been made. Her husband met with his death by a sudden and melancholy accident. He had a personal attendant and confidential servant who had grown up with him from childhood. This servant was so overwhelmed with grief as to be almost stupefied. On the day of the funeral a brother of his deceased master inquired of him if he had performed a certain commission for his mistress. The servant said that he had forgotten it. Not perceiving his feelings at the moment, the gentleman replied, "I am surprised that you should neglect any command of your mistress, when she is in such affliction."

This remark was the last drop in the full cup. The poor fellow fell to the ground entirely insensible, and the family were obliged to spend nearly two hours employing

various means to restore his vitality. The physician accounted for his situation by saying that there had been such a rush of all the blood in the body towards the heart, that there was actual danger of a rupture of that organ, — a literal death by a broken heart.

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CHAPTER XIII

THE QUAKERS

The writer's sketch of the character of this people has been drawn from personal observation. There are several settlements of these people in Ohio, and the manner of living, the tone of sentiment, and the habits of life, as represented in her book, are not at all exaggerated.

These settlements have always been refuges for the oppressed and outlawed slave. The character of Rachel Halliday was a real one, but she has passed away to her reward. Simeon Halliday, calmly risking fine and imprisonment for his love to God and man, has had in this country many counterparts among the sect.

The writer had in mind, at the time of writing, the scenes in the trial of Thomas Garrett, of Wilmington, Delaware, for the crime of hiring a hack to convey a mother and four children from Newcastle jail to Wilmington, a distance of *five miles.*

The writer has received the facts in this case in a letter from Thomas Garrett himself, from which some extracts will be made : —

WILMINGTON, DELAWARE,
1st month 18th, 1853.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, — I have this day received a request from Charles K. Whipple, of Boston, to furnish thee with a statement, authentic and circumstantial, of the trouble and losses which have been brought upon myself and others of

my friends from the aid we had rendered to fugitive slaves, in order, if thought of sufficient importance, to be published in a work thee is now preparing for the press.

I will now endeavor to give thee a statement of what John Hunn and myself suffered by aiding a family of slaves, a few years since. I will give the facts as they occurred, and thee may condense and publish so much as thee may think useful in thy work, and no more: —

In the 12th month, year 1846, a family, consisting of Samuel Hawkins, a freeman, his wife Emeline, and six children, who were afterwards *proved slaves*, stopped at the house of a friend named John Hunn, near Middletown, in this State, in the evening about sunset, to procure food and lodging for the night. They were seen by some of Hunn's pro-slavery neighbors, who soon came with a constable, and had them taken before a magistrate. Hunn had left the slaves in his kitchen when he went to the village of Middletown, half a mile distant. When the officer came with a warrant for them, he met Hunn at the kitchen door, and asked for the blacks; Hunn, with truth, said he did not know where they were. Hunn's wife, thinking they would be safer, had sent them upstairs during his absence, where they were found. Hunn made no resistance, and they were taken before the magistrate, and from his office direct to Newcastle jail, where they arrived about one o'clock on 7th day morning.

The sheriff and his daughter, being kind, humane people, inquired of Hawkins and wife the facts of their case; and his daughter wrote to a lady here, to request me to go to Newcastle and inquire into the case, as her father and self really believed they were most of them, if not all, entitled to their *freedom*. Next morning I went to Newcastle: had the family of colored people brought into the parlor, and the sheriff and myself came to the conclusion that the parents and four youngest children were by law entitled to their freedom. I prevailed on the sheriff to show me the commitment of the magistrate, which I found was defective, and not in due form according to law. I procured a copy and handed it to a lawyer. He pronounced the commitment irregular, and agreed to go next morning to Newcastle, and have the whole family taken before Judge Booth, Chief Justice of the State, by *habeas corpus*, when the following admission was made by Samuel Hawkins and wife: They admitted that the two eldest boys were held by one Charles Glaudin, of

Queen Anne County, Maryland, as slaves; that after the birth of these two children, Elizabeth Turner, also of Queen Anne, the mistress of their mother, had set her free, and permitted her to go and live with her husband, near twenty miles from her residence, after which the four youngest children were born; that her mistress during all that time, eleven or twelve years, had never contributed one dollar to their support, or come to see them. After examining the commitment in their case, and consulting with my attorney, the judge set the whole family at liberty. The day was wet and cold; one of the children, three years old, was a cripple from white swelling, and could not walk a step; another, eleven months old, at the breast; and the parents being desirous of getting to Wilmington, five miles distant, I asked the judge if there would be any risk or impropriety in my hiring a conveyance for the mother and four young children to Wilmington. His reply, in the presence of the sheriff and my attorney, was there would not be any. I then requested the sheriff to procure a hack to take them over to Wilmington.

The whole family escaped. John Hunn and Thomas Garrett were brought up to trial for having practically fulfilled those words of Christ which read, "I was a stranger and ye took me in, I was sick and in prison and ye came unto me." For John Hunn's part of this crime, he was fined two thousand five hundred dollars, and Thomas Garrett was fined five thousand four hundred. Three thousand five hundred of this was the fine for hiring a hack for them, and one thousand nine hundred was assessed on him as the value of the slaves! Our European friends will infer from this that it costs something to obey Christ in America, as well as in Europe.

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CHAPTER XIV

THE SPIRIT OF ST. CLARE

[Occupied with favorable notices of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" from Southern men and journals.]

PART II

CHAPTER I

THE New York "Courier and Enquirer" of November 5th contained an article which has been quite valuable to the author, as summing up, in a clear, concise, and intelligible form, the principal objections which may be urged to "Uncle Tom's Cabin." It is here quoted in full, as the foundation of the remarks in the following pages.

The author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," that writer states, has committed false witness against thousands and millions of her fellow-men.

"She has done it [he says] by attaching to them as slaveholders, in the eyes of the world, the guilt of the abuses of an institution of which they are absolutely guiltless. Her story is so devised as to present slavery in three dark aspects: first, the *cruel treatment* of the slaves; second, *the separation of families;* and, third, their *want of religious instruction.*

"To show the first, she causes a reward to be offered for the recovery of a runaway slave, 'dead or alive,' when no reward with such an alternative was ever heard of, or dreamed of, south of Mason and Dixon's line, and it has been decided over and over again in Southern courts that 'a slave who is merely flying away cannot be killed.' She puts such language as this into the mouth of one of her speakers: 'The master who goes furthest and does the worst only uses within limits the power that the law gives him;' when, in fact, the civil code of the very State where it is represented the language was uttered — Louisiana — declares that

"'The slave is entirely subject to the will of his master, who may correct and chastise him, *though not with unusual rigor, nor so as to maim or mutilate him, or to expose him to the danger of loss of life, or to cause his death.*'

"And provides for a compulsory sale

"'When the master shall be convicted of cruel treatment of his slaves, and the judge shall deem proper to pronounce, besides the penalty established for such cases, that the slave be sold at public auction, *in order to place him out of the reach of the power which the master has abused.*'

"'If any person whatsoever shall willfully kill his slave, or the slave of another person, the said person, being convicted thereof, shall be tried and condemned agreeably to the laws.'

"In the General Court of Virginia, last year, in the case of Souther *v.* The Commonwealth, it was held that the killing of a slave by his master and owner, by willful and excessive whipping, is murder in the first degree, *though it may not have been the purpose of the master and owner to kill the slave!* And it is not six months since Governor Johnston, of Virginia, pardoned a slave who killed his master, who was beating him with brutal severity.

"And yet, in the face of such laws and decisions as these, Mrs. Stowe winds up a long series of cruelties upon her other black personages, by causing her faultless hero, Tom, to be literally whipped to death in Louisiana, by his master, Legree; and these acts, which the laws make criminal, and punish as such, she sets forth in the most repulsive colors, to illustrate the institution of slavery!

"So, too, in reference to the separation of children from their parents. A considerable part of the plot is made to hinge upon the selling, in Louisiana, of the child Eliza, 'eight or nine years old,' away from her mother; when, had its inventor looked in the statute-book of Louisiana, she would have found the following language:—

"'Every person is expressly prohibited from selling separately from their mothers *the children who shall not have attained the full age of ten years.*'

"'*Be it further enacted*, That if any person or persons shall sell the mother of any slave child or children *under the age of ten years, separate from said child or children, or shall, the mother living, sell any slave child or children of ten years of age, or under, separate from said mother*, said person or persons shall be fined not less than one thousand nor more than two thousand dollars, and be imprisoned in the public jail for a period of not less than six months nor more than one year.'

"The privation of religious instruction, as represented by Mrs. Stowe, is utterly unfounded in fact. The largest churches in

the Union consist entirely of slaves. The first African church in Louisville, which numbers fifteen hundred persons, and the first African church in Augusta, which numbers thirteen hundred, are specimens. On multitudes of the large plantations in the different parts of the South the ordinances of the gospel are as regularly maintained, by competent ministers, as in any other communities, North or South. A larger proportion of the slave population are in communion with some Christian church, than of the white population in any part of the country. A very considerable portion of every Southern congregation, either in city or country, is sure to consist of blacks; whereas, of our Northern churches, not a colored person is to be seen in one out of fifty.

"The peculiar falsity of this whole book consists in making exceptional or impossible cases the representatives of the system. By the same process which she has used, it would not be difficult to frame a fatal argument against the relation of husband and wife, or parent and child, or of guardian and ward; for thousands of wives and children and wards have been maltreated, and even murdered. It is wrong, unpardonably wrong, to impute to any relation of life those enormities which spring only out of the worst depravity of human nature. A ridiculously extravagant spirit of generalization pervades this fiction from beginning to end. The Uncle Tom of the authoress is a perfect angel, and her blacks generally are half angels; her Simon Legree is a perfect demon, and her whites generally are half demons. She has quite a peculiar spite against the clergy; and, of the many she introduces at different times into the scenes, all, save an insignificant exception, are Pharisees or hypocrites. One who could know nothing of the United States and its people, except by what he might gather from this book, would judge that it was some region just on the confines of the infernal world. We do not say that Mrs. Stowe was actuated by wrong motives in the preparation of this work, but we do say that she has done a wrong which no ignorance can excuse and no penance can expiate."

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When writing "Uncle Tom's Cabin," though entirely unaware and unexpectant of the importance which would be attached to its statements and opinions, the author of that work was anxious, from love of consistency, to have

some understanding of the laws of the slave system. She had on hand for reference, while writing, the Code Noir of Louisiana, and a sketch of the laws relating to slavery in the different States, by Judge Stroud, of Philadelphia. This work, professing to have been compiled with great care from the latest editions of the statute-books of the several States, the author supposed to be a sufficient guide for the writing of a work of fiction. As the accuracy of those statements which relate to the slave laws has been particularly contested, a more especial inquiry has been made in this direction. Under the guidance and with the assistance of legal gentlemen of high standing, the writer has proceeded to examine the statements of Judge Stroud with regard to statute law, and to follow them up with some inquiry into the decisions of courts. The result has been an increasing conviction on her part that the impressions first derived from Judge Stroud's work were correct; and the author now can only give the words of St. Clare, as the best possible expression of the sentiments and opinion which this course of reading has awakened in her mind.

"This cursed business, accursed of God and man, what is it? Strip it of all its ornament, run it down to the root and nucleus of the whole, and what is it? Why, because my brother Quashy is ignorant and weak, and I am intelligent and strong, — because I know how, and *can* do it, — therefore, I may steal all he has, keep it, and give him only such and so much as suits my fancy! Whatever is too hard, too dirty, too disagreeable, for me, I may set Quashy to doing. Because I don't like work, Quashy shall work. Because the sun burns me, Quashy shall stay in the sun. Quashy shall earn the money, and I will spend it. Quashy shall lie down in every puddle, that I may walk over dry-shod. Quashy shall do my will, and not his, all the days of his mortal life, and have such chance of getting to heaven, at last, as I find convenient. This I take to be about what slavery is. I defy anybody on earth to read our slave-code, as it stands in our law-books, and make anything else of it. Talk of the *abuses* of slavery! Humbug!

The *thing itself* is the essence of all abuse. And the only reason why the land don't sink under it, like Sodom and Gomorrah, is because it is *used* in a way infinitely better than it is. For pity's sake, for shame's sake, because we are men born of women, and not savage beasts, many of us do not, and dare not, — we would *scorn* to use the full power which our savage laws put into our hands. And he who goes the furthest, and does the worst, only uses within limits the power that the law gives him."

The author still holds to the opinion that slavery in itself, as legally defined in law-books and expressed in the records of courts, *is* the SUM AND ESSENCE OF ALL ABUSE; and she still clings to the hope that there are *many* men at the South *infinitely* better than their laws; and after the reader has read all the extracts which she has to make, for the sake of a common humanity they will hope the same. The author must state, with regard to some passages which she must quote, that the language of certain enactments was so incredible that she would not take it on the authority of any compilation whatever, but copied it with her own hand from the latest edition of the statute-book where it stood and still stands.

CHAPTER II

WHAT IS SLAVERY?

The author will now enter into a consideration of slavery as it stands revealed in slave law.

What is it, according to the definition of law-books and of legal interpreters? "A slave," says the law of Louisiana, "is one who is in the power of a master, to whom he belongs. The master may sell him, dispose of his person, his industry, and his labor; he can do nothing, possess nothing, nor acquire anything, but what must belong to

his master."[1] South Carolina says, "Slaves shall be deemed, sold, taken, reputed, and adjudged in law, to be chattels personal in the hands of their owners and possessors, and their executors, and administrators, and assigns, TO ALL INTENTS, CONSTRUCTIONS, AND PURPOSES WHATSOEVER."[2] The law of Georgia is similar.

Let the reader reflect on the extent of the meaning in this last clause. Judge Ruffin, pronouncing the opinion of the Supreme Court of North Carolina, says, a slave is "one doomed in his own person, and his posterity, to live without knowledge, and without the capacity to make anything his own, and to toil that another may reap the fruits."[3]

This is what slavery *is*, — this is what it is to be a slave! The slave-code, then, of the Southern States, is designed to keep millions of human beings in the condition of chattels personal; to keep them in a condition in which the master may sell them, dispose of their time, person, and labor; in which they can do nothing, possess nothing, and acquire nothing, except for the benefit of the master; in which they are doomed in themselves and in their posterity to live without knowledge, without the power to make anything their own, — to toil that another may reap. The laws of the slave-code are designed to work out this problem, consistently with the peace of the community, and the safety of that superior race which is constantly to perpetrate this outrage.

From this simple statement of what the laws of slavery are designed to do, — from a consideration that the class thus to be reduced, and oppressed, and made the subjects of a perpetual robbery, are *men* of like passions with our own, men originally made in the image of God as much as

[1] Civil Code, Art. 35.
[2] 2 Brev. Dig. 229. Prince's Digest, 446.
[3] Wheeler's Law of Slavery, 246. State *v.* Mann.

ourselves, men partakers of that same humanity of which Jesus Christ is the highest ideal and expression, — when we consider that the material thus to be acted upon is that fearfully explosive element, the soul of man; that soul elastic, upspringing, immortal, whose free will even the Omnipotence of God refuses to coerce, — we may form some idea of the tremendous force which is necessary to keep this mightiest of elements in the state of repression which is contemplated in the definition of slavery.

Of course, the system necessary to consummate and perpetuate such a work, from age to age, must be a fearfully stringent one; and our readers will find that it is so. Men who make the laws, and men who interpret them, may be fully sensible of their terrible severity and inhumanity; but, if they are going to preserve the THING, they have no resource but to make the laws, and to execute them faithfully after they are made. They may say, with the honorable Judge Ruffin, of North Carolina, when solemnly from the bench announcing this great foundation principle of slavery, that "THE POWER OF THE MASTER MUST BE ABSOLUTE, TO RENDER THE SUBMISSION OF THE SLAVE PERFECT," — they may say, with him, "I most freely confess my sense of the harshness of this proposition; I feel it as deeply as any man can; and, as a principle of moral right, every person in his retirement must repudiate it;" — but they will also be obliged to add, with him, "But, in the *actual condition* of things, it MUST BE SO. . . . This discipline belongs to the state of slavery. . . . It is INHERENT in the relation of master and slave."

And, like Judge Ruffin, men of honor, men of humanity, men of kindest and gentlest feelings, are *obliged* to interpret these severe laws with inflexible severity. In the perpetual reaction of that awful force of human passion and human will, which necessarily meets the compressive power of slavery, — in that seething, boiling tide, never

wholly repressed, which rolls its volcanic stream underneath the whole framework of society so constituted, ready to find vent at the least rent or fissure or unguarded aperture, — there is a constant necessity which urges to severity of law and inflexibility of execution. So Judge Ruffin says, "We cannot allow the *right* of the matter to be brought into discussion in the courts of justice. The slave, to remain a slave, must be made sensible that there is NO APPEAL FROM HIS MASTER." Accordingly, we find in the more southern States, where the slave population is most accumulated, and slave property most necessary and valuable, and, of course, the determination to abide by the system the most decided, *there* the enactments are most severe, and the interpretation of courts the most inflexible.[1] And, when legal decisions of a contrary character begin to be made, it would appear that it is a symptom of leaning towards emancipation. So abhorrent is the slave-code to every feeling of humanity that just as soon as there is any hesitancy in the community about perpetuating the institution of slavery, judges begin to listen to the voice of their more honorable nature, and by favorable interpretations to soften its necessary severities.

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The reader is now prepared to enter with us on the proof of this proposition: That the slave-code is designed *only for the security of the master, and not with regard to the welfare of the slave.*

This is implied in the whole current of law-making and law-administration, and is often asserted in distinct form, with a precision and clearness of legal accuracy which, in a literary point of view, are quite admirable. Thus, Judge Ruffin, after stating that considerations restricting the power

[1] We except the State of Louisiana. Owing to the influence of the French code in that State, more really humane provisions prevail there. How much these provisions avail in point of fact will be shown when we come to that part of the subject.

of the master had often been drawn from a comparison of slavery with the relation of parent and child, master and apprentice, tutor and pupil, says distinctly : —

"The court does not recognize their application. There is no likeness between the cases. They are in opposition to each other, and there is an impassable gulf between them. . . .

"In the one [case], the end in view is the *happiness of the youth*, born to equal rights with that governor, on whom the duty devolves of training the young to usefulness, in a station which he is afterwards to assume among freemen. . . . With slavery it is far otherwise. The *end is the profit of the master*, his security, and the public safety."[1]

Not only is this principle distinctly asserted in so many words, but it is more distinctly implied in multitudes of the arguings and reasonings which are given as grounds of legal decisions. Even such provisions as seem to be for the benefit of the slave we often find carefully interpreted so as to show that it is only on account of his property value to his master that he is thus protected, and not from any consideration of humanity towards himself. Thus it has been decided that a master can bring no action for assault and battery on his slave, *unless the injury be such as to produce a loss of service.*[2]

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CHAPTER III

SOUTHER *v.* THE COMMONWEALTH — THE NE PLUS ULTRA OF LEGAL HUMANITY

The case of Souther *v.* The Commonwealth has been cited by the "Courier and Enquirer" as a particularly favorable specimen of judicial proceedings under the slave-code, with the following remark : —

[1] Wheeler's Law of Slavery, page 246.
[2] Wheeler's Law of Slavery, page 239.

"And yet, in the face of such laws and decisions as these, Mrs. Stowe winds up a long series of cruelties upon her other black personages, by causing her faultless hero, Tom, to be literally whipped to death in Louisiana, by his master, Legree; and these acts, which the laws make criminal, and punish as such, she sets forth in the most repulsive colors, to illustrate the institution of slavery!"

By the above language the author was led into the supposition that this case had been conducted in a manner so creditable to the feelings of our common humanity as to present a fairer side of criminal jurisprudence in this respect. She accordingly took the pains to procure a report of the case, designing to publish it as an offset to the many barbarities which research into this branch of the subject obliges one to unfold. A legal gentleman has copied the case from Grattan's Reports, and it is here given. If the reader is astounded at it, he cannot be more so than was the writer.

Souther v. *The Commonwealth*, 7 *Grattan*, 673, 1851.

The killing of a slave by his master and owner, by willful and excessive whipping, is murder in the first degree: though it may not have been the purpose and intention of the master and owner to kill the slave.

Simeon Souther was indicted at the October Term, 1850, of the Circuit Court for the County of Hanover, for the murder of his own slave. The indictment contained fifteen counts, in which the various modes of punishment and torture by which the homicide was charged to have been committed were stated singly, and in various combinations. The fifteenth count unites them all; and, as the court certifies that the *indictment was sustained by the evidence*, the giving the facts stated in that count will show what was the charge against the prisoner, and what was the proof to sustain it.

The count charged that on the 1st day of September, 1849, the prisoner tied his negro slave, Sam, with ropes about his wrists, neck, body, legs, and ankles, to a tree. That whilst so tied, the prisoner first whipped the slave with switches. That he next beat and cobbed the slave with a shingle, and compelled

two of his slaves, a man and a woman, also to cob the deceased with the shingle. That whilst the deceased was so tied to the tree, the prisoner did strike, knock, kick, stamp, and beat him upon various parts of his head, face, and body; that he applied fire to his body; . . . that he then washed his body with warm water, in which pods of red pepper had been put and steeped; and he compelled his two slaves aforesaid also to wash him with this same preparation of warm water and red pepper. That after the tying, whipping, cobbing, striking, beating, knocking, kicking, stamping, wounding, bruising, lacerating, burning, washing, and torturing, as aforesaid, the prisoner untied the deceased from the tree in such way as to throw him with violence to the ground; and he then and there did knock, kick, stamp, and beat the deceased upon his head, temples, and various parts of his body. That the prisoner then had the deceased carried into a shed-room of his house, and there he compelled one of his slaves, in his presence, to confine the deceased's feet in stocks, by making his legs fast to a piece of timber, and to tie a rope about the neck of the deceased, and fasten it to a bedpost in the room, thereby strangling, choking, and suffocating the deceased. And that whilst the deceased was thus made fast in stocks as aforesaid, the prisoner did kick, knock, stamp, and beat him upon his head, face, breast, belly, sides, back, and body; and he again compelled his two slaves to apply fire to the body of the deceased, whilst he was so made fast as aforesaid. And the count charged that from these various modes of punishment and torture the slave Sam then and there died. It appeared that the prisoner commenced the punishment of the deceased in the morning, and that it was continued throughout the day: and that the deceased died in the presence of the prisoner, and one of his slaves, and one of the witnesses, whilst the punishment was still progressing.

Field, J., delivered the opinion of the court.

The prisoner was indicted and convicted of *murder in the second degree*, in the Circuit Court of Hanover, at its April term last past, and was sentenced to the *penitentiary for five years*, the period of time ascertained by the jury. The murder consisted in the killing of a negro man-slave by the name of Sam, the property of the prisoner, by cruel and excessive whipping and torture, inflicted by Souther, aided by two of his other slaves, on the 1st day of September, 1849. The prisoner moved for a new trial, upon the ground that the offense, *if any*,

amounted only to manslaughter. The motion for a new trial was overruled, and a bill of exceptions taken to the opinion of the court, setting forth the facts proved, or as many of them as were deemed material for the consideration of the application for a new trial. The bill of exception states: That the slave Sam, in the indictment mentioned, was the slave and property of the prisoner. That for the purpose of chastising the slave for the offense of getting drunk, and dealing as the slave confessed and alleged with Henry and Stone, two of the witnesses for the Commonwealth, he caused him to be tied and punished in the presence of the said witnesses, with the exception of slight whipping with peach or apple-tree switches, before the said witnesses arrived at the scene after they were sent for by the prisoner (who were present by request from the defendant), and of several slaves of the prisoner, in the manner and by the means charged in the indictment; and the said slave died under and from the infliction of the said punishment, in the presence of the prisoner, one of his slaves, and of one of the witnesses for the Commonwealth. But it did not appear that it was the design of the prisoner to kill the said slave, unless such design be properly inferable from the manner, means, and duration of the punishment. And, on the contrary, it did appear that the prisoner frequently declared, while the said slave was undergoing the punishment, that he believed the said slave was feigning, and pretending to be suffering and injured when he was not. The judge certifies that the slave was punished in the *manner and by the means charged in the indictment.* The indictment contains fifteen counts, and sets forth a case of the most cruel and excessive whipping and torture.

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It is believed that the records of criminal jurisprudence do not contain a case of more atrocious and wicked cruelty than was presented upon the trial of Souther; and yet it has been gravely and earnestly contended here by his counsel that his offense amounts to manslaughter only.

It has been contended by the counsel of the prisoner that a man cannot be indicted and prosecuted for the cruel and excessive whipping of his own slave. That it is lawful for the master to chastise his slave, and that if death ensues from such chastisement, unless it was intended to produce death, it is like the case of homicide which is committed by a man in the performance of a lawful act, which is manslaughter only. It has

been decided by this court in Turner's case, 5 Rand, that the owner of a slave, for the malicious, cruel, and excessive beating of his own slave, cannot be indicted; yet it by no means follows, when such malicious, cruel, and excessive beating results in death, though not intended and premeditated, that the beating is to be regarded as lawful for the purpose of reducing the crime to manslaughter, when the whipping is inflicted for the sole purpose of chastisement. *It is the policy of the law, in respect to the relation of master and slave, and for the sake of securing proper subordination and obedience on the part of the slave, to protect the master from prosecution in all such cases, even if the whipping and punishment be malicious, cruel, and excessive.* But in so inflicting punishment for the sake of punishment, the owner of the slave acts at his peril; and if death ensues in consequence of such punishment, the relation of master and slave affords no ground of excuse or palliation. The principles of the common law, in relation to homicide, apply to his case without qualification or exception; and according to those principles, the act of the prisoner, in the case under consideration, amounted to murder. . . . The crime of the prisoner is not manslaughter, but murder in the first degree.

On the case now presented there are some remarks to be made.

This scene of torture, it seems, occupied about twelve hours. It occurred in the State of Virginia, in the County of Hanover. Two white men were witnesses to nearly the whole proceeding, and, so far as we can see, made no effort to arouse the neighborhood, and bring in help to stop the outrage. What sort of an education, what habits of thought, does this presuppose in these men?

The case was brought to trial. It requires no ordinary nerve to read over the counts of this indictment. Nobody, one would suppose, could willingly read them twice. One would think that it would have laid a cold hand of horror on every heart; — that the community would have risen, by an universal sentiment, to shake out the man, as Paul shook the viper from his hand. It seems, however, that they were quite self-possessed; that lawyers calmly sat, and

examined, and cross-examined, on particulars known before only in the records of the Inquisition; that it was "ably and earnestly argued" by educated, intelligent, American men, that this catalogue of horrors did not amount to a murder! and, in the cool language of legal precision, that "the offense, IF ANY, amounted to manslaughter;" and that an American jury found that the offence was murder *in the second degree.* Any one who reads the indictment will certainly think that, if this be murder in the *second degree,* in Virginia, one might earnestly pray to be murdered in the first degree, to begin with. Had Souther walked up to the man, and shot him through the head with a pistol, before white witnesses, *that* would have been murder in the *first* degree. As he preferred to spend *twelve hours* in killing him by torture, under the name of "*chastisement,*" that, says the verdict, is murder in the second degree; "*because,*" says the bill of exceptions, with admirable coolness, "*it did not appear that it was the design of the prisoner to kill the slave,* UNLESS SUCH DESIGN BE PROPERLY INFERABLE FROM THE MANNER, MEANS, AND DURATION OF THE PUNISHMENT."

The bill evidently seems to have a leaning to the idea that twelve hours spent in beating, stamping, scalding, burning, and mutilating a human being might possibly be considered as presumption of something beyond the limits of lawful chastisement. So startling an opinion, however, is expressed cautiously, and with a becoming diffidence, and is balanced by the very striking fact, which is also quoted in this remarkable paper, that the prisoner frequently declared, while the slave was undergoing the punishment, that he believed the slave was feigning and pretending to be suffering, when he was not. This view appears to have struck the court as eminently probable, — as going a long way to prove the propriety of Souther's intentions, making it at least extremely probable that only *correction* was intended.

It seems, also, that Souther, so far from being crushed by the united opinion of the community, found those to back him who considered five years in the penitentiary an unjust severity for his crime, and hence the bill of exceptions from which we have quoted, and the appeal to the Superior Court; and hence the form in which the case stands in law-books, "Souther *v.* The Commonwealth." Souther evidently considers himself an ill-used man, and it is in this character that he appears before the Superior Court.

As yet there has been no particular overflow of humanity in the treatment of the case. The manner in which it has been discussed so far reminds one of nothing so much as of some discussions which the reader may have seen quoted from the records of the Inquisition, with regard to the propriety of roasting the feet of children who have not arrived at the age of thirteen years, with a view to eliciting evidence.

Let us now come to the decision of the Superior Court, which the editor of the "Courier and Enquirer" thinks so particularly enlightened and humane. Judge Field thinks that the case is a very atrocious one, and in this respect he seems to differ materially from judge, jury, and lawyers, of the court below. Furthermore, he doubts whether the annals of jurisprudence furnish a case of equal atrocity, wherein certainly he appears to be not far wrong; and he also states unequivocally the principle that killing a slave by torture under the name of correction is murder in the first degree; and here too, certainly, everybody will think that he is also right; the only wonder being that any man could ever have been called to express such an opinion, judicially. But he states that awful principle of slave laws, that the law cannot interfere with the master for any amount of torture inflicted on his slave which does not result in death. The decision, if it establishes anything,

establishes this principle quite as strongly as it does the other. Let us hear the words of the decision : —

"It has been decided by this court, in Turner's case, that the owner of a slave, for the malicious, cruel, and excessive beating of his own slave, cannot be indicted. . . . It is the policy of the law, in respect to the relation of master and slave, and for the sake of securing proper subordination and obedience on the part of the slave, to protect the master from prosecution in all such cases, even if the whipping and punishment be malicious, cruel, and excessive."

What follows as a corollary from this remarkable declaration is this, — that if the victim of this twelve hours' torture had only possessed a little stronger constitution, and had not actually died under it, there is no law in Virginia by which Souther could even have been indicted for misdemeanor.

If this is not filling out the measure of the language of St. Clare, that "he who goes the furthest and does the worst only uses within limits the power which the law gives him," how could this language be verified ? Which is "*the worst*," death outright, or torture indefinitely prolonged ? This decision, in so many words, gives every master the power of indefinite torture, and takes from him only the power of terminating the agony by merciful death. And this is the judicial decision which the "Courier and Enquirer" cites as a perfectly convincing specimen of legal humanity. It must be hoped that the editor never read the decision, else he never would have cited it. Of all who knock at the charnel-house of legal precedents, with the hope of disinterring any evidence of humanity in the slave system, it may be said, in the awful words of the Hebrew poet : —

"He knoweth not that the dead are there,
And that her guests are in the depths of hell."

The upshot of this case was, that Souther, instead of

getting off from his five years' imprisonment, got simply a judicial *opinion* from the Superior Court that he ought to be hung; but he could not be tried over again, and, as we may infer from all the facts in the case that he was a man of tolerably resolute nerves and not very exquisite sensibility, it is not likely that the *opinion* gave him any very serious uneasiness. He has probably made up his mind to get over his five years with what grace he may. When he comes out, there is no law in Virginia to prevent his buying as many more negroes as he chooses, and going over the same scene with any one of them at a future time, if only he profit by the information which has been so explicitly conveyed to him in this decision, that he must take care and stop his tortures short of the point of death,—a matter about which, as the history of the Inquisition shows, men, by careful practice, can be able to judge with considerable precision. Probably, also, the next time, he will not be so foolish as to send out and request the attendance of two white witnesses, even though they may be so complacently interested in the proceedings as to spend the whole day in witnessing them without effort at prevention.

Slavery, as defined in American law, is no more capable of being regulated in its administration by principles of humanity, than the torture system of the Inquisition. Every act of humanity of every individual owner is an illogical result from the legal definition; and the reason why the slave-code of America is more atrocious than any ever before exhibited under the sun is that the Anglo-Saxon race are a more coldly and strictly logical race, and have an unflinching courage to meet the consequences of every premise which they lay down, and to work out an accursed principle, with mathematical accuracy, to its most accursed results. The decisions in American law-books show nothing so much as this severe, unflinching accuracy of logic. It is often and evidently, not because judges are

inhuman or partial, but because they are logical and truthful, that they announce from the bench, in the calmest manner, decisions which one would think might make the earth shudder, and the sun turn pale.

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CHAPTER IV

PROTECTIVE STATUTES

But the question now occurs, Are there not protective statutes, the avowed object of which is the protection of the life and limb of the slave? We answer, there are; and these protective statutes are some of the most remarkable pieces of legislation extant.

That they were dictated by a spirit of humanity, charity, which hopeth *all* things, would lead us to hope; but no newspaper stories of bloody murders and shocking outrages convey to the mind so dreadful a picture of the numbness of public sentiment caused by slavery as these so-called protective statutes. The author copies the following from the statutes of North Carolina. Section 3d of the act passed in 1798 runs thus: —

"Whereas by another Act of the Assembly, passed in 1774, the killing of a slave, however wanton, cruel, and deliberate, is only punishable in the first instance by imprisonment and paying the value thereof to the owner, which *distinction of criminality between the murder of a white person and one who is equally a human creature, but merely of a different complexion, is* DISGRACEFUL TO HUMANITY, AND DEGRADING IN THE HIGHEST DEGREE TO THE LAWS AND PRINCIPLES OF A FREE, CHRISTIAN, AND ENLIGHTENED COUNTRY, Be it enacted, etc., That, if any person shall hereafter be guilty of willfully and maliciously killing a slave, such offender shall, upon the first conviction thereof, be adjudged guilty of murder, and shall suffer the same punishment as if he had killed a free man: *Provided always, this act shall not extend to the person killing a slave* OUTLAWED BY

VIRTUE OF ANY ACT OF ASSEMBLY OF THIS STATE, *or to any slave in the act of resistance to his lawful owner or master, or to any slave dying under moderate correction.*"

A law with a like proviso, except the outlawry clause, exists in Tennessee. See Caruthers and Nicholson's Compilation, 1836, p. 676.

The language of the Constitution of Georgia, art. iv., sec. 12, is as follows: —

"Any person who shall maliciously dismember or deprive a slave of life shall suffer such punishment as would be inflicted in case the like offense had been committed on a free white person, and on the like proof, except in case of insurrection by such slave, and *unless such death should* happen *by accident in giving such slave moderate correction.*" — *Cobb's Dig.* 1851, p. 1125.

Let now any Englishman or New Englander imagine that such laws with regard to apprentices had ever been proposed in Parliament or State Legislature under the head of *protective acts;* — laws which in so many words permit the killing of the subject in three cases, and those comprising all the acts which would generally occur under the law; namely, if the slave resist, if he be outlawed, or if he die under *moderate* correction.

What rule in the world will ever prove correction immoderate, if the fact that the subject *dies* under it is not held as proof? How many such "accidents" would have to happen in Old England or New England, before Parliament or Legislature would hear from such a protective law?

"But," some one may ask, "what is the *outlawry* spoken of in this act?" The question is pertinent, and must be answered. The author has copied the following from the Revised Statutes of North Carolina, chap. cxi., sec. 22. It may be remarked in passing that the preamble to this law presents rather a new view of slavery to those who have formed their ideas from certain pictures of blissful contentment and Arcadian repose, which have been much in vogue of late.

"Whereas, MANY TIMES *slaves run away and lie out, hid and lurking in swamps, woods, and other obscure places*, killing cattle and hogs, and committing other injuries to the inhabitants of this State; in all such cases, upon intelligence of any slave or slaves lying out as aforesaid, any two justices of the peace for the county wherein such slave or slaves is or are supposed to lurk or do mischief, shall, and they are hereby empowered and required to issue proclamation against such slave or slaves (reciting his or their names, and the name or names of the owner or owners, if known), thereby requiring him or them, and every of them, forthwith to surrender him or themselves; and also to empower and require the sheriff of the said county to take such power with him as he shall think fit and necessary for going in search and pursuit of, and effectually apprehending, such outlying slave or slaves; which proclamation shall be published at the door of the court-house, and at such other places as said justices shall direct. And if any slave or slaves against whom proclamation hath been thus issued stay out, and do not immediately return home, it shall be lawful for any person or persons whatsoever to kill and destroy such slave or slaves by *such ways and means as he shall think fit*, without accusation or impeachment of any crime for the same."

This passage of the Revised Statutes of North Carolina is more terribly suggestive to the imagination than any particulars into which the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" has thought fit to enter. Let us suppose a little melodrama quite possible to have occurred under this act of the legislature. Suppose some luckless Prue or Peg, as in the case we have just quoted, in State *v.* Mann, getting tired of the discipline of whipping, breaks from the overseer, clears the dogs, and gets into the swamp, and there "lies out," as the act above graphically says. The act which we are considering says that *many* slaves do this, and doubtless they have their own best reasons for it. We all know what fascinating places to "lie out" in these Southern swamps are. What with alligators and moccasin snakes, mud and water, and poisonous vines, one would be apt to think the situation not particularly eligible; but still, Prue "lies out" there.

Perhaps in the night some husband or brother goes to see her, taking a hog, or some animal of the plantation stock, which he has ventured his life in killing, that she may not perish with hunger. Master overseer walks up to master proprietor, and reports the accident; master proprietor mounts his horse, and assembles to his aid two justices of the peace.

In the intervals between drinking brandy and smoking cigars a proclamation is duly drawn up, summoning the contumacious Prue to surrender, and requiring the sheriff of said county to take such power as he shall think fit, to go in search and pursuit of said slave; which proclamation, for Prue's further enlightenment, is solemnly published at the door of the court-house, and "at such other places as said justices shall direct." [1] Let us suppose, now, that Prue, given over to hardness of heart and blindness of mind, pays no attention to all these means of grace, put forth to draw her to the protective shadow of the patriarchal roof. Suppose, further, as a final effort of long-suffering, and to leave her utterly without excuse, the worthy magistrate rides forth in full force, — man, horse, dog, and gun, — to the very verge of the swamp, and there proclaims aloud the merciful mandate. Suppose that, hearing the yelping of the dogs and the proclamation of the sheriff mingled together, and the shouts of Loker, Marks, Sambo, and Quimbo, and other such posse, black and white, as a sheriff can generally summon on such a hunt, this very ignorant and contumacious Prue only runs deeper into the swamp, and continues obstinately "lying out," as aforesaid; — now she is by act

[1] The old statute of 1741 had some features still more edifying. That provides that said "proclamation shall be published on a Sabbath day, at the door of every church or chapel, or, for want of such, at the place where divine service shall be performed in the said county, by the parish clerk or reader, *immediately* after divine service." *Potter's Revisal*, i. 166. What a peculiar appropriateness there must have been in this proclamation, particularly after a sermon on the love of Christ, or an exposition of the text "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself"!

of the assembly *outlawed*, and, in the astounding words of the act, "it shall be lawful for any person or persons whatsoever to kill and destroy her, by such ways and means as he shall think fit, without accusation or impeachment of any crime for the same." What awful possibilities rise to the imagination under the fearfully suggestive clause "*by such ways and means as he shall think fit!*" Such ways and means as ANY man shall think fit, of *any* character, of *any* degree of fiendish barbarity!! Such a permission, to kill even a dog, by "any ways and means which anybody should think fit," never ought to stand on the law-books of a Christian nation; and yet this stands against one bearing that same humanity which Jesus Christ bore, — against one perhaps, who, though blinded, darkened, and ignorant, He will not be ashamed to own, when He shall come in the glory of his Father, and all his holy angels with Him!

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There is evidence that this act of outlawry was executed so recently as the year 1850, — the year in which "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was written. See the following from the "Wilmington Journal," of December 13, 1850: —

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA, NEW HANOVER COUNTY. — Whereas complaint upon oath hath this day been made to us, two of the justices of the peace for the said State and county aforesaid, by Guilford Horn, of Edgecombe County, that a certain male slave belonging to him, named Harry, a carpenter by trade, about forty years old, five feet five inches high, or thereabouts; yellow complexion; stout built; with a scar on his left leg (from the cut of an axe); has very thick lips; eyes deep sunk in his head; forehead very square; tolerably loud voice; has lost one or two of his upper teeth; and has a very dark spot on his jaw, supposed to be a mark, — hath absented himself from his master's service, and is supposed to be lurking about in this county, committing acts of felony or other misdeeds; these are, therefore, in the name of the State aforesaid, to command the said slave forthwith to surrender himself and return home to his said master; and we do hereby, by virtue of

the act of assembly in such cases made and provided, intimate and declare that if the said slave Harry doth not surrender himself and return home immediately after the publication of these presents, that any person or persons may KILL and DESTROY the said slave by such means as he or they may think fit, without accusation or impeachment of any crime or offense for so doing, and without incurring any penalty or forfeiture thereby.

Given under our hands and seals, this 29th day of June, 1850.

JAMES T. MILLER, J. P. [Seal.]
W. C. BETTENCOURT, J. P. [Seal.]

ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS REWARD will be paid for the delivery of the said Harry to me at Tosnott Depot, Edgecombe County, or for his confinement in any jail in the State, so that I can get him; or *One Hundred and Fifty Dollars will be given for his head.*

He was lately heard from in Newbern, where he called himself Henry Barnes (or Burns), and will be likely to continue the same name, or assume that of Copage or Farmer. He has a free mulatto woman for a wife, by the name of Sally Bozeman, who has lately removed to Wilmington, and lives in that part of the town called Texas, where he will likely be lurking.

Masters of vessels are particularly cautioned against harboring or concealing the said negro on board their vessels, as the full penalty of the law will be rigorously enforced.

GUILFORD HORN.

June 29th, 1850.

There is an inkling of history and romance about the description of this same Harry, who is thus publicly set up to be killed in any way that any of the negro-hunters of the swamps may think the most piquant and enlivening. It seems he is a carpenter, — a powerfully made man, whose thews and sinews might be a profitable acquisition to himself. It appears also that he has a wife, and the advertiser intimates that possibly he may be caught prowling about somewhere in her vicinity. This indicates sagacity in the writer, certainly. Married men generally have a way of

liking the society of their wives; and it strikes us, from what we know of the nature of carpenters here in New England, that Harry was not peculiar in this respect. Let us further notice the portrait of Harry: "*Eyes deep sunk in his head;—forehead very square.*" This picture reminds us of what a persecuting old ecclesiastic once said, in the days of the Port Royalists, of a certain truculent abbess, who stood obstinately to a certain course, in the face of the whole power, temporal and spiritual, of the Romish church, in spite of fining, imprisoning, starving, whipping, beating, and other enlightening argumentative processes, not wholly peculiar, it seems, to that age. "You will never subdue that woman," said the ecclesiastic, who was a phrenologist before his age; "she 's got a *square head*, and I have always noticed that people with *square heads* never can be turned out of their course." We think it very probable that Harry, with his "square head," is just one of this sort. He is probably one of those articles which would be extremely valuable, if the owner could only get the use of him. His head is well enough, but he will use it for himself. It is of no use to any one but the wearer; and the master seems to symbolize this state of things, by offering twenty-five dollars more for the head without the body, than he is willing to give for head, man, and all. Poor Harry! We wonder whether they have caught him yet; or whether the impenetrable thickets, the poisonous miasma, the deadly snakes, and the unwieldy alligators of the swamps, more humane than the slave-hunter, have interposed their uncouth and loathsome forms to guard the only fastness in Carolina where a slave can live in freedom.

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CHAPTER V

PROTECTIVE ACTS OF SOUTH CAROLINA AND LOUISIANA. — THE IRON COLLAR OF LOUISIANA AND NORTH CAROLINA.

Thus far by way of considering the protective acts of North Carolina, Georgia, and Tennessee. Certain miscellaneous protective acts of various other States will now be cited, merely as specimens of the spirit of legislation.

In South Carolina, the act of 1740 punished the willful, deliberate murder of a slave by disfranchisement, and by a fine of seven hundred pounds current money, or, in default of payment, imprisonment for seven years.[1] But the willful murder of a slave, in the sense contemplated in this law, is a crime which would not often occur. The kind of murder which was most frequent among masters or overseers was guarded against by another section of the same act, — *how adequately* the reader will judge for himself, from the following quotation: —

> "If any person shall, on a sudden heat or passion, or by *undue correction*, kill his own slave, or the slave of any other person, he shall forfeit the sum of *three hundred and fifty pounds* current money."[2]

In 1821 the act punishing the willful murder of the slave only with fine or imprisonment was mainly repealed, and it was enacted that such crime should be punished by death; but the latter section, which relates to killing the slave in sudden heat or passion, or by undue correction, has been altered only by *diminishing* the pecuniary penalty to a fine of five hundred dollars, authorizing also imprisonment for six months.

[1] Stroud, p. 39. 2 Brevard's Digest, p. 241.

[2] Stroud's Sketch, p. 40. 2 Brevard's Digest, 241. James's Digest, 392.

The next protective statute to be noticed is the following from the act of 1740, South Carolina : —

"In case any person shall willfully cut out the tongue, put out the eye, . . . or cruelly scald, burn, or deprive any slave of any limb, or member, or shall inflict any other cruel punishment, *other than* by whipping or beating with a horsewhip, cowskin, switch, or small stick, or by putting irons on, or confining or imprisoning such slave, every such person shall, for every such offense, forfeit the sum of one hundred pounds, current money." [1]

The language of this law, like many other of these protective enactments, is exceedingly suggestive; the first suggestion that occurs is, What sort of an institution, and what sort of a state of society is it, that called out a law worded like this? Laws are generally not made against practices that do not exist, and exist with some degree of frequency.

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But let us look further: What is to be the penalty when any of these fiendish things are done? Why, the man forfeits a hundred pounds, current money. Surely he ought to pay as much as that for doing so very unnecessary an act, when the Legislature bountifully allows him to inflict any torture which revengeful ingenuity could devise, by means of horsewhip, cowhide, switch, or small stick, or putting irons on, or confining and imprisoning. One would surely think that here was sufficient scope and variety of legalized means of torture to satisfy any ordinary appetite for vengeance. It would appear decidedly that any more piquant varieties of agony ought to be an extra charge. The advocates of slavery are fond of comparing the situation of the slave with that of the English laborer. We are not aware that the English laborer has been so unfortunate as to be protected by any enactment like this, since the days of villeinage.

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[1] Stroud, p. 40. 2 Brevard's Digest, 241.

Now, compare this other statute of Louisiana (Rev. Stat., 1852, p. 552, § 151): —

"If any person or persons, etc., shall cut or break any iron chain or collar, which any master of slaves should have used, in order to prevent the running away or escape of any such slave or slaves, such person or persons so offending shall, on conviction, etc., be fined not less than two hundred dollars, nor exceeding one thousand dollars; and suffer imprisonment for a term not exceeding two years, nor less than six months."[1] — *Act of Assembly of March* 6, 1819. *Pamphlet, page* 64.

Some Englishmen may naturally ask, "What is this iron collar which the Legislature have thought worthy of being protected by a special act?" On this subject will be presented the testimony of an unimpeachable witness, Miss Sarah M. Grimké, a personal friend of the author. "Miss Grimké is a daughter of the late Judge Grimké, of the Supreme Court of South Carolina, and sister of the late Hon. Thomas S. Grimké." She is now a member of the Society of Friends, and resides in Bellville, New Jersey. The statement given is of a kind that its author did not mean to give, nor wish to give, and never would have given, had it not been made necessary to illustrate this passage in the slave law. The account occurs in a statement which Miss Grimké furnished to her brother-in-law, Mr. Weld, and has been before the public ever since 1839, in his work entitled "Slavery as It Is," p. 22.

"A handsome mulatto woman, about eighteen or twenty years of age, whose independent spirit could not brook the degradation of slavery, was in the habit of running away: for this offense she had been repeatedly sent by her master and mistress to be whipped by the keeper of the Charleston work-house. This had been done with such inhuman severity as to lacerate her back in a most shocking manner; a finger could not be laid between the cuts. But the love of liberty was too strong to be annihilated by torture; and, as a last resort, she was whipped at several different times, and kept a close prisoner. A heavy

[1] Stroud, p. 13.

iron collar, with three long prongs projecting from it, was placed round her neck, and a strong and sound front tooth was extracted, to serve as a mark to describe her, in case of escape. Her sufferings at this time were agonizing; she could lie in no position but on her back, which was sore from scourgings, as I can testify from personal inspection; and her only place of rest was the floor, on a blanket. These outrages were committed in a family where the mistress daily read the Scriptures, and assembled her children for family worship. She was accounted, and was really, so far as almsgiving was concerned, a charitable woman, and tender-hearted to the poor; and yet this suffering slave, who was the seamstress of the family, was continually in her presence, sitting in her chamber to sew, or engaged in her other household work, with her lacerated and bleeding back, her mutilated mouth, and heavy iron collar, without, so far as appeared, exciting any feelings of compassion."

This iron collar the author has often heard of from sources equally authentic.[1] That one will meet with it every day in walking the streets is not probable; but that it must have been used with some great degree of frequency is evident from the fact of a law being thought necessary to protect it. But look at the penalty of the two *protective* laws! The fiendish cruelties described in the act of South Carolina cost the perpetrator not more than five hundred dollars, if he does them before white people. The act of humanity costs from two hundred to one thousand dollars, and imprisonment from six months or two years, according to discretion of court! What public sentiment was it which made these laws?

[1] The iron collar was also in vogue in North Carolina, as the following extract from the statute-book will show. The wearers of this article of apparel certainly have some reason to complain of the "tyranny of fashion."

"When the keeper of the said public jail shall, by direction of such court as aforesaid, let out any negro or runaway to hire, to any person or persons whomsoever, the said keeper shall, at the time of his delivery, cause an iron collar to be put on the neck of such negro or runaway, with the letters P. G. stamped thereon; and thereafter the said keeper shall not be answerable for any escape of the said negro or runaway." — *Potter's Revisal*, i. 162.

CHAPTER VI

PROTECTIVE ACTS WITH REGARD TO FOOD AND RAIMENT, LABOR, ETC.

Having finished the consideration of the laws which protect the life and limb of the slave, the reader may feel a curiosity to know something of the provisions by which he is protected in regard to food and clothing, and from the exactions of excessive labor. It is true, there are multitudes of men in the Northern States who would say, at once, that such enactments, on the very face of them, must be superfluous and absurd. "What!" they say, "are not the slaves property? and is it likely that any man will impair the market value of his own property by not giving them sufficient food or clothing, or by overworking them?" This process of reasoning appears to have been less convincing to the legislators of Southern States than to gentlemen generally at the North; since, as Judge Taylor says, "the act of 1786 [1] (Iredell's Revisal, p. 588) does, in the preamble, recognize the fact that *many* persons, by cruel treatment of their slaves, cause them to commit crimes for which they are executed;" and the judge further explains this language, by saying, "The cruel treatment here alluded to must consist in withholding from them the necessaries of life; and the crimes thus resulting are such as are necessary to furnish them with food and raiment."

The State of South Carolina, in the act of 1740 (see Stroud's Sketch, p. 28), had a section with the following language in its preamble: —

"Whereas *many* owners of slaves, and *others* who have the care, management, and overseeing of slaves, *do confine them so closely to hard labor that they have not sufficient time for natural rest.*" [2]

[1] Wheeler, p. 220. State *v.* Sue, Cameron & Norwood's C. Rep. 54.
[2] Stroud, p. 29.

And the law goes on to enact that the slave shall not work more than fifteen hours a day in summer, and fourteen in winter. Judge Stroud makes it appear that in three of the slave States the time allotted for work to convicts in prison, whose punishment is to consist in hard labor, cannot exceed *ten* hours, even in the summer months.

This was the protective act of South Carolina, designed to reform the abusive practices of masters who confined their slaves so closely that they had not time for natural rest! What sort of habits of thought do these humane provisions show, in the makers of them? In order to protect the slave from what they consider undue exaction, they humanely provide that he shall be obliged to work only four or five hours longer than the convicts in the prison of the neighboring State! In the Island of Jamaica, besides many holidays which were accorded by law to the slave, ten hours a day was the extent to which he was compelled by law ordinarily to work.

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With regard to overseers, a description of this class of beings is furnished by Mr. Wirt, in his Life of Patrick Henry, page 34. "Last and lowest," he says [of different classes in society], "a *feculum* of beings called overseers, — a most abject, degraded, unprincipled race." Now, suppose, while the master is in Charleston, enjoying literary leisure, the slaves on some Bellemont or other plantation, getting tired of being hungry and cold, form themselves into a committee of the whole, to see what is to be done. A broad-shouldered, courageous fellow, whom we can call Tom, declares it is too bad, and he won't stand it any longer; and, having by some means become acquainted with this benevolent protective act, resolves to make an appeal to the horns of this legislative altar. Tom talks stoutly, having just been bought on to the place, and been used to better quarters elsewhere. The women and children perhaps admire, but

the venerable elders of the plantation, — Sambo, Cudge, Pomp, and old Aunt Dinah, — tell him he better mind himself, and keep clar o' dat ar. Tom, being young and progressive, does not regard these conservative maxims; he is determined that, if there is such a thing as justice to be got, he will have it. After considerable research, he finds some white man in the neighborhood verdant enough to enter the complaint for him. Master Legree finds himself, one sunshiny, pleasant morning, walked off to some Justice Dogberry's, to answer to the charge of not giving his niggers enough to eat and wear. We will call the infatuated white man who has undertaken this fool's errand, Master Shallow. Let us imagine a scene: Legree, standing carelessly with his hands in his pockets, rolling a quid of tobacco in his mouth; Justice Dogberry, seated in all the majesty of law, reinforced by a decanter of whiskey and some tumblers, intended to assist in illuminating the intellect in such obscure cases.

Justice Dogberry. Come, gentlemen, take a little something to begin with. Mr. Legree, sit down; sit down, Mr. — a' what 's-your-name? — Mr. Shallow.

Mr. Legree and Mr. Shallow each sit down, and take their tumbler of whiskey and water. After some little conversation, the justice introduces the business as follows: —

"Now, about this nigger business. Gentlemen, you know the act of —— um — um, — where the deuce *is* that act? [Fumbling an old law-book.] How plagued did you ever hear of that act, Shallow? I 'm sure I 'd forgot all about it. Oh! here 't is. Well, Mr. Shallow, the act says you must make proof, you observe.

Mr. Shallow. [Stuttering and hesitating.] Good land! why, don't everybody see that them ar niggers are most starved? Only see how ragged they are!

Justice. I can't say as I 've observed it particular. Seem to be very well contented.

Shallow. [Eagerly.] But just ask Pomp, or Sambo, or Dinah, or Tom!

Justice Dogberry. [With dignity.] I'm astonished at you, Mr. Shallow! You think of producing negro testimony? I hope I know the law better than that! We must have direct proof, you know.

Shallow is posed; Legree significantly takes another tumbler of whiskey and water, and Justice Dogberry gives a long ahe-a-um. After a few moments the justice speaks:

"Well, after all, I suppose, Mr. Legree, you would n't have any objections to swarin' off; that settles it all, you know."

As swearing is what Mr. Legree is rather more accustomed to do than anything else that could be named, a more appropriate termination of the affair could not be suggested; and he swears, accordingly, to any extent, and with any fullness and variety of oath that could be desired; and thus the little affair terminates. But it does not terminate thus for Tom, or Sambo, Dinah, or any others who have been alluded to for authority. What will happen to them, when Mr. Legree comes home, had better be left to conjecture.

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CHAPTER VII

THE EXECUTION OF JUSTICE

Having given some account of what sort of statutes are to be found on the law-books of slavery, the reader will hardly be satisfied without knowing what sort of trials are held under them. We will quote one specimen of a trial, reported in the "Charleston Courier" of May 6, 1847. The "Charleston Courier" is one of the leading papers of South Carolina, and the case is reported with the utmost apparent innocence that there was anything about the trial that could

reflect in the least on the character of the State for the utmost legal impartiality. In fact, the "Charleston Courier" ushers it into public view with the following flourish of trumpets, as something which is forever to confound those who say that South Carolina does not protect the life of the slave: —

THE TRIAL FOR MURDER.

Our community was deeply interested and excited, yesterday, by a case of great importance, and also of entire novelty in our jurisprudence. It was the trial of a lady of respectable family, and the mother of a large family, charged with the murder of her own or her husband's slave. The court-house was thronged with spectators of the exciting drama, who remained, with unabated interest and undiminished numbers, until the verdict was rendered acquitting the prisoner. We cannot but regard the fact of this trial as a salutary, although, in itself, lamentable occurrence, as it will show to the world that, however panoplied in station and wealth, and although challenging those sympathies which are the right and inheritance of the female sex, no one will be suffered, in this community, to escape the most sifting scrutiny, at the risk of even an ignominious death, who stands charged with the suspicion of murdering a slave, — to whose life our law now extends the ægis of protection, in the same manner as it does to that of the white man, *save only in the character of the evidence necessary for conviction or defense.* While evil-disposed persons at home are thus taught that they may expect rigorous trial and condign punishment, when, actuated by malignant passions, they invade the life of the humble slave, the enemies of our domestic institution abroad will find, their calumnies to the contrary notwithstanding, that we are resolved, in this particular, to do the full measure of our duty to the laws of humanity. We subjoin a report of the case.

The proceedings of the trial are thus given: —

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As some of our readers may not have been in the habit of endeavoring to extract anything like common sense or information from documents so very concisely and luminously worded, the author will just state her own opinion

that the above document [the indictment] is intended to charge Mrs. Eliza Rowand with having killed her slave Maria, in one of two ways: either with beating her on the head with her own hands, or having the same deed performed by proxy, by her slave-man Richard. The whole case is now presented. In order to make the reader clearly understand the arguments, it is necessary that he bear in mind that the law of 1740, as we have before shown, punished the murder of the slave only with fine and disfranchisement, while the law of 1821 punishes it with death.

On motion of Mr. Petigru, the prisoner was allowed to remove from the bar, and take her place by her counsel; the judge saying he granted the motion only because the prisoner was a woman, but that no such privilege would have been extended by him to any man.

The Attorney-general, Henry Bailey, Esq., then rose and opened the the case for the state, in substance, as follows: —

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The prisoner stood indicted for the murder of a slave. This was supposed not to be murder at common law. At least, it was not murder by our former statute; but the act of 1821 had placed the killing of the white man and the black man on the same footing. He here read the act of 1821, declaring that "any person who shall willfully, deliberately, and maliciously murder a slave, shall, on conviction thereof, suffer death without benefit of clergy." The rules applicable to murder at common law were generally applicable, however, to the present case. The inquiries to be made may be reduced to two: 1. Is the party charged guilty of the fact of killing? This must be clearly made out by proof. If she be not guilty of killing, there is an end of the case. 2. The character of that killing, or of the offense. Was it done with malice aforethought? Malice is the essential ingredient of the crime. Where killing takes place, malice is presumed, unless the contrary appear; and this must be gathered from the attending circumstances. Malice is a technical term, importing a different meaning from that conveyed by the same word in common parlance. According to the learned Michael Foster, it consists not in "malevolence to particulars," it does not mean hatred to any particular individual, but is general in its import and application.

But even killing, with intention to kill, is not always murder; there may be justifiable and excusable homicide, and killing in sudden heat and passion is so modified to manslaughter. Yet there may be murder when there is no ill-feeling, — nay, perfect indifference to the slain, — as in the case of the robber who slays to conceal his crime. Malice aforethought is that depraved feeling of the heart, which makes one regardless of social duty, and fatally bent on mischief. It is fulfilled by that recklessness of law and human life which is indicated by shooting into a crowd, and thus doing murder on even an unknown object. Such a feeling the law regards as hateful, and visits, in its practical exhibition, with condign punishment, because opposed to the very existence of law and society. One may do fatal mischief without this recklessness; but when the act is done, regardless of consequences, and death ensues, it is murder in the eye of the law. If the facts to be proved in this case should not come up to these requisitions, he implored the jury to acquit the accused, as at once due to law and justice. They should note every fact with scrutinizing eye, and ascertain whether the fatal result proceeded from passing accident or from brooding revenge, which the law stamped with the odious name of malice. He would make no further preliminary remarks, but proceed at once to lay the facts before them, from the mouths of the witnesses.

Evidence.

J. Porteous Deveaux sworn. — He is the coroner of Charleston district; held the inquest, on the 7th of January last, on the body of the deceased slave, *Maria*, the slave of Robert Rowand, at the residence of Mrs. T. C. Bee (the mother of the prisoner), in Logan Street. The body was found in an outbuilding — a kitchen; it was the body of an old and emaciated person, between fifty and sixty years of age; it was not examined in his presence by physicians; saw some few scratches about the face; adjourned to the City Hall. Mrs. Rowand was examined; her examination was in writing; it was here produced, and read, as follows: —

"Mrs. *Eliza Rowand* sworn. — Says *Maria* is her nurse, and had misbehaved on yesterday morning; deponent sent Maria to Mr. Rowand's house, to be corrected by Simon; deponent sent Maria from the house about seven o'clock, A. M.; she returned to her about nine o'clock; came into her chamber;

Simon did not come into the chamber at any time previous to the death of Maria; deponent says Maria fell down in the chamber; deponent had her seated up by Richard, who was then in the chamber, and deponent gave Maria some asafœtida; deponent then left the room; Richard came down and said Maria was dead; deponent says Richard did not strike Maria, nor did any one else strike her, in deponent's chamber. Richard left the chamber immediately with deponent; Maria was about fifty-two years of age; deponent sent Maria by Richard to Simon, to Mr. Rowand's house, to be corrected; Mr. Rowand was absent from the city; Maria died about twelve o'clock; Richard and Maria were on good terms; deponent was in the chamber all the while that Richard and Maria were there together.

"ELIZA ROWAND.

"Sworn to before me this 7th January, 1847.

"J. P. DEVEAUX, *Coroner, D. C.*"

Witness went to the chamber of prisoner, where the death occurred; saw nothing particular; some pieces of wood in a box, set in the chimney; his attention was called to one piece, in particular, eighteen inches long, three inches wide, and about one and a half inch thick; did not measure it; the jury of inquest did; it was not a light-wood knot; thinks it was of oak; there was some pine wood and some split oak. Dr. Peter Porcher was called to examine the body professionally, who did so out of witness' presence.

Before this witness left the stand, B. F. Hunt, Esq., one of the counsel for the prisoner, rose and opened the defense before the jury, in substance as follows: —

He said that the scene before them was a very novel one; and whether for good or evil, he would not pretend to prophesy. It was the first time in the history of this State that a lady of good character and respectable connections stood arraigned at the bar, and had been put on trial for her life, on facts arising out of her domestic relations to her own slave. It was a spectacle consoling, and cheering, perhaps, to those who owed no good will to the institutions of our country; but calculated only to excite pain and regret among ourselves. He would not state a proposition so revolting to humanity as that crime should go unpunished; but judicial interference between the slave and the owner was a matter at once of delicacy

and danger. It was the first time he had ever stood between a slave-owner and the public prosecutor, and his sensations were anything but pleasant. *This is an entirely different case from homicide between equals in society.* Subordination is indispensable where slavery exists; and in this there is no new principle involved. The same principle prevails in every country; on shipboard and in the army a large discretion is always left to the superior. Charges by inferiors against their superiors were always to be viewed with great circumspection at least, and especially when the latter are charged with cruelty or crime against subordinates. In the relation of owner and slave there is an absence of the usual motives for murder, and strong inducements against it on the part of the former. Life is usually taken from avarice or passion. The master gains nothing, but loses much, by the death of his slave; and when he takes the life of the latter deliberately, there must be more than ordinary malice to instigate the deed. The policy of altering the old law of 1740, which punished the killing of a slave with fine and political disfranchisement, was more than doubtful. It was the law of our colonial ancestors; it conformed to their policy and was approved by their wisdom, and it continued undisturbed by their posterity until the year 1821. It was engrafted on our policy in counteraction of the schemes and machinations, or in deference to the clamors, of those who formed plans for our improvement, although not interested in nor understanding our institutions, and whose interference led to the tragedy of 1822.

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Truth has been distorted in this case, and murder manufactured out of what was nothing more than *ordinary domestic discipline.* Chastisement must be inflicted until subordination is produced; and the extent of the punishment is not to be judged of by one's neighbors, but by himself. The event in this case has been unfortunate and sad; but there was no motive for the taking of life. There is no pecuniary interest in the owner to destroy his slave; the murder of his slave can only happen from ferocious passions of the master, filling his own bosom with anguish and contrition. This case has no other basis but unfounded rumor, commonly believed, *on evidence that will not venture here*, the offspring of that passion and depravity which make up falsehood. The hope of freedom, of change of owners, revenge, are all motives with slave witnesses

to malign their owners; and to credit such testimony would be to dissolve human society. Where deliberate, willful, and malicious murder is done, whether by male or female, the retribution of the law is a debt to God and man; but the jury should beware lest it fall upon the innocent. The offense charged was not strictly murder at common law. The act of 1740 was founded on the practical good sense of our old planters, and its spirit still prevails. The act of 1821 is, by its terms, an act only to increase the punishment of persons convicted of murdering a slave, — *and this is a refinement in humanity of doubtful policy.* But, by the act of 1821, the murder must be willful, deliberate, and malicious; and, when punishment is due to the slave, the master must not be held to strict account for going *an inch beyond the mark;* whether for doing so he shall be a felon, is a question for the jury to solve. The master must conquer a refractory slave; and deliberation, so as to render clear the existence of malice, is necessary to bring the master within the provision of the act. He bade the jury remember the words of Him who spake as never man spake, — "*Let him that has never sinned throw the first stone.*" *They, as masters, might regret excesses to which they have themselves carried punishment.* He was not at all surprised at the course of the attorney-general; it was his wont to treat every case with perfect fairness. He (Colonel H.) agreed that the inquiry should be —

1. Into the fact of the death.
2. The character or motive of the act.

The examination of the prisoner showed conclusively that the slave died a natural death, and not from personal violence. She was chastised with a lawful weapon, — was in weak health, nervous, made angry by her punishment, — excited. The story was then a plain one; the community had been misled by the creations of imagination, or the statements of interested slaves. The negro came into her mistress' chamber; fell on the floor; medicine was given her; it was supposed she was asleep, but she slept the sleep of death. To show the wisdom and policy of the old act of 1740 (this indictment is under both acts, — the punishment only altered by that of 1821), he urged that a case like this was not murder at common law; nor is the same evidence applicable at common law. There, murder was presumed from killing; not so in the case of a slave. The act of 1740 permits a master, when his slave is killed in his presence, there being no other white person present, to exculpate him-

self by his own oath; and this exculpation is complete, unless clearly contravened by the evidence of two white witnesses. This is exactly what the prisoner has done; she has, as the law permits, by calling on God, exculpated herself. And her oath is good, at least against the slander of her own slaves. Which, then, should prevail, the clamors of others, or the policy of the law established by our colonial ancestors? There would not be a tittle of positive evidence against the prisoner, nothing but circumstantial evidence; and ingenious combination might be made to lead to any conclusion. Justice was all that his client asked. She appealed to liberal and high-minded men, — and she rejoiced in the privilege of doing so, — to accord her that justice they would demand for themselves.

[Three physicians were called by the prosecution.]

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The evidence for the prosecution here closed, and no witnesses were called for the defense.

The jury were then successively addressed, ably and eloquently, by J. L. Petigru and James S. Rhett, Esqrs., on behalf of the prisoner, and H. Bailey, Esq., on behalf of the State, and B. F. Hunt, Esq., in reply. Of those speeches, and also of the judge's charge, we have taken full notes, but have neither time nor space to insert them here.

His Honor, Judge O'Neall, then charged the jury eloquently and ably on the facts, vindicating the existing law, making death the penalty for the murder of a slave; but, on the law, intimated to the jury that he held the act of 1740 so far still in force as to admit of the prisoner's exculpation by her own oath, unless clearly disproved by the oaths of two witnesses; and that they were, therefore, in his opinion, bound to acquit, — although he left it to them, wholly, to say whether the prisoner was guilty of murder, killing in sudden heat and passion, or not guilty.

The jury then retired, and, in about twenty or thirty minutes, returned with a verdict of "Not Guilty."

There are some points which appear in this statement of the trial, especially in the plea for the defense. Particular attention is called to the following passage: —

"Fortunately [said the lawyer] the jury were of the country; — acquainted with our policy and practice; composed of

men too honorable to be led astray by the *noise and clamor out of doors.* All was now as it should be; at least, a court of justice had assembled to which his client had fled for refuge and safety; its threshold was sacred; *no profane clamors entered there;* but legal investigation was had of facts."

From this it plainly appears that the case was a notorious one; so notorious and atrocious as to break through all the apathy which slave-holding institutions tend to produce, and to surround the court-house with noise and clamor.

From another intimation in the same speech, it would appear that there was abundant testimony of slaves to the direct fact, — testimony which left no kind of doubt on the popular mind. Why else does he thus earnestly warn the jury?

"He warned the jury that they were to listen to no evidence but that of free white persons, given on oath in open court; they were to imagine none that came not from them. It was for this that they were selected; their intelligence putting them beyond the influence of unfounded accusations, unsustained by legal proof: of legends of aggravated cruelty, founded on the evidence of negroes, and arising from weak and wicked falsehoods."

See also this remarkable admission: "Truth had been distorted in this case, and murder manufactured out of what was nothing more than ORDINARY DOMESTIC DISCIPLINE." If the reader refers to the testimony, he will find it testified that the woman appeared to be about sixty years old; that she was much emaciated; that there had been a succession of blows on the top of her head, and one violent one over the ear; and that, in the opinion of a surgeon, these blows were sufficient to cause death. Yet the lawyer for the defense coolly remarks that "murder had been *manufactured* out of what was *ordinary domestic discipline.*" Are we to understand that beating feeble old women on the head, in this manner, is a specimen of *ordinary domestic discipline* in Charleston? What would have been said if any anti-

slavery newspaper at the North had made such an assertion as this? Yet the "Charleston Courier" reports this statement without comment or denial. But let us hear the lady's lawyer go still further in vindication of this ordinary domestic discipline: "Chastisement must be inflicted until subordination is produced; and the extent of the punishment is not to be judged by one's neighbors, but by himself. The event, IN THIS CASE, has been unfortunate and sad." The lawyer admits that the result of thumping a feeble old woman on the head has, *in this case*, been "unfortunate and sad." The old thing had not strength to bear it, and had no greater regard for the convenience of the family, and the reputation of "the institution," than to die, and so get the family and the community generally into trouble. It will appear from this that in most cases where old women are thumped on the head they have stronger constitutions — or more consideration.

Again he says, "When punishment is due to the slave, the master must not be held to strict account *for going an inch beyond the mark.*" And finally, and most astounding of all, comes this: "*He bade the jury remember the words of him who spake as never man spake,* — 'LET HIM THAT HATH NEVER SINNED THROW THE FIRST STONE.' They, as masters, might regret excesses to which they themselves might have carried punishment."

What sort of an insinuation is this? Did he mean to say that almost all the jurymen had probably done things of the same sort, and therefore could have nothing to say in this case? and did no member of the jury get up and resent such a charge? From all that appears, the jury acquiesced in it as quite a matter of course; and the "Charleston Courier" quotes it without comment, in the record of a trial which it says "will show to the world HOW the law extends the ægis of her protection alike over the white man and the humblest slave."

Lastly, notice the decision of the judge, which has become law in South Carolina. What point does it establish? That the simple oath of the master, in face of all circumstantial evidence to the contrary, may clear him, when the murder of a slave is the question. And this trial is paraded as a triumphant specimen of legal impartiality and equity! "If the *light* that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness!"

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CHAPTER VIII

THE GOOD OLD TIMES

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CHAPTER IX

MODERATE CORRECTION AND ACCIDENTAL DEATH. — STATE *v.* CASTLEMAN

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CHAPTER X

PRINCIPLES ESTABLISHED. — STATE *v.* LEGREE; A CASE NOT IN THE BOOKS

From a review of all the legal cases which have hitherto been presented, and of the principles established in the judicial decisions upon them, the following facts must be apparent to the reader: —

First, That masters do, now and then, kill slaves by the torture.

Second, That the fact of so killing a slave is not of itself held presumption of murder, in slave jurisprudence.

Third, That the slave in the act of resistance to his master may always be killed.

From these things it will be seen to follow that, if the facts of the death of Tom had been fully proved by two white witnesses, in open court, Legree could not have been held by any *consistent* interpreter of slave law to be a murderer; for Tom was in the act of resistance to the will of his master. His master had laid a command on him, in the presence of other slaves. Tom had deliberately refused to obey the command. The master commenced chastisement, to reduce him to obedience. And it is evident at the first glance to every one that, if the law does not sustain him in enforcing obedience in such a case, there is an end of the whole slave power. No Southern court would dare to decide that Legree did wrong to continue the punishment, as long as Tom continued the insubordination. Legree stood by him every moment of the time, pressing him to yield, and offering to let him go as soon as he did yield. Tom's resistance was *insurrection.* It was an example which could not be allowed, for a moment, on any Southern plantation. By the express words of the constitution of Georgia, and by the understanding and usage of all slave law, the power of life and death is always left in the hands of the master, in exigencies like this. This is not a case like that of Souther *v.* The Commonwealth. The victim of Souther was not in a state of resistance or insurrection. The punishment, in his case, was a simple vengeance for a past offense, and not an attempt to reduce him to subordination.

There is no principle of slave jurisprudence by which a man could be pronounced a murderer, for acting as Legree did, in his circumstances. Everybody must see that such an admission would strike at the foundations of the slave system. To be sure, Tom was in a state of insurrection for conscience' sake. But the law does not, and cannot, contemplate that the negro shall have a conscience independent of his master's. To allow that the negro may refuse to obey his master whenever he thinks that obedience would

be wrong, would be to produce universal anarchy. If Tom had been allowed to disobey his master in this case, for conscience' sake, the next day Sambo would have had a case of conscience, and Quimbo the next. Several of them might very justly have thought that it was a sin to work as they did. The mulatto woman would have remembered that the command of God forbade her to take another husband. Mothers might have considered that it was more their duty to stay at home and take care of their children, when they were young and feeble, than to work for Mr. Legree in the cotton-field. There would be no end to the havoc made upon cotton-growing operations, were the negro allowed the right of maintaining his own conscience on moral subjects. If the slave system is a right system, and ought to be maintained, Mr. Legree ought not to be blamed for his conduct in this case; for he did only what was absolutely essential to maintain the system; and Tom died in fanatical and foolhardy resistance to "the powers that be, which are ordained of God." He followed a sentimental impulse of his desperately depraved heart, and neglected those "solid teachings of the written word," which, as recently elucidated, have proved so refreshing to eminent political men.

CHAPTER XI

THE TRIUMPH OF JUSTICE OVER LAW

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CHAPTER XII

A COMPARISON OF THE ROMAN LAW OF SLAVERY WITH THE AMERICAN

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CHAPTER XIII

THE MEN BETTER THAN THEIR LAWS

Judgment is turned away backward,
And Justice standeth afar off ;
For Truth is fallen in the street,
And Equity cannot enter.
Yea, Truth faileth ;
And HE THAT DEPARTETH FROM EVIL MAKETH HIMSELF A PREY.
ISAIAH 59 : 14, 15.

There is one very remarkable class of laws yet to be considered.

So full of cruelty and unmerciful severity is the slave-code, — such an atrocity is the institution of which it is the legal definition, — that there are multitudes of individuals too generous and too just to be willing to go to the full extent of its restrictions and deprivations.

A generous man, instead of regarding the poor slave as a piece of property, dead, and void of rights, is tempted to regard him rather as a helpless younger brother, or as a defenseless child, and to extend to him, by his own good right arm, that protection and those rights which the law denies him. A religious man, who, by the theory of his belief, regards all men as brothers, and considers his Christian slave, with himself, as a member of Jesus Christ, — as of one body, one spirit, and called in one hope of his calling, — cannot willingly see him "doomed to live without knowledge," without the power of reading the written Word, and to raise up his children after him in the same darkness.

Hence, if left to itself, individual humanity would, in many cases, practically abrogate the slave-code. Individual humanity would teach the slave to read and write, — would build school-houses for his children, and would, in very, very many cases, enfranchise him.

The result of all this has been foreseen. It has been foreseen that the result of education would be general intelligence; that the result of intelligence would be a knowledge of personal rights; and that an inquiry into the doctrine of personal rights would be fatal to the system. It has been foreseen, also, that the example of disinterestedness and generosity, in emancipation, might carry with it a generous contagion, until it should become universal; that the example of educated and emancipated slaves would prove a dangerous excitement to those still in bondage.

For this reason, the American slave-code, which, as we have already seen, embraces, substantially, all the barbarities of that of ancient Rome, has had added to it a set of laws more cruel than any which ancient and heathen Rome ever knew, — laws designed to shut against the slave his last refuge, — the humanity of his master. The master, in ancient Rome, might give his slave whatever advantages of education he chose, or at any time emancipate him, and the state did not interfere to prevent.[1]

But in America the laws, throughout all the slave States, most rigorously forbid, in the first place, the *education* of the slave. We do not profess to give all these laws, but a few striking specimens may be presented. Our authority is Judge Stroud's "Sketch of the Laws of Slavery."

The legislature of South Carolina, in 1740, enounced the following preamble:[2] "Whereas, the having of slaves taught to write, or suffering them to be employed in writing, may be attended with *great inconveniences;*" and enacted that the crime of teaching a slave to write, or of employing a slave as a scribe, should be punished by a fine of *one hundred pounds*, current money. If the reader will turn now

[1] In and after the reign of Augustus, certain restrictive regulations were passed, designed to prevent an increase of unworthy citizens by emancipation. They had, however, nothing like the stringent force of American laws.

[2] Stroud's Sketch, p. 88.

to the infamous "protective" statute, enacted by the same legislature, in the same year, he will find that the *same penalty* has been appointed for the cutting out of the tongue, putting out of the eye, cruel scalding, etc., of any slave, as for the offense of teaching him to write! That is to say, that to teach him to write, and to put out his eyes, are to be regarded as equally reprehensible.

That there might be no doubt of the "great and fundamental policy" of the State, and that there might be full security against the "*great inconveniences*" of "having of slaves taught to write," it was enacted, in 1800, "That assemblies of slaves, free negroes, etc., . . . for the purpose of *mental instruction*, in a confined or secret place, etc., etc., is [are] declared to be an unlawful meeting;" and the officers are required to enter such confined places, and disperse the "unlawful assemblage," inflicting, at their discretion, "*such corporal punishment*, not exceeding twenty lashes, upon such slaves, free negroes, etc., as they may judge *necessary for deterring them from the like unlawful assemblage in future.*"[1]

The statute-book of Virginia is adorned with a law similar to the one last quoted.[2]

The offense of teaching a slave to write was early punished in Georgia, as in South Carolina, by a pecuniary fine. But the city of Savannah seems to have found this penalty insufficient to protect it from "*great inconveniences*," and we learn, by a quotation in the work of Judge Stroud from a number of "The Portfolio," that "the city has passed an ordinance, by which any person that teaches any person of color, *slave or free*, to *read or write*, or causes such person to be so taught, is subjected to a fine of thirty dollars for *each* offense; and every person of color who shall keep a school, to teach reading or writing, is subject to a fine of

[1] Stroud's Sketch, p. 89. 2 Brevard's Digest, pp. 254, 255.
[2] Stroud, pp. 88, 89.

thirty dollars, or to be imprisoned ten days, and whipped thirty-nine lashes." [1]

Secondly. In regard to religious privileges : —

The State of Georgia has enacted a law, "To *protect* religious societies in the exercise of their religious duties." This law, after appointing rigorous penalties for the offense of interrupting or disturbing a congregation of *white persons,* concludes in the following words : —

"No congregation, or company of *negroes,* shall, under *pretense of divine worship,* assemble themselves, contrary to the act regulating patrols." [2]

"The act regulating patrols," as quoted by the editor of Prince's Digest, empowers *every justice of the peace to disperse* ANY *assembly or meeting of slaves* which *may* disturb the peace, etc., of his majesty's subjects, and permits that every slave found at such a meeting shall "*immediately* be corrected, WITHOUT TRIAL, *by receiving on the bare back twenty-five stripes with a whip, switch, or cowskin.*" [3]

The history of legislation in South Carolina is significant. An act was passed in 1800, containing the following section :

"It shall not be lawful for any number of slaves, free negroes, mulattoes or mestizoes, even in company with white persons, to meet together and assemble for the purpose of mental instruction *or religious worship,* either before the rising of the sun, or after the going down of the same. And all magistrates, sheriffs, militia officers, etc., etc., are hereby vested with power, etc., for dispersing such assemblies, etc." [4]

The law just quoted seems somehow to have had a prejudicial effect upon the religious interests of the "slaves, free negroes," etc., specified in it ; for, three years afterwards, on the petition of certain religious societies, a "*protective act*" was passed, which should secure them this

[1] Stroud's Sketch, pp. 89, 90.
[2] Stroud, p. 93. Prince's Digest, p. 342.
[3] Stroud, p. 93. Prince's Digest, p. 447.
[4] Stroud, p. 93. 2 Brevard's Dig. 254, 255.

great religious privilege ; to wit, that it should be unlawful, before nine o'clock, "to break into a place of meeting, wherein shall be assembled the members of any religious society of this State, *provided a majority of them shall be white persons*, or otherwise to disturb their devotion, *unless* such person shall have first obtained . . . a warrant, etc."

Thirdly. It appears that many masters, who are disposed to treat their slaves generously, have allowed them to accumulate property, to raise domestic animals for their own use, and, in the case of intelligent servants, to go at large, to hire their own time, and to trade upon their own account. Upon all these practices the law comes down with unmerciful severity. A penalty is inflicted on the owner, but, with a rigor quite accordant with the tenor of slave law, the offense is considered, in law, as that of the slave, rather than that of the master; so that, if the master is generous enough not to regard the penalty which is imposed upon himself, he may be restrained by the fear of bringing a greater evil upon his dependent. These laws are, in some cases, so constructed as to make it for the interest of the lowest and most brutal part of society that they be enforced, by offering half the profits to the informer. We give the following, as specimens of slave legislation on this subject : —

The law of South Carolina : —

"It shall not be lawful for any slave to buy, sell, trade, etc., for any goods, etc., without a license from the owner, etc.; nor shall any slave be permitted to keep any boat, periauger,[1] or canoe, or raise and breed, for the benefit of such slave, any horses, mares, cattle, sheep, or hogs, under pain of forfeiting all the goods, etc., and all the boats, periaugers, or canoes, horses, mares, cattle, sheep, or hogs. And it shall be lawful for any person whatsoever to seize and take away from any slave all such goods, etc., boats, etc., etc., and to deliver the same into the hands of any justice of the peace, nearest to the place where

[1] *I. e.*, Periagua.

the seizure shall be made; and such justice shall take the oath of the person making such seizure, concerning the manner thereof; and if the said justice shall be satisfied that such seizure has been made according to law, he shall pronounce and declare the goods so seized to be forfeited, and order the same to be sold at public outcry, one half of the moneys arising from such sale to go to the State, and the other half to him or them that sue for the same." [1]

The laws in many other States are similar to the above; but the State of Georgia has an additional provision, against permitting the slave to hire himself to another for his own benefit; a penalty of thirty dollars is imposed for every weekly offense, on the part of the master, unless the labor be done on his own premises.[2] Savannah, Augusta, and Sunbury are places excepted.

In Virginia, "if the master shall permit his slave to hire himself out," [3] the *slave* is to be apprehended, etc., and the *master* to be fined.

In an early act of the legislature of the orthodox and Presbyterian State of North Carolina, it is gratifying to see how the judicious course of public policy is made to subserve the interests of Christian charity, — how, in a single ingenious sentence, provision is made for punishing the offender against society, rewarding the patriotic informer, and feeding the poor and destitute: —

"All horses, cattle, hogs, or sheep, that, one month after the passing of this act, shall belong to any slave, or be of any slave's mark, in this State, shall be seized and sold by the county wardens, and by them applied, the one half to the support of the poor of the county, and the other half to the informer." [4]

In Mississippi a fine of fifty dollars is imposed upon the master who permits his slave to cultivate cotton for his own use; or who licenses his slave to go at large and trade as a

[1] Stroud's Sketch, pp. 46, 47. James's Digest, 385, 386. Act of 1740.
[2] 2 Cobb's Dig. 284.
[3] Stroud, p. 47.
[4] Stroud, p. 47.

freeman; or who is *convicted* of permitting his slave to keep "*stock of any description.*"[1]

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Fourthly. Stringent laws against emancipation exist in nearly all the slave States.

In four of the States, — South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi, — emancipation cannot be effected, except by a special act of the legislature of the State.[2]

In Georgia, the *offense* of setting free "any slave, or slaves, in any other manner and form than the one prescribed," was punishable, according to the law of 1801, by the forfeiture of two hundred dollars, to be recovered by action *or indictment;* the slaves in question still remaining "*to all intents and purposes, as much in a state of slavery as before they were manumitted.*"

Believers in human progress will be interested to know that since the law of 1801 there has been a reform introduced into this part of the legislation of the republic of Georgia. In 1818, a new law was passed, which, as will be seen, contains a grand remedy for the abuses of the old. In this it is provided, with endless variety of specifications and synonyms, as if to "let suspicion double-lock the door" against any possible evasion, that, "All, and every will, testament, and deed, whether by way of trust or otherwise, contract, or agreement, or stipulation, or other instrument in writing or by parol, made and executed for the purpose of effecting, or endeavoring to effect, the manumission of any slave or slaves, either directly . . . or indirectly, or virtually, etc., etc., shall be, and the same are hereby, declared to be utterly null and void." And the guilty author of the outrage against the peace of the State, contemplated in such deed, etc., etc., "and all and every person or persons

[1] Stroud's Sketch, p. 48.

[2] Stroud, 147. Prince's Dig. 456. James's Dig. 398. Toulmin's Dig. 632. Miss. Rev. Code, 386.

concerned in giving or attempting to give effect thereto, . . . in any way or manner whatsoever, shall be severally liable to a penalty not exceeding one thousand dollars."

It would be quite anomalous in slave law, and contrary to the "great and fundamental policy" of slave States, if the negroes who, not having the fear of God before their eyes, but being instigated by the devil, should be guilty of being thus manumitted, were suffered to go unpunished; accordingly, the law very properly and judiciously provides that "each and every slave or slaves in whose behalf such will and testament, etc., etc., etc., shall have been made, shall be liable to be *arrested* by warrant, etc.; and, *being thereof convicted*, etc., shall be liable to be sold as a slave or slaves by public outcry; and the proceeds of such slaves shall be appropriated, etc., etc."[1]

Judge Stroud gives the following account of the law of Mississippi: —

"The emancipation must be by an *instrument in writing*, a last will or deed, etc., *under seal*, attested by at least *two credible witnesses*, or *acknowledged in the court* of the county or corporation where the emancipator resides; *proof satisfactory to the General Assembly* must be adduced that the slave has done *some meritorious act for the benefit of his master*, or rendered *some distinguished service to the State;* all which circumstances are but *prerequisites*, and are of no efficacy until a *special act of Assembly* sanctions the emancipation; to which may be added, as has been already stated, a saving of the *rights of creditors*, and the protection of *the widow's thirds*."[2]

The same *prerequisite* of "*meritorious services*, to be adjudged of and allowed by the county court," is exacted by an act of the General Assembly of North Carolina; and all slaves emancipated contrary to the provisions of this act are to be committed to the jail of the county, and at the next court held for that county are to be sold to the highest bidder.

[1] Stroud's Sketch, pp. 147, 148. Prince's Dig. 466.

[2] Stroud, p. 149. Miss. Rev. Code, 385, 386 (Act June 18, 1822).

But the law of North Carolina does not refuse opportunity for repentance, even after the crime has been proved: accordingly, —

"The sheriff is directed, five days before the time for the sale of the *emancipated* negro, to give notice, in writing, to the person by whom the emancipation was made, to the end,"[1]

and with the hope that, smitten by remorse of conscience, and brought to a sense of his guilt before God and man,

"such person may, if he thinks proper, renew his claim to the negro so emancipated by him; on failure to do which, the sale is to be made by the sheriff, and one fifth part of the net proceeds is to become the property of the freeholder by whom the apprehension was made, and the remaining four fifths are to be paid into the public treasury."

It is proper to add that we have given examples of the laws of States whose legislation on this subject has been most severe. The laws of Virginia, Maryland, Missouri, Kentucky, and Louisiana are much less stringent.[2]

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Nothing more forcibly shows the absolute despotism of the slave law over all the kindest feelings and intentions of the master, and the determination of courts to carry these severities to their full lengths, than this cruel deed, which precipitated a young man who had been educated to consider himself free, and his mother, an educated woman, back into the bottomless abyss of slavery. Had this case been chosen for the theme of a novel, or a tragedy, the world would have cried out upon it as a plot of monstrous improbability. As it stands in the law-book, it is only a specimen of that awful kind of truth, stranger than fiction, which is all the time evolving, in one form or another, from the workings of this anomalous system.

This view of the subject is a very important one, and

[1] Stroud's Sketch, p. 148. Haywood's Manual, 525, 526, 529, 537.
[2] Stroud, pp. 148–154.

ought to be earnestly and gravely pondered by those in foreign countries, who are too apt to fasten their condemnation and opprobrium rather on the *person* of the slave-holder than on the horrors of the legal system. In some slave States it seems as if there was very little that the benevolent owner could do which should permanently benefit his slave, unless he should seek to *alter the laws*. Here it is that the highest obligation of the Southern Christian lies. Nor will the world or God hold *them* guiltless who, with the elective franchise in their hands, and the full power to speak, write, and discuss, suffer this monstrous system of legalized cruelty to go on from age to age.

CHAPTER XIV

THE HEBREW SLAVE LAW COMPARED WITH THE AMERICAN SLAVE LAW.

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CHAPTER XV

SLAVERY IS DESPOTISM

It is always important, in discussing a thing, to keep before our minds exactly what it is.

The only means of understanding precisely what a civil institution is, is an examination of the laws which regulate it. In different ages and nations, very different things have been called by the name of slavery. Patriarchal servitude was one thing, Hebrew servitude was another, Greek and Roman servitude still a third; and these institutions differed very much from each other. What, then, is American slavery, as we have seen it exhibited by law, and by the decisions of courts?

Let us begin by stating what it is not.

1. It is not apprenticeship.

2. It is not guardianship.

3. It is in no sense a system for the education of a weaker race by a stronger.

4. The happiness of the governed is in no sense its object.

5. The temporal improvement or the eternal well-being of the governed is in no sense its object.

The object of it has been distinctly stated in one sentence, by Judge Ruffin, — "The end is the profit of the master, his security, and the public safety."

Slavery, then, is absolute despotism, of the most unmitigated form.

It would, however, be doing injustice to the absolutism of any *civilized* country to liken American slavery to it. The absolute governments of Europe none of them pretend to be founded on a *property* right of the governor to the persons and entire capabilities of the governed.

This is a form of despotism which exists only in some of the most savage countries of the world; as, for example, in Dahomey.

The European absolutism or despotism, now, does, to some extent, recognize the happiness and welfare of the *governed* as the foundation of government; and the ruler is considered as invested with power *for the benefit of the people;* and his right to rule is supposed to be in somewhat predicated upon the idea that he better understands how to promote the good of the people than they themselves do. No government in the *civilized* world now presents the pure despotic idea, as it existed in the old days of the Persian and Assyrian rule.

The arguments which defend slavery must be substantially the same as those which defend despotism of any other kind; and the objections which are to be urged against it

are precisely those which can be urged against despotism of any other kind. The customs and practices to which it gives rise are precisely those to which despotisms in all ages have given rise.

Is the slave suspected of a crime? His master has the power to examine him by torture (see State *v.* Castleman). His master has, in fact, in most cases, the power of life and death, owing to the exclusion of the slave's evidence. He has the power of banishing the slave, at any time, and without giving an account to anybody, to an exile as dreadful as that of Siberia, and to labors as severe as those of the galleys. He has also unlimited power over the character of his slave. He can accuse him of any crime, yet withhold from him all right of trial or investigation, and sell him into captivity, with his name blackened by an unexamined imputation.

These are all abuses for which despotic governments are blamed. They are powers which good men who are despotic rulers are beginning to disuse; but under the flag of every slave-holding State, and under the flag of the whole United States in the District of Columbia, they are committed indiscriminately to men of any character.

But the worst kind of despotism has been said to be that which extends alike over the body and over the soul; which can bind the liberty of the conscience, and deprive a man of all right of choice in respect to the manner in which he shall learn the will of God, and worship Him. In other days, kings on their thrones, and cottagers by their firesides, alike trembled before a despotism which declared itself able to bind and to loose, to open and to shut the kingdom of heaven.

Yet this power to control the conscience, to control the religious privileges, and all the opportunities which man has of acquaintanceship with his Maker, and of learning to do his will, is, under the flag of every slave State, and

under the flag of the United States, placed in the hands of any men, of any character, who can afford to pay for it.

It is a most awful and most solemn truth that the greatest republic in the world does sustain under her national flag the worst system of despotism which can possibly exist.

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PART III

CHAPTER I

DOES PUBLIC OPINION PROTECT THE SLAVE?

THE utter inefficiency of the law to protect the slave in any respect has been shown. But it is claimed that, precisely because the law affords the slave no protection, therefore public opinion is the more strenuous in his behalf.

Nothing more frequently strikes the eye, in running over judicial proceedings in the courts of slave States, than announcements of the utter inutility of the law to rectify some glaring injustice towards this unhappy race, coupled with congratulatory remarks on that beneficent state of *public sentiment* which is to supply entirely this acknowledged deficiency of the law.

On this point it may, perhaps, be sufficient to ask the reader, whether North or South, to review in his own mind the judicial documents which we have presented, and ask himself what inference is to be drawn, as to the state of public sentiment, from the cases there presented, — from the pleas of lawyers, the decisions of judges, the facts sworn to by witnesses, and the general style and spirit of the whole proceedings.

In order to appreciate this more fully, let us compare a trial in a free State with a trial in a slave State.

In the free State of Massachusetts, a man of standing, learning, and high connections murdered another man. He did not torture him, but with one blow sent him in a moment from life. The murderer had every advantage of position, of friends; it may be said, indeed, that he had the sympathy

of the whole United States; yet how calmly, with what unmoved and awful composure, did the judicial examination proceed! The murderer was condemned to die — what a sensation shook the country! Even sovereign States assumed the attitude of petitioners for him.

There was a voice of entreaty, from Maine to New Orleans. There were remonstrances, and there were threats; but still, with what passionless calmness retributive justice held on its way! Though the men who were her instruments were men of merciful and bleeding hearts, yet they bowed in silence to her sublime will. In spite of all that influence, and wealth, and power could do, a cultivated and intelligent man, from the first rank of society, suffered the same penalty that would fall on any other man who violated the sanctity of human life.

Now, compare this with a trial in a slave State. In Virginia, Souther also murdered a man; but he did not murder him by one merciful blow, but by twelve hours of torture so horrible that few readers could bear even the description of it. It was a mode of death which, to use the language that Cicero in his day applied to crucifixion, "ought to be forever removed from the sight, hearing, and from the very thoughts of mankind." And to this horrible scene two white men were WITNESSES!

Observe the mode in which these two cases were tried, and the general sensation they produced. Hear the lawyers, in this case of Souther, coolly debating whether it can be considered any crime at all. Hear the decision of the inferior court, that it is murder in the *second degree*, and apportioning as its reward five years of imprisonment. See the horrible butcher coming up to the Superior Court in the attitude of an injured man! See the case recorded as that of *Souther* VERSUS *The Commonwealth*, and let us ask any intelligent man, North or South, what sort of public sentiment does this show!

Does it show a belief that the negro is a man? Does it not show decidedly that he is *not* considered as a man? Consider further the horrible principle which, reaffirmed in the case, is the law of the land in Virginia. *It is the policy of the law, in respect to the relation of master and slave, and for the sake of securing proper subordination on the part of the slave, to protect the master from prosecution in all such cases, even if the whipping and punishment be malicious, cruel, and excessive!*

When the most cultivated and intelligent men in the State formally, calmly, and without any apparent perception of saying anything inhuman, utter such an astounding decision as this, what *can* be thought of it? If they do not consider this cruel, what is cruel? And if their feelings are so blunted as to see no cruelty in such a decision, what hope is there of any protection to the slave?

This law is a plain and distinct permission to such wretches as Souther to inflict upon the helpless slave any torture they may choose, without any accusation or impeachment of crime. It distinctly tells Souther, and the white witnesses who saw his deed, and every other low, unprincipled man in the court, that it is the policy of the law to protect him in malicious, cruel, and excessive punishments.

What sort of an education is this for the intelligent and cultivated men of a State to communicate to the lower and less-educated class? Suppose it to be solemnly announced in Massachusetts, with respect to free laborers or apprentices, that it is the policy of the law, for the sake of producing subordination, to protect the master in inflicting any punishment, however cruel, malicious, and excessive, short of death. We cannot imagine such a principle declared, without a rebellion and a storm of popular excitement to which that of Bunker Hill was calmness itself; but supposing the State of Massachusetts were so "twice dead and plucked up by the roots" as to allow such a decision to pass without comment

concerning her working classes, — suppose it did pass, and become an active, operative reality, what kind of an educational influence would it exert upon the commonwealth? What kind of an estimate of the working classes would it show in the minds of those who make and execute the law?

What an immediate development of villainy and brutality would be brought out by such a law, avowedly made to protect men in cruelty! Cannot men be cruel enough, without all the majesty of law being brought into operation to sanction it, and make it reputable?

And suppose it were said, in vindication of such a law, "Oh, of course, no respectable, humane man would ever think of taking advantage of it." Should we not think the old State of Massachusetts sunk very low, to have on her legal records direct assurances of protection to deeds which no decent man would ever do?

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The whole American nation is, in some sense, under a paralysis of public sentiment on this subject. It was said by a heathen writer that the gods gave us a fearful power when they gave us the faculty of becoming accustomed to things. This power has proved a fearful one indeed in America. We have got used to things which might stir the dead in their graves.

When but a small portion of the things daily done in America has been told in England, and France, and Italy, and Germany, there has been a perfect shriek and outcry of horror. America alone remains cool, and asks, "What is the matter?"

Europe answers back, "Why, we have heard that men are *sold* like cattle in your country."

"Of course they are," says America; "but what then?"

"We have heard," says Europe, "that millions of men are forbidden to read or write in your country."

"We know that," says America; "but what is this outcry about?"

"We have heard," says Europe, "that Christian girls are sold to shame in your markets!"

"That is n't quite as it should be," says America; "but still, what is this *excitement* about?"

"We hear that three millions of your people can have no legal marriage ties," says Europe.

"Certainly that is true," returns America; "but you made such an outcry, we thought you saw some great *cruelty* going on."

"And you profess to be a free country!" says indignant Europe.

"Certainly we are the freest and most enlightened country in the world, — what are you talking about?" says America.

"You send your missionaries to Christianize us," says Turkey; "and our religion has abolished this horrible system."

"You! you are all heathen over there, — what business have you to talk?" answers America.

Many people seem really to have thought that nothing but horrible exaggerations of the system of slavery could have produced the sensation which has recently been felt in all modern Europe. They do not know that the thing they have become accustomed to, and handled so freely in every discussion, seems to all other nations the sum and essence of villainy. Modern Europe, opening her eyes and looking on the legal theory of the slave system, on the laws and interpretations of law which define it, says to America, in the language of the indignant Othello, If thou wilt justify a thing like this,

> "Never pray more; abandon all remorse;
> On Horror's head horrors accumulate;
> Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amazed;
> For nothing canst thou to damnation add
> Greater than this."

. . . . . .

CHAPTER II

PUBLIC OPINION FORMED BY EDUCATION

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Let us now inquire what are the educational influences which bear upon the mind educated in constant familiarity with the slave system.

Take any child of ingenuous mind and of generous heart, and educate him under the influences of slavery, and what are the things which go to form his character? An anecdote which a lady related to the writer may be in point in this place. In giving an account of some of the things which induced her to remove her family from under the influence of slavery, she related the following incident: Looking out of her nursery window one day, she saw her daughter, about three years of age, seated in her little carriage, with six or eight young negro children harnessed into it for horses. Two or three of the older slaves were standing around their little mistress, and one of them, putting a whip into her hand, said, "There, Misse, whip 'em well; make 'em go — they 're all your niggers."

What a moral and religious lesson was this for that young soul! The mother was a judicious woman, who never would herself have taught such a thing; but the whole influence of slave society had burnt it into the soul of every negro, and through them it was communicated to the child.

As soon as a child is old enough to read the newspapers, he sees in every column such notices as the following from a late "Richmond Whig."

LARGE SALE OF NEGROES, HORSES, MULES, CATTLE, ETC.

The subscriber, under a decree of the Circuit Superior Court for Fluvanna County, will proceed to sell, by public auction, at the late residence of William Galt, deceased, on TUESDAY,

the 30th day of November, and WEDNESDAY, the 1st day of December next, beginning at 11 o'clock, the negroes, stock, etc., of all kinds, belonging to the estate, consisting of 175 *negroes, amongst whom are* SOME CARPENTERS AND BLACKSMITHS, — 10 horses, 33 mules, 100 head of cattle, 100 sheep, 200 hogs, 1500 barrels corn, oats, fodder, etc., the plantation and shop tools of all kinds.

The Negroes will be sold for cash; the other property on a credit of nine months, the purchaser giving bond, with approved security.

JAMES GALT, *Administrator of William Galt, deceased.*

Oct. 19.

. . . . . .

We have spoken now of only the common advertisements of the paper; but suppose the child to live in some districts of the country, and advertisements of a still more degrading character meet his eye. In the State of Alabama, a newspaper devoted to politics, literature, and EDUCATION has a standing weekly advertisement of which this is a copy: —

NOTICE.

The undersigned having an excellent pack of HOUNDS, for trailing and catching runaway slaves, informs the public that his prices in future will be as follows for such services: —

For each day employed in hunting or trailing	$2.50
For catching each slave	10.00
For going over ten miles, and catching slaves	20.00

If sent for, the above prices will be exacted in cash. The subscriber resides one mile and a half south of Dadeville, Ala.

B. BLACK.

Dadeville, Sept. 1, 1852. 1-tf

The reader will see, by the printer's sign at the bottom, that it is a season advertisement, and, therefore, would meet the eye of the child week after week. The paper from which we have cut this contains among its extracts passages from Dickens's "Household Words," from Professor Felton's

article in the "Christian Examiner" on the relation of the sexes, and a most beautiful and chivalrous appeal from the eloquent Senator Soulé on the legal rights of women. Let us now ask, since this paper is devoted to education, what sort of an educational influence such advertisements have. And, of course, such an establishment is not kept up without patronage. Where there are negro-hunters advertising in a paper, there are also negro-hunts, and there are dogs being trained to hunt; and all this process goes on before the eyes of children; and what sort of an education is it?

The writer has received an account of the way in which dogs are trained for this business. The information has been communicated to the gentleman who writes it by a negro man, who, having been always accustomed to see it done, described it with as little sense of there being anything out of the way in it as if the dogs had been trained to catch raccoons. It came to the writer in a recent letter from the South.

"The way to train 'em [says the man] is to take these yer pups — any kind o' pups will do, — fox-hounds, bull-dogs, most any; — but take the pups, and keep 'em shut up, and don't let 'em never see a nigger till they get big enough to be larned. When the pups gits old enough to be set on to things, then make 'em run after a nigger; and when they cotches him, give 'em meat. Tell the nigger to run as hard as he can, and git up in a tree, so as to larn the dogs to tree 'em; then take the shoe of a nigger, and larn 'em to find the nigger it belongs to; then a rag of his clothes; and so on. Allers be carful to tree the nigger, and teach the dog to wait and bark under the tree till you come up and give him his meat."

See also the following advertisement from the "Ouachita Register," a newspaper dated "Monroe, La., Tuesday evening, June 1, 1852."

NEGRO DOGS.

The undersigned would respectfully inform the citizens of Ouachita and adjacent parishes, that he has located about 2½

miles east of John White's, on the road leading from Monroe to Bastrop, and that he has a fine pack of Dogs for catching negroes. Persons wishing negroes caught will do well to give him a call. He can always be found at his stand when not engaged in hunting, and even then information of his whereabouts can always be had of some one on the premises.

Terms. — Five dollars per day and found, when there is no track pointed out. When the track is shown, twenty-five dollars will be charged for catching the negro.

M. C. Goff.

Monroe, Feb. 17, 1852. 15-3m

Now, do not all the scenes likely to be enacted under this head form a fine education for the children of a Christian nation? and can we wonder if children so formed see no cruelty in slavery? Can children realize that creatures who are thus hunted are children of one heavenly Father with themselves?

But suppose the boy grows up to be a man, and attends the courts of justice, and hears intelligent, learned men declaring from the bench that "the mere beating of a slave, unaccompanied by any circumstances of cruelty, or an attempt to kill, is no breach of the peace of the State." Suppose he hears it decided in the same place that no insult or outrage upon any slave is considered worthy of legal redress, unless it impairs his property value. Suppose he hears, as he would in Virginia, that it is the policy of the law to protect the master even in inflicting cruel, malicious, and excessive punishment upon the slave. Suppose a slave is murdered, and he hears the lawyers arguing that it cannot be considered a murder, because the slave, in law, is not considered a human being; and then suppose the case is appealed to a superior court, and he hears the judge expending his forces on a long and eloquent dissertation to prove that the slave *is* a human being; at least, that he is as much so as a lunatic, an idiot, or an unborn child, and that, therefore, he can be murdered.

Suppose he sees that all the administration of law with regard to the slave proceeds on the idea that he is absolutely nothing more than a bale of merchandise. Suppose he hears such language as this, which occurs in the reasonings of the Brazealle case, and which is a fair sample of the manner in which such subjects are ordinarily discussed. "The slave has no more political capacity, no more right to purchase, hold, or transfer property, than the mule in his plough; he is in himself but a mere chattel, — the subject of absolute ownership." Suppose he sees on the statue-book such sentences as these, from the civil code of Louisiana: —

Art. 2500. The latent defects of slaves and animals are divided into two classes, — vices of body and vices of character.

Art. 2501. The vices of body are distinguished into absolute and relative.

Art. 2502. The absolute vices of slaves are leprosy, madness, and epilepsy.

Art. 2503. The absolute vices of horses and mules are short wind, glanders, and founder.

The influence of this language is made all the stronger on the young mind from the fact that it is not the language of contempt, or of passion, but calm, matter-of-fact, legal statement.

What effect must be produced on the mind of the young man when he comes to see that, however atrocious and however well-proved be the murder of a slave, the murderer uniformly escapes; and that, though the cases where the slave has fallen a victim to passions of the white are so multiplied, yet the fact of an execution for such a crime is yet almost unknown in the country? Does not all this tend to produce exactly that estimate of the value of negro life and happiness which Frederic Douglass says was expressed by a common proverb among the white boys where he was brought up: "It 's worth sixpence to kill a nigger, and sixpence more to bury him"?

. . . . . .

CHAPTER III

SEPARATION OF FAMILIES

"What must the difference be," said Dr. Worthington, with startling energy, "between Isabel and her servants! To *her* it is loss of position, fortune, the fair hopes of life, perhaps even health; for she must inevitably break down under the unaccustomed labor and privations she will have to undergo. But to them it is *merely a change of masters!*"

"Yes, for the neighbors won't allow any of the families to be separated."

"Of course not. We read of such things in *novels* sometimes. But I have yet to see it in real life, except in rare cases, or where the slave has been guilty of some misdemeanor, or crime, for which, in the North, he would have been imprisoned, perhaps for life." — *Cabin and Parlor*, by J. THORNTON RANDOLPH, p. 39.

. . . . . .

"But they're going to sell us all to Georgia, I say. How are we to escape that?"

"Spec dare some mistake in dat," replied Uncle Peter stoutly. "I nebber knew of sich a ting in dese parts, 'cept where some niggar 'd been berry bad." — *Ibid.*

By such graphic touches as the above does Mr. Thornton Randolph represent to us the patriarchal stability and security of the slave population in the Old Dominion. Such a thing as a slave being sold out of the State has never been heard of by Dr. Worthington, except in rare cases for some crime; and old Uncle Peter never heard of such a thing in his life.

Are these representations true?

The worst abuse of the system of slavery is its outrage upon the family; and, as the writer views the subject, it is one which is more notorious and undeniable than any other.

Yet it is upon this point that the most stringent and earnest denial has been made to the representations of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," either indirectly, as by the romance-writer above, or more directly in the assertions of newspapers, both at the North and at the South. When made at the North, they indicate, to say the least, very great

ignorance of the subject; when made at the South, they certainly do very great injustice to the general character of the Southerner for truth and honesty. All sections of country have faults peculiar to themselves. The fault of the South, as a general thing, has not been cowardly evasion and deception. It was with utter surprise that the author read the following sentences in an article in "Fraser's Magazine," professing to come from a South Carolinian.

"Mrs. Stowe's favorite illustration of the master's power to the injury of the slave is the separation of families. We are told of infants of ten months old being sold from the arms of their mothers, and of men whose habit it is to raise children to sell away from their mother as soon as they are old enough to be separated. Were our views of this feature of slavery derived from Mrs. Stowe's book, we should regard the families of slaves as utterly unsettled and vagrant."

And again: —

"We feel confident that, if statistics could be had to throw light upon this subject, we should find that there is less separation of families among the negroes than occurs with almost any other class of persons."

As the author of this article, however, is evidently a man of honor, and expresses many most noble and praiseworthy sentiments, it cannot be supposed that these statements were put forth with any view to misrepresent, or to deceive. They are only to be regarded as evidences of the facility with which a sanguine mind often overlooks the most glaring facts that make against a favorite idea or theory, or which are unfavorable in their bearings on one's own country or family. Thus the citizens of some place notoriously unhealthy will come to believe, and assert, with the utmost sincerity, that there is actually less sickness in their town than any other of its size in the known world. Thus parents often think their children perfectly immaculate in just those particulars in which others see them to be most faulty. This solution of the phenomena is a natural

and amiable one, and enables us to retain our respect for our Southern brethren.

There is another circumstance, also, to be taken into account, in reading such assertions as these. It is evident, from the pamphlet in question, that the writer is one of the few who regard the possession of absolute irresponsible power as the highest of motives to moderation and temperance in its use. Such men are commonly associated in friendship and family connection with others of similar views, and are very apt to fall into the error of judging others by themselves, and thinking that a thing may do for all the world because it operates well in their immediate circle. Also it cannot but be a fact that the various circumstances which from infancy conspire to degrade and depress the negro in the eyes of a Southern-born man, — the constant habit of speaking of them, and hearing them spoken of, and seeing them advertised, as mere articles of property, often in connection with horses, mules, fodder, swine, etc., as they are almost daily in every Southern paper, — must tend, even in the best-constituted minds, to produce a certain obtuseness with regard to the interests, sufferings, and affections of such as do not particularly belong to himself, which will peculiarly unfit him for estimating their condition. The author has often been singularly struck with this fact, in the letters of Southern friends; in which, upon one page, they will make some assertion regarding the condition of Southern negroes, and then go on, and in other connections state facts which apparently contradict them all. We can all be aware how this familiarity would operate with ourselves. Were we called upon to state how often our neighbors' cows were separated from their calves, or how often their household furniture and other effects are scattered and dispersed by executors' sales, we should be inclined to say that it was not a misfortune of very common occurrence.

But let us open two South Carolina papers, published in the very State where this gentleman is residing, and read the advertisements FOR ONE WEEK. The author has slightly abridged them.

COMMISSIONER'S SALE OF 12 LIKELY NEGROES.

FAIRFIELD DISTRICT.

R. W. Murray and wife and others
v.
William Wright and wife and others.
} *In Equity.*

In pursuance of an Order of the Court of Equity made in the above case at July Term, 1852, I will sell at public outcry, to the highest bidder, before the Court House in Winnsboro, on the first Monday in January next,

12 VERY LIKELY NEGROES,

belonging to the estate of Micajah Mobley, deceased, late of Fairfield District.

These Negroes consist chiefly of young boys and girls, and are said to be very likely.

Terms of Sale, etc.

W. R. ROBERTSON,
C. E. F. D.

Commissioner's Office,
Winnsboro, Nov. 30, 1852.

Dec. 2 42 x4.

[Eighteen similar advertisements follow.]

Now, it is scarcely possible that a person who has been accustomed to see such advertisements from boyhood, and to pass them over with as much indifference as we pass over advertisements of sofas and chairs for sale, could possibly receive the shock from them which one wholly unaccustomed to such a mode of considering and disposing of human beings would receive. They make no impression upon him. His own family servants, and those of his friends, are not in the market, and he does not realize that

any are. Under the advertisements, a hundred such scenes as those described in "Uncle Tom" may have been acting in his very vicinity.

. . . . . .

These papers of South Carolina are not exceptional ones; they may be matched by hundreds of papers from any other State.

Let the reader now stop one minute, and look over again these two weeks' advertisements. This is not novel-writing — *this* is fact. See these human beings tumbled promiscuously out before the public with horses, mules, second-hand buggies, cotton-seed, bedsteads, etc., etc.; and Christian ladies, in the same newspaper, saying that they prayerfully study God's word, and believe their institutions have his sanction! Does he suppose that here, in these two weeks, there have been no scenes of suffering? Imagine the distress of these families — the nights of anxiety of these mothers and children, wives and husbands, when these sales are about to take place! Imagine the scenes of the sales! A young lady, a friend of the writer, who spent a winter in Carolina, described to her the sale of a woman and her children. When the little girl, seven years of age, was put on the block, she fell into spasms with fear and excitement. She was taken off — recovered and put back — the spasms came back — three times the experiment was tried, and at last the sale of the *child* was deferred!

. . . . . .

But let us still further reason upon the testimony of advertisements. What is to be understood by the following, of the "Memphis Eagle and Inquirer," Saturday, November 13, 1852? Under the editorial motto, "*Liberty* and Union, now and forever," come the following illustrations: —

NO. I.

NEGROES.

I have just received from the East 75 assorted A No. 1 negroes. Call soon, if you want to get the first choice.

BENJ. LITTLE.

NO. II.

CASH FOR NEGROES.

I will pay as high cash prices for a few likely young negroes as any trader in this city. Also, will receive and sell on commission at Byrd Hill's, old stand, on Adams-street, Memphis. BENJ. LITTLE.

NO. III.

500 NEGROES WANTED.

We will pay the highest cash price for all good negroes offered. We invite all those having negroes for sale to call on us at our Mart, opposite the lower steamboat landing. We will also have a large lot of Virginia negroes for sale in the Fall. We have as safe a jail as any in the country, where we can keep negroes safe for those that wish them kept. BOLTON, DICKINS & CO.

Under the head of advertisement No. 1, let us humbly inquire what "*assorted A No.* 1 *Negroes*" means. Is it likely that it means negroes sold in families? What is meant by the invitation, "*Call soon if you want to get the first choice*"?

So much for Advertisement No. 1. Let us now propound a few questions to the initiated on No. 2. What does Mr. Benjamin Little mean by saying that he "*will pay as high a cash price for a few likely young negroes as any trader in the city*"? Do *families* commonly consist exclusively of "*likely young negroes*"?

On the third advertisement we are also desirous of some information. Messrs. BOLTON, DICKINS & CO. state that

they expect to receive a large lot of *Virginia* negroes in the fall.

Unfortunate Messrs. Bolton, Dickins & Co.! Do you suppose that Virginia families will sell their negroes? Have you read Mr. J. Thornton Randolph's last novel, and have you not learned that old Virginia families *never* sell to traders? and, more than that, that they *always* club together and buy up the negroes that are for sale in their neighborhood, and the traders when they appear on the ground are hustled off with very little ceremony? One would really think that you had got your impressions on the subject from "Uncle Tom's Cabin." For we are told that all who derive their views of slavery from this book "regard the families of slaves as utterly unsettled and vagrant." [1]

But, before we recover from our astonishment on reading this, we take up the "Natchez (Mississippi) Courier" of November 20, 1852, and there read: —

NEGROES.

The undersigned would respectfully state to the public that he has leased the stand in the Forks of the Road, near Natchez, for a term of years, and that he intends to keep a large lot of NEGROES on hand during the year. He will sell as low or lower than any other trader at this place or in New Orleans.

He has just arrived from Virginia with a very likely lot of Field Men and Women; also, House Servants, three Cooks, and a Carpenter. Call and see.

A fine Buggy Horse, a Saddle Horse and a Carryall, on hand, and for sale. THOS. G. JAMES.

Natchez, Sept. 28, 1852.

Where in the world did this lucky Mr. THOS. G. JAMES get this likely Virginia "assortment"? Probably in some county which Mr. Thornton Randolph never visited. And

[1] Article in *Fraser's Magazine* for October, by a South Carolinian.

had no families been separated to form the assortment? We hear of a lot of field men and women. Where are their children? We hear of a lot of house-servants, — of "three cooks," and "one carpenter," as well as a "fine buggy horse." Had these unfortunate cooks and carpenters no relations? Did no sad natural tears stream down their dark cheeks, when they were being "assorted" for the Natchez market? Does no mournful heart among them yearn to the song of

"Oh, carry me back to old Virginny"?

Still further, we see in the same paper the following: —

SLAVES! SLAVES! SLAVES!

FRESH ARRIVALS WEEKLY. — Having established ourselves at the Forks of the Road, near Natchez, for a term of years, we have now on hand, and intend to keep throughout the entire year, a large and well-selected stock of Negroes, consisting of field-hands, house-servants, mechanics, cooks, seamstresses, washers, ironers, etc., which we can and will sell as low or lower than any other house here or in New Orleans.

Persons wishing to purchase would do well to call on us before making purchases elsewhere, as our regular arrivals will keep us supplied with a good and general assortment. Our terms are liberal. Give us a call.

GRIFFIN & PULLAM.

Natchez, Oct. 15, 1852.–6m.

"Free Trader" and "Concordia Intelligencer" copy as above.

Indeed! Messrs. Griffin and Pullam, it seems, are equally fortunate! They are having fresh supplies weekly, and are going to keep a large, well-selected stock constantly on hand, to wit, "field-hands, house-servants, mechanics, cooks, seamstresses, washers, ironers, etc."

Let us respectfully inquire what is the process by which a trader acquires a well-selected stock. He goes to Virginia to *select*. He has had orders, say, for one dozen cooks, for

half a dozen carpenters, for so many house-servants, etc., etc. Each one of these individuals has his own ties; besides being cooks, carpenters, and house-servants, they are also fathers, mothers, husbands, wives; but what of that? They must be *selected* — it is an *assortment* that is wanted. The gentleman who has ordered a cook does not, of course, want her five children; and the planter who has ordered a carpenter does not want the cook, his wife. A carpenter is an expensive article, at any rate, as they cost from a thousand to fifteen hundred dollars; and a man who has to pay out this sum for him cannot always afford himself the luxury of indulging his humanity; and as to the children, they must be left in the slave-raising State. For, when the ready raised article is imported *weekly* into Natchez or New Orleans, is it likely that the inhabitants will encumber themselves with the labor of raising children? No, there must be division of labor in all well-ordered business. The northern slave States raise the article, and the southern ones consume it.

The extracts have been taken from the papers of the more southern States. If, now, the reader has any curiosity to explore the *selecting* process in the northern States, the daily prints will further enlighten him. In the "Daily Virginian" of November 19, 1852, Mr. J. B. McLendon thus announces to the Old Dominion that he has settled himself down to attend to the selecting process: —

NEGROES WANTED.

The subscriber, having located in Lynchburg, is giving the highest cash prices for negroes *between the ages of* 10 *and* 30 *years*. Those having negroes for sale may find it to their interest to call on him at the Washington Hotel, Lynchburg, or address him by letter.

All communications will receive prompt attention.

J. B. McLendon.

nov. 5-dly.

Mr. McLendon distinctly announces that he is not going to take any children under ten years of age, nor any grown people over thirty. Likely *young* negroes are what he is after: — families, of course, never separated!

Again, in the same paper, Mr. Seth Woodroof is desirous of keeping up the recollection in the community that he also is in the market, as it would appear he has been, some time past. He, likewise, wants negroes between ten and thirty years of age; but his views turn rather on mechanics, blacksmiths, and carpenters, — witness his hand: —

NEGROES WANTED.

The subscriber continues in market for Negroes, of both sexes, *between the ages of* 10 *and* 30 years, including Mechanics, such as Blacksmiths, Carpenters, and will pay the highest market prices in cash. His office is a newly erected brick building on 1st or Lynch street, immediately in rear of the Farmers' Bank, where he is prepared (having erected buildings with that view) to board negroes sent to Lynchburg for sale or otherwise on as moderate terms, and keep them as secure, as if they were placed in the jail of the Corporation.

SETH WOODROOF.

aug. 26.

There is no manner of doubt that this Mr. Seth Woodroof is a gentleman of humanity, and wishes to avoid the separation of families *as much as possible.* Doubtless he ardently wishes that all his blacksmiths and carpenters would be considerate, and never have any children under ten years of age; but, if the thoughtless dogs have got them, what's a humane man to do? He has to fill out Mr. This, That, and the Other's order, — that's a clear case; and therefore John and Sam must take their last look at their babies, as Uncle Tom did of his when he stood by the rough trundle-bed and dropped into it great, useless tears.

Nay, my friends, don't curse poor Mr. Seth Woodroof,

because he does the horrible, loathsome work of tearing up the living human heart, to make twine and shoestrings for you! It 's disagreeable business enough, he will tell you, sometimes; and, if you must have him to do it for you, treat him civilly, and don't pretend that you are any better than he.

But the good trade is not confined to the Old Dominion, by any means. See the following extract from a Tennessee paper, the "Nashville Gazette," November 23, 1852, where Mr. A. A. McLean, general agent in this kind of business, thus makes known his wants and intentions: —

WANTED.

I want to purchase immediately 25 likely NEGROES, — male and female, — *between the ages of* 15 *and* 25 *years;* for which I will pay the highest price in cash.

A. A. McLean, *General Agent,*
Cherry Street.

nov·9

Mr. McLean, it seems, only wants those between the ages of fifteen and twenty-five. This advertisement is twice repeated in the same paper, from which fact we may conjecture that the gentleman is very much in earnest in his wants, and entertains rather confident expectations that somebody will be willing to sell. Further, the same gentleman states another want.

WANTED.

I want to purchase, immediately, a Negro man, Carpenter, and will give a good price.

A. A. McLean, *Gen'l Agent.*

sept 29

Mr. McLean does not advertise for his wife and children, or where this same carpenter is to be sent, — whether to the New Orleans market, or up the Red River, or off to some far bayou of the Mississippi, never to look upon wife or child again.

. . . . . .

See, also, the following advertisement of the good State of Alabama, which shows how the trade is thriving there. Mr. S. N. Brown, in the "Advertiser and Gazette," Montgomery, Alabama, holds forth as follows: —

NEGROES FOR SALE.

S. N. Brown takes this method of informing his old patrons, and others waiting to purchase Slaves, that he has now on hand, of his own selection and purchasing, a lot of likely young *Negroes*, consisting of Men, Boys, and Women, Field Hands, and superior House Servants, which he offers and will sell as low as the times will warrant. Office on Market-street, above the Montgomery Hall, at Lindsay's Old Stand, where he intends to keep slaves for sale on his own account, and not on commission, — therefore thinks he can give satisfaction to those who patronize him.

Montgomery, Ala., Sept. 13, 1852. twtf (J)

Where were these boys and girls of Mr. Brown *selected*, let us ask. How did their fathers and mothers feel when they were "*selected*"? Emmeline was taken out of one family, and George out of another. The judicious trader has traveled through wide regions of country, leaving in his track wailing and anguish. A little incident, which has recently been the rounds of the papers, may perhaps illustrate some of the scenes he has occasioned: —

INCIDENT OF SLAVERY.

A negro woman belonging to Geo. M. Garrison, of Polk Co., killed four of her children, by cutting their throats while they were asleep, on Thursday night, the 2d inst., and then put an end to her own existence by cutting her throat. Her master knows of no cause for the horrid act, unless it be that she heard him speak of selling her and two of her children, and keeping the others.

The uncertainty of the master in this case is edifying. He knows that negroes cannot be expected to have the feelings of cultivated people; and yet, here is a case where the creature really acts unaccountably, and he can't

think of any cause except that he was going to sell her from her children.

But let us search the Southern papers, and see if we cannot find some evidence of that humanity which avoids the separation of families, *as far as possible.* In the "Argus," published at Weston, Missouri, November 5, 1852, see the following: —

A NEGRO FOR SALE.

I wish to sell a black girl about 24 years old, a good cook and washer, handy with a needle, can spin and weave. I wish to sell her in the neighborhood of Camden Point; if not sold there in a short time, I will hunt the best market; or I will trade her for two small ones, a boy and girl.

M. DOYAL.

Considerate Mr. Doyal! He is opposed to the separation of families, and, therefore, wishes to sell this woman in the neighborhood of Camden Point, where her family ties are, — perhaps her husband and children, her brothers or sisters. He will not separate her from her family if it is possible to avoid it; that is to say, if he can get as much for her without; but, if he can't, he will "*hunt the best market.*" What more would you have of Mr. Doyal?

How speeds the blessed trade in the State of Maryland? Let us take the "Baltimore Sun" of November 23, 1852.

Mr. J. S. Donovan thus advertises the Christian public of the accommodations of his jail: —

CASH FOR NEGROES.

The undersigned continues, at his old stand, No. 13 CAMDEN ST., to pay the highest price for NEGROES. Persons bringing Negroes by railroad or steamboat will find it very convenient to secure their Negroes, as my Jail is adjoining the Railroad Depot and near the Steamboat Landings. Negroes received for safe keeping. J. S. DONOVAN.

Messrs. B. M. & W. L. Campbell, in the respectable old stand of Slatter, advertise as follows: —

SLAVES WANTED.

We are at all times purchasing SLAVES, paying the highest CASH prices. Persons wishing to sell will please call at 242 PRATT ST. (Slatter's old stand). Communications attended to.

B. M. & W. L. CAMPBELL.

In another column, however, Mr. John Denning has his season advertisement, in terms which border on the sublime: —

5000 NEGROES WANTED.

I will pay the highest prices, in cash, for 5000 NEGROES, with good titles, slaves for life or for a term of years, in large or small families, or single negroes. I will also purchase Negroes restricted to remain in the State, that sustain good characters. Families never separated. Persons having Slaves for sale will please call and see me, as I am always in the market with the cash. Communications promptly attended to, and liberal commissions paid, by JOHN N. DENNING, No. 18 S. Frederick street, between Baltimore and Second streets, Baltimore, Maryland. Trees in front of the house.

Mr. John Denning, also, is a man of humanity. He never separates families. Don't you see it in his advertisement? If a man offers him a wife without her husband, Mr. John Denning won't buy her. Oh, no! His five thousand are all unbroken families; he never takes any other; and he transports them whole and entire. This is a comfort to reflect upon, certainly.

See, also, the "Democrat," published in Cambridge, Maryland, December 8, 1852. A gentleman gives this pictorial representation of himself, with the proclamation to the slave-holders of Dorchester and adjacent counties that he is again in the market: —

NEGROES WANTED.

I wish to inform the slave-holders of Dorchester and the adjacent counties that I am again in the Market. Persons having negroes that are slaves for life to dispose of will find it to their interest to see me before they sell, as I am deter-

mined to pay the highest prices in cash that the Southern market will justify. I can be found at A. Hall's Hotel in Easton, where I will remain until the first day of July next. Communications addressed to me at Easton, or information given to Wm. Bell in Cambridge, will meet with prompt attention. WM. HARKER.

Mr. Harker is very accommodating. He keeps himself informed as to the state of the Southern market, and will give the very highest price that it will justify. Moreover, he will be on hand till July, and will answer any letters from the adjoining country on the subject. On one point he ought to be spoken to. He has not advertised that he does not separate families. It is a mere matter of taste, to be sure; but then some well-disposed people like to see it on a trader's card, thinking it has a more creditable appearance; and, probably, Mr. Harker, if he reflects a little, will put it in next time. It takes up very little room, and makes a good appearance.

We are occasionally reminded, by the advertisements for runaways, to how small an extent it is found *possible to avoid* the separation of families; as in the "Richmond Whig" of November 5, 1852: —

$10 REWARD.

We are requested by Henry P. Davis to offer a reward of $10 for the apprehension of a negro man named HENRY, who ran away from the said Davis' farm near Petersburg, on Thursday, the 27th October. Said slave came from near Lynchburg, Va., purchased of —— Cock, and has a wife in Halifax county, Va. He has recently been employed on the South Side Railroad. He may be in the neighborhood of his wife.

PULLIAM & DAVIS, *Aucts., Richmond.*

It seems to strike the advertiser as *possible* that Henry may be in the neighborhood of his wife. We should not at all wonder if he were.

The reader, by this time, is in possession of some of those statistics of which the South Carolinian speaks, when he says, —

"We feel confident, if statistics could be had, to throw light upon the subject, we should find that there is less separation of families among the negroes than occurs with almost any other class of persons."

In order to give some little further idea of the extent to which this kind of property is continually changing hands, see the following calculation, which has been made from sixty-four Southern newspapers, taken very much at random. The papers were all published in the last two weeks of the month of November, 1852.

The negroes are advertised sometimes by name, sometimes in definite numbers, and sometimes in "lots," "assortments," and other indefinite terms. We present the result of this estimate, far as it must fall from a fair representation of the facts, in a tabular form.

Here is recorded, in *only eleven papers*, the sale of eight hundred and forty-nine slaves in *two weeks* in Virginia; the State where Dr. J. Thornton Randolph describes such an event as a separation of families being a thing that "we read of in *novels* sometimes."

States where published.	No. of Papers consulted.	No. of Negroes advertised.	No. of Lots.	No. of Runaways described.
Virginia	11	849	7	15
Kentucky	5	238	1	7
Tennessee	8	385	4	17
South Carolina	12	852	2	7
Georgia	6	98	2	0
Alabama	10	549	5	5
Mississippi	8	669	5	6
Louisiana	4	460	4	35
	64	4100	30	92

In South Carolina, where the writer in "Fraser's Maga-

zine" dates from, we have during these same two weeks a sale of eight hundred and fifty-two recorded by one dozen papers. Verily, we must apply to the newspapers of his state the same language which he applies to "Uncle Tom's Cabin:" "Were our views of the system of slavery to be derived from *these papers*, we should regard the families of slaves as utterly unsettled and vagrant."

The total, in *sixty-four papers*, in different States, for only two weeks, is four thousand one hundred, besides ninety-two *lots*, as they are called.

And now, who is he who compares the hopeless, returnless separation of the negro from his family, to the voluntary separation of the freeman, whom necessary business interest takes for a while from the bosom of his family? Is not the lot of the slave bitter enough, without this last of mockeries and worst of insults? Well may they say, in their anguish, "Our soul is exceedingly filled with the scorning of them that are at ease, and with the contempt of the proud!"

From the poor negro, exposed to bitterest separation, the law jealously takes away the power of writing. For him the gulf of separation yawns black and hopeless, with no redeeming signal. Ignorant of geography, he knows not whither he is going, or where he is, or how to direct a letter. To all intents and purposes, it is a separation hopeless as that of death, and as final.

CHAPTER IV

THE SLAVE-TRADE

What is it that constitutes the vital force of the institution of slavery in this country? Slavery, being an unnatural and unhealthful condition of society, being a most wasteful and impoverishing mode of cultivating the soil,

would speedily run itself out in a community, and become so unprofitable as to fall into disuse, were it not kept alive by some unnatural process.

What has that process been in America? Why has that healing course of nature which cured this awful wound in all the Northern States stopped short on Mason and Dixon's line? In Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, and Kentucky, slave labor long ago impoverished the soil almost beyond recovery, and became entirely unprofitable. In all these States it is well known that the question of emancipation has been urgently presented. It has been discussed in legislatures, and Southern men have poured forth on the institution of slavery such anathemas as only Southern men can pour forth. All that has ever been said of it at the North has been said in fourfold thunders in these Southern discussions. The State of Kentucky once came within one vote, in her legislature, of taking measures for gradual emancipation. The State of Virginia has come almost equally near, and Maryland has long been waiting at the door. There was a time when no one doubted that all these States would soon be free States; and what is now the reason that they are not? Why are these discussions now silenced, and why does this noble determination now retrograde? The answer is in a word. It is the extension of slave territory, the opening of a great Southern slave-market, and the organization of a great internal slave-trade, that has arrested the progress of emancipation.

While these States were beginning to look upon the slave as one who might possibly yet become a man, while they meditated giving to him and his wife and children the inestimable blessings of liberty, this great Southern slave-mart was opened. It began by the addition of Missouri as slave territory, and the votes of two Northern men were those which decided this great question. Then, by the assent and concurrence of Northern men, came in all the

immense acquisition of slave territory which now opens so boundless a market to tempt the avarice and cupidity of the northern slave-raising States.

This acquisition of territory has deferred perhaps for indefinite ages the emancipation of a race. It has condemned to sorrow and heart-breaking separation, to groans and wailings, hundreds of thousands of slave families; it has built, through all the Southern States, slave-warehouses, with all their ghastly furnishings of gags, and thumb-screws, and cowhides; it has organized unnumbered slave-coffles, clanking their chains and filing in mournful march through this land of liberty.

This accession of slave territory hardened the heart of the master. It changed what was before, in comparison, a kindly relation, into the most horrible and inhuman of trades.

. . . . . .

But we will not deal in assertions merely. We have stated the thing to be proved; let us show the facts which prove it.

The existence of this fearful traffic is known to many, — the particulars and dreadful extent of it realized but by few.

Let us enter a little more particularly on them. The slave-exporting States are Maryland, Virginia, Kentucky, North Carolina, Tennessee, and Missouri. These are slave-raising States, and the others are slave-consuming States. We have shown, in the preceding chapters, the kind of advertisements which are usual in those States; but, as we wish to produce on the minds of our readers something of the impression which has been produced on our own mind by their multiplicity and abundance, we shall add a few more here. For the State of Virginia, see all the following: —

"Kanawha Republican," October 20, 1852, Charleston, Va. At the head — Liberty, with a banner, "*Drapeau sans Tæche.*"

CASH FOR NEGROES.

The subscriber wishes to purchase a few young NEGROES, *from* 12 *to* 25 *years of age*, for which the highest market price will be paid in cash. A few lines addressed to him through the Post Office, Kanawha C. H., or a personal application, will be promptly attended to. JAS. L. FICKLIN.

Oct. 20, '53. — 3t

"Alexandria Gazette," October 28th: —

CASH FOR NEGROES.

I wish to purchase immediately, for the South, any number of NEGROES, *from* 10 *to* 30 *years of age*, for which I will pay the very highest cash price. All communications promptly attended to. JOSEPH BRUIN.

West End, Alexandria, Va., Oct. 26. — tf

"Lynchburg Virginian," November 18th: —

NEGROES WANTED.

The subscriber, having located in Lynchburg, is giving the highest cash prices for negroes, *between the ages of* 10 *and* 30 *years*. Those having negroes for sale may find it to their interest to call on him at the Washington Hotel, Lynchburg, or address him by letter.

All communications will receive prompt attention.

J. B. McLENDON.

Nov. 5. — dly

"Rockingham Register," November 13th: —

CASH FOR NEGROES.

I wish to purchase a number of NEGROES of both sexes and all ages, for the Southern market, for which I will pay the highest cash prices. Letters addressed to me at Winchester, Virginia, will be promptly attended to.

H. J. McDANIEL, Agent
for Wm. Crow.

Nov. 24, 1846. — tf

. . . . . .

[Similar advertisements are given from Maryland, Tennessee, and Missouri papers.]

We ask you, Christian reader, we beg you to think, what sort of scenes are going on in Virginia under these advertisements? You see that they are carefully worded so as to take only the young people; and they are only a specimen of the standing, season advertisements which are among the most common things in the Virginia papers. A succeeding chapter will open to the reader the interior of these slave-prisons, and show him something of the daily incidents of this kind of trade. Now let us look at the corresponding advertisements in the Southern States. The coffles made up in Virginia and other States are thus announced in the Southern market.

From the "Natchez (Mississippi) Free Trader," November 20th: —

NEGROES FOR SALE.

The undersigned have just arrived, direct from Richmond, Va., with a large and likely lot of Negroes, consisting of Field Hands, House Servants, Seamstresses, Cooks, Washers, and Ironers, a first-rate brick mason, and other mechanics, which they now offer for sale at the Forks of the Road, near Natchez (Miss.), on the most accommodating terms.

They will continue to receive fresh supplies from Richmond, Va., during the season, and will be able to furnish to any order any description of Negroes sold in Richmond.

Persons wishing to purchase would do well to give us a call before purchasing elsewhere.

MATTHEWS, BRANTON & CO.

nov20-6m

[Nine similar advertisements follow.]

The slave-raising business of the Northern States has been variously alluded to and recognized, both in the business statistics of the States, and occasionally in the speeches of patriotic men, who have justly mourned over it as a degradation to their country. In 1841, the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society addressed to the executive committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society some inquiries on the internal American slave-trade.

A labored investigation was made at that time, the results of which were published in London; and from that volume are made the following extracts: —

"The 'Virginia Times' (a weekly newspaper, published at Wheeling, Virginia) estimates, in 1836, the number of slaves exported for sale from that State alone, during 'the twelve months preceding,' at *forty thousand*, the aggregate value of whom is computed at twenty-four millions of dollars.

"Allowing for Virginia one half of the whole exportation during the period in question, and we have the appalling sum total of *eighty thousand slaves* exported in a single year from the breeding States. We cannot decide with certainty what proportion of the above number was furnished by each of the breeding States, but Maryland ranks next to Virginia in point of numbers, North Carolina follows Maryland, Kentucky, North Carolina, then Tennessee and Delaware."

. . . . . .

If we look back to the advertisements, we shall see that the traders take only the younger ones, between the ages of ten and thirty. But this is only one port, and only one mode of exporting; for multitudes of them are sent in coffles over land. And yet Mr. J. Thornton Randolph represents the negroes of Virginia as living in pastoral security, smoking their pipes under their own vines and fig-trees, the venerable patriarch of the flock declaring that "he nebber hab hear such a ting as a nigger sold to Georgia all his life, unless dat nigger did someting very bad."

. . . . . .

The following extract from a letter of Dr. Bailey, in the "Era," 1847, presents a view of this subject more creditable to some Virginia families. May the number that refuse to part with slaves except by emancipation increase!

"The sale of slaves to the South is carried to a great extent. The slave-holders do not, so far as I can learn, raise them for that special purpose. But, here is a man with a score of slaves, located on an exhausted plantation. It must furnish support for all; but, while they increase, its capacity of supply decreases.

The result is, he must emancipate or sell. But he has fallen into debt, and he sells to relieve himself from debt, and also from an excess of mouths. Or, he requires money to educate his children; or, his negroes are sold under execution. From these and other causes, large numbers of slaves are continually disappearing from the State, so that the next census will undoubtedly show a marked diminution of the slave population.

"The season for this trade is generally from November to April; and some estimate that the average number of slaves passing by the southern railroad weekly, during that period of six months, is at least two hundred. A slave-trader told me that he had known one hundred pass in a single night. But this is only one route. Large numbers are sent off westwardly, and also by sea, coastwise. The Davises, in Petersburg, are the great slave-dealers. They are Jews, who came to that place many years ago as poor peddlers; and, I am informed, are members of a family which has its representatives in Philadelphia, New York, etc.! These men are always in the market, giving the highest price for slaves. During the summer and fall they buy them up at low prices, trim, shave, wash them, fatten them so that they may look sleek, and sell them to great profit. It might not be unprofitable to inquire how much Northern capital, and what firms in some of the Northern cities, are connected with this detestable business.

"There are many planters here who cannot be persuaded to sell their slaves. They have far more than they can find work for, and could at any time obtain a high price for them. The temptation is strong, for they want more money and fewer dependants. But they resist it, and nothing can induce them to part with a single slave, though they know that they would be greatly the gainers in a pecuniary sense, were they to sell one half of them. Such men are too good to be slave-holders. Would that they might see it their duty to go one step further, and become emancipators! The majority of this class of planters are religious men, and this is the class to which generally are to be referred the various cases of emancipation *by will*, of which from time to time we hear accounts."

CHAPTER V

SELECT INCIDENTS OF LAWFUL TRADE, OR FACTS STRANGER THAN FICTION

The atrocious and sacrilegious system of breeding human beings for sale, and trading them like cattle in the market, fails to produce the impression on the mind that it ought to produce, because it is lost in generalities.

It is like the account of a great battle, in which we learn, in round numbers, that ten thousand were killed and wounded, and throw the paper by without a thought.

So, when we read of sixty or eighty thousand human beings being raised yearly and sold in the market, it passes through our mind, but leaves no definite trace.

Sterne says that when he would realize the miseries of captivity, he had to turn his mind from the idea of hundreds of thousands languishing in dungeons, and bring before himself the picture of one poor, solitary captive pining in his cell. In like manner, we cannot give any idea of the horribly cruel and demoralizing effect of this trade, except by presenting facts in detail, each fact being a specimen of a class of facts.

. . . . . .

The next history is a long one, and part of it transpired in a most public manner, in the face of our whole community.

The history includes in it the whole account of that memorable capture of the Pearl, which produced such a sensation in Washington in the year 1848. The author, however, will preface it with a short history of a slave woman who had six children embarked in that ill-fated enterprise.

CHAPTER VI

Milly Edmondson is an aged woman, now upwards of seventy. She has received the slave's inheritance of entire ignorance. She cannot read a letter of a book, nor write her own name; but the writer must say that she was never so impressed with any presentation of the Christian religion as that which was made to her in the language and appearance of this woman during the few interviews that she had with her. The circumstances of the interviews will be detailed at length in the course of the story.

Milly is above the middle height, of a large, full figure. She dresses with the greatest attention to neatness. A plain Methodist cap shades her face, and the plain white Methodist handkerchief is folded across the bosom. A well-preserved stuff gown, and clean white apron, with a white pocket-handkerchief pinned to her side, completes the inventory of the costume in which the writer usually saw her. She is a mulatto, and must once have been a very handsome one. Her eyes and smile are still uncommonly beautiful, but there are deep-wrought lines of patient sorrow and weary endurance on her face, which tell that this lovely and noble-hearted woman has been all her life a slave.

Milly Edmondson was kept by her owners and allowed to live with her husband, with the express understanding and agreement that her service and value was to consist in breeding up her own children to be sold in the slave-market. Her legal owner was a maiden lady of feeble capacity, who was set aside by the decision of court as incompetent to manage her affairs.

The estate — that is to say, Milly Edmondson and her children — was placed in the care of a guardian. It appears that Milly's poor, infirm mistress was fond of her, and that Milly exercised over her much of that ascendancy which a

strong mind holds over a weak one. Milly's husband, Paul Edmondson, was a free man. A little of her history, as she related it to the writer, will now be given in her own words:

"Her mistress," she said, "was always kind to her, 'poor thing!' but then she had n't *sperit* ever to speak for herself, and her friends would n't let her have her own way. It always laid on my mind," she said, "that I was a slave. When I wa'n't more than fourteen years old, Missis was doing some work one day that she thought she could n't trust me with, and she says to me, 'Milly, now you see it 's I that am the slave, and not you.' I says to her, 'Ah, Missis, I am a poor slave, for all that.' I 's sorry afterwards I said it, for I thought it seemed to hurt her feelings.

"Well, after a while, when I got engaged to Paul, I loved Paul very much; but I thought it wa'n't right to bring children into the world to be slaves, and I told our folks that I was never going to marry, though I did love Paul. But that wa'n't to be allowed," she said, with a mysterious air.

"What do you mean?" said I.

"Well, they told me I must marry, or I should be turned out of the church — so it was," she added, with a significant nod. "Well, Paul and me, we was married, and we was happy enough, if it had n't been for that; but when our first child was born I says to him, 'There 't is, now, Paul, our troubles is begun; this child is n't ours.' And every child I had, it grew worse and worse. 'Oh, Paul,' says I, 'what a thing it is to have children that is n't ours!' Paul he says to me, 'Milly, my dear, if they be God's children, it ain't so much matter whether they be ours or no; they may be heirs of the kingdom, Milly, for all that.' Well, when Paul's mistress died, she set him free, and he got him a little place out about fourteen miles from Washington; and they let me live out there with him, and take home my tasks; for they had that confidence in me that

they always know 'd that what I said I 'd do was as good done as if they 'd seen it done. I had mostly sewing; sometimes a shirt to make in a day, — it was coarse like, you know, — or a pair of sheets, or some such; but, whatever 't was, I always got it done. Then I had all my housework and babies to take care of; and many 's the time, after ten o'clock, I 've took my children's clothes and washed 'em all out and ironed 'em late in the night, 'cause I could n't never bear to see my children dirty, — always wanted to see 'em sweet and clean, and I brought 'em up and taught 'em the very best ways I was able. But nobody knows what I suffered; I never see a white man come on to the place that I did n't think, 'There, now, he 's coming to look at my children;' and when I saw any white man going by, I 've called in my children and hid 'em, for fear he 'd see 'em and want to buy 'em. Oh, ma'am, mine 's been a long sorrow, a long sorrow! I 've borne this heavy cross a great many years."

"But," said I, "the Lord has been with you."

She answered, with very strong emphasis, "Ma'am, if the Lord had n't held me up, I should n't have been alive this day. Oh, sometimes my heart 's been so heavy, it seemed as if I *must* die; and then I 've been to the throne of grace, and when I 'd poured out all my sorrows there, I came away *light*, and felt that I could live a little longer."

This language is exactly her own. She had often a forcible and peculiarly beautiful manner of expressing herself, which impressed what she said strongly.

Paul and Milly Edmondson were both devout communicants in the Methodist Episcopal Church at Washington, and the testimony to their blamelessness of life and the consistence of their piety is unanimous from all who know them. In their simple cottage, made respectable by neatness and order, and hallowed by morning and evening prayer, they trained up their children, to the best of their

poor ability, in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, to be sold in the slave-market. They thought themselves only too happy, as one after another arrived at the age when they were to be sold, that they were hired to families in their vicinity, and not thrown into the trader's pen to be drafted for the dreaded Southern market!

The mother, feeling, with a constant but repressed anguish, the weary burden of slavery which lay upon her, was accustomed, as she told the writer, thus to warn her daughters: —

"Now, girls, don't you never come to the sorrows that I have. Don't you never marry till you get your liberty. Don't you marry, to be mothers to *children that ain't your own.*"

As a result of this education, some of her older daughters, in connection with the young men to whom they were engaged, raised the sum necessary to pay for their freedom before they were married. One of these young women, at the time that she paid for her freedom, was in such feeble health that the physician told her that she could not live many months, and advised her to keep the money, and apply it to making herself as comfortable as she could.

She answered, "If I had only two hours to live, I would pay down that money to die free."

If this was setting an extravagant value on liberty, it is not for an American to say so.

All the sons and daughters of this family were distinguished both for their physical and mental development, and therefore were priced exceedingly high in the market. The whole family, rated by the market prices which have been paid for certain members of it, might be estimated as an estate of fifteen thousand dollars. They were distinguished for intelligence, honesty, and faithfulness, but above all for the most devoted attachment to each other. These children, thus intelligent, were all held as slaves in the city

of Washington, the very capital where our national government is conducted. Of course, the high estimate which their own mother taught them to place upon liberty was in the way of being constantly strengthened and reinforced by such addresses, celebrations, and speeches, on the subject of liberty, as every one knows are constantly being made, on one occasion or another, in our national capital.

On the 13th of April, the little schooner Pearl, commanded by Daniel Drayton, came to anchor in the Potomac River, at Washington.

The news had just arrived of a revolution in France, and the establishment of a democratic government, and all Washington was turning out to celebrate the triumph of Liberty.

The trees in the avenue were fancifully hung with many-colored lanterns, — drums beat, bands of music played, the houses of the President and other high officials were illuminated, and men, women, and children were all turned out to see the procession, and to join in the shouts of liberty that rent the air. Of course, all the slaves of the city, lively, fanciful, and sympathetic, most excitable as they are by music and by dazzling spectacles, were everywhere listening, seeing, and rejoicing, in ignorant joy. All the heads of departments, senators, representatives, and dignitaries of all kinds, marched in procession to an open space on Pennsylvania Avenue, and there delivered congratulatory addresses on the progress of universal freedom. With unheard-of imprudence, the most earnest defenders of slave-holding institutions poured down on the listening crowd, both of black and white, bond and free, the most inflammatory and incendiary sentiments. Such, for example, as the following language of Hon. Frederick P. Stanton, of Tennessee : —

"We do not, indeed, propagate our principles with the sword of power; but there is one sense in which we are propagand-

ists. We cannot help being so. Our example is contagious. In the section of this great country where I live, on the banks of the mighty Mississippi River, we have the true emblem of the tree of liberty. There you may see the giant cottonwood spreading his branches widely to the winds of heaven. Sometimes the current lays bare his roots, and you behold them extending far around, and penetrating to an immense depth in the soil. When the season of maturity comes, the air is filled with a cotton-like substance, which floats in every direction, bearing on its light wings the living seeds of the mighty tree. Thus the seeds of freedom have emanated from the tree of our liberties. They fill the air. They are wafted to every part of the habitable globe. And even in the barren sands of tyranny they are destined to take root. The tree of liberty will spring up everywhere, and nations shall recline in its shade."

Senator Foote, of Mississippi, also used this language:

"Such has been the extraordinary course of events in France, and in Europe, within the last two months, that the more deliberately we survey the scene which has been spread out before us, and the more rigidly we scrutinize the conduct of its actors, the more confident does our conviction become that the *glorious work* which has been so well begun cannot possibly fail of complete accomplishment; that the age of TYRANTS AND SLAVERY is rapidly drawing to a close; and that the happy period to be signalized by the *universal emancipation of man* from the *fetters of civil oppression*, and the recognition *in all countries* of the great principles of *popular sovereignty, equality, and* BROTHERHOOD, is, at this moment, visibly commencing."

Will any one be surprised, after this, that seventy-seven of the most intelligent young slaves, male and female, in Washington city, honestly taking Mr. Foote and his brother senators at their word, and believing that the age of tyrants and slavery was drawing to a close, banded together, and made an effort to obtain their part in this reign of universal brotherhood?

The schooner Pearl was lying in the harbor, and Captain Drayton was found to have the heart of a man. Perhaps he, too, had listened to the addresses on Pennsylvania

Avenue, and thought, in the innocence of his heart, that a man who really *did* something to promote universal emancipation was no worse than the men who only made speeches about it.

At any rate, Drayton was persuaded to allow these seventy-seven slaves to secrete themselves in the hold of his vessel, and among them were six children of Paul and Milly Edmondson. The incidents of the rest of the narrative will now be given as obtained from Mary and Emily Edmondson, by the lady in whose family they have been placed by the writer for an education.

Some few preliminaries may be necessary, in order to understand the account.

A respectable colored man, by the name of Daniel Bell, who had purchased his own freedom, resided in the city of Washington. His wife, with her eight children, were set free by her master, when on his death-bed. The heirs endeavored to break the will, on the ground that he was not of sound mind at the time of its preparation. The magistrate, however, before whom it was executed, by his own personal knowledge of the competence of the man at the time, was enabled to defeat their purpose; the family, therefore, lived as free for some years. On the death of this magistrate, the heirs again brought the case into court, and, as it seemed likely to be decided against the family, they resolved to secure their legal rights by flight, and engaged passage on board the vessel of Captain Drayton. Many of their associates and friends, stirred up, perhaps, by the recent demonstrations in favor of liberty, begged leave to accompany them in their flight. The seeds of the cottonwood were flying everywhere, and springing up in all hearts; so that, on the eventful evening of the 15th of April, 1848, not less than seventy-seven men, women, and children, with beating hearts, and anxious secrecy, stowed themselves away in the hold of the little schooner,

and Captain Drayton was so wicked that he could not, for the life of him, say "Nay" to one of them.

Richard Edmondson had long sought to buy his liberty; had toiled for it early and late: but the price set upon him was so high that he despaired of ever earning it. On this evening, he and his three brothers thought, as the reign of universal brotherhood had begun, and the reign of tyrants and slavery come to an end, that they would take to themselves and their sisters that sacred gift of liberty, which all Washington had been informed, two evenings before, it was the peculiar province of America to give to all nations. Their two sisters, aged sixteen and fourteen, were hired out in families in the city. On this evening Samuel Edmondson called at the house where Emily lived, and told her of the projected plan.

"But what will mother think?" said Emily.

"Don't stop to think of her; she would rather we'd be free than to spend time to talk about her."

"Well, then, if Mary will go, I will."

The girls give as a reason for wishing to escape, that though they had never suffered hardships or been treated unkindly, yet they knew they were liable at any time to be sold into rigorous bondage, and separated far from all they loved.

They then all went on board the Pearl, which was lying a little way off from the place where vessels usually anchor. There they found a company of slaves, seventy-seven in number.

At twelve o'clock at night the silent wings of the little schooner were spread, and with her weight of fear and mystery she glided out into the stream. A fresh breeze sprang up, and by eleven o'clock next night they had sailed two hundred miles from Washington, and began to think that liberty was gained. They anchored in a place called Cornfield Harbor, intending to wait for daylight. All laid down

to sleep in peaceful security, lulled by the gentle rock of the vessel and the rippling of the waters.

But at two o'clock at night they were roused by terrible noises on deck, scuffling, screaming, swearing, and groaning. A steamer had pursued and overtaken them, and the little schooner was boarded by an infuriated set of armed men. In a moment, the captain, mate, and all the crew were seized and bound, amid oaths and dreadful threats. As they, swearing and yelling, tore open the hatches on the defenseless prisoners below, Richard Edmondson stepped forward, and in a calm voice said to them, "Gentlemen, do yourselves no harm, for we are all here." With this exception, all was still among the slaves as despair could make it; not a word was spoken in the whole company. The men were all bound and placed on board the steamer; the women were left on board the schooner, to be towed after.

The explanation of their capture was this: In the morning after they had sailed, many families in Washington found their slaves missing, and the event created as great an excitement as the emancipation of France had, two days before. At that time they had listened in the most complacent manner to the announcement that the reign of slavery was near its close, because they had not the slightest idea that the language meant anything; and they were utterly confounded by this practical application of it. More than a hundred men, mounted upon horses, determined to push out into the country, in pursuit of these new disciples of the doctrine of universal emancipation. Here a colored man, by the name of Judson Diggs, betrayed the whole plot. He had been provoked, because, after having taken a poor woman, with her luggage, down to the boat, she was unable to pay the twenty-five cents that he demanded. So he told these admirers of universal brotherhood that they need not ride into the country, as their slaves had sailed down the river, and were far enough off by this time.

A steamer was immediately manned by two hundred armed men, and away they went in pursuit.

When the cortége arrived with the captured slaves, there was a most furious excitement in the city. The men were driven through the streets bound with ropes, two and two. Showers of taunts and jeers rained upon them from all sides. One man asked one of the girls if she "didn't feel pretty to be caught running away," and another asked her, "if she was n't sorry." She answered, "No, if it was to do again to-morrow, she would do the same." The man turned to a bystander and said, "Hain't she got good spunk?"

But the most vehement excitement was against Drayton and Sayres, the captain and mate of the vessel. Ruffians armed with dirk-knives and pistols crowded around them, with the most horrid threats. One of them struck so near Drayton as to cut his ear, which Emily noticed as bleeding. Meanwhile there mingled in the crowd multitudes of the relatives of the captives, who, looking on them as so many doomed victims, bewailed and lamented them. A brother-in-law of the Edmondsons was so overcome when he saw them that he fainted away and fell down in the street, and was carried home insensible. The sorrowful news spread to the cottage of Paul and Milly Edmondson; and, knowing that all their children were now probably doomed to the Southern market, they gave themselves up to sorrow. "Oh! what a day that was!" said the old mother when describing that scene to the writer. "Never a morsel of anything could I put into my mouth. Paul and me, we fasted and prayed before the Lord, night and day, for our poor children."

The whole public sentiment of the community was roused to the most intense indignation. It was repeated from mouth to mouth that they had been kindly treated and never abused; and what could have induced them to try to get their liberty? All that Mr. Stanton had said of the insensible influence of American institutions, and all his

pretty similes about the cottonwood seeds, seemed entirely to have escaped the memory of the community, and they could see nothing but the most unheard-of depravity in the attempt of these people to secure freedom. It was strenuously advised by many that their owners should not forgive them, — that no mercy should be shown, but that they should be thrown into the hands of the traders, forthwith, for the Southern market, — that Siberia of the irresponsible despots of America.

When all the prisoners were lodged in jail, the owners came to make oath to their property, and the property also was required to make oath to their owners. Among them came the married sisters of Mary and Emily, but were not allowed to enter the prison. The girls looked through the iron grates of the third-story windows, and saw their sisters standing below in the yard weeping.

The guardian of the Edmondsons, who acted in the place of the real owner, apparently touched with their sorrow, promised their family and friends, who were anxious to purchase them, if possible, that they should have an opportunity the next morning. Perhaps he intended at the time to give them one; but as Bruin and Hill, the keepers of the large slave warehouse in Alexandria, offered him four thousand five hundred dollars for the six children, they were irrevocably sold before the next morning. Bruin would listen to no terms which any of their friends could propose. The lady with whom Mary had lived offered a thousand dollars for her; but Bruin refused, saying he could get double that sum in the New Orleans market. He said he had had his eye upon the family for twelve years, and had the promise of them should they ever be sold.

While the girls remained in the prison they had no beds or chairs, and only one blanket each, though the nights were chilly; but, understanding that the rooms below, where their brothers were confined, were still colder, and

that no blankets were given them, they sent their own down to them. In the morning they were allowed to go down into the yard for a few moments; and then they used to run to the window of their brothers' room, to bid them good-morning, and kiss them through the grate.

At ten o'clock, Thursday night, the brothers were handcuffed, and, with their sisters, taken into carriages by their new owners, driven to Alexandria, and put into a prison called a Georgia Pen. The girls were put into a large room alone, in total darkness, without bed or blanket, where they spent the night in sobs and tears, in utter ignorance of their brothers' fate. At eight o'clock in the morning they were called to breakfast, when, to their great comfort, they found their four brothers all in the same prison.

They remained here about four weeks, being usually permitted by day to stay below with their brothers, and at night to return to their own rooms. Their brothers had great anxieties about them, fearing they would be sold South. Samuel, in particular, felt very sadly, as he had been the principal actor in getting them away. He often said he would gladly *die* for them, if that would save them from the fate he feared. He used to weep a great deal, though he endeavored to restrain his tears in their presence.

While in the slave-prison they were required to wash for thirteen men, though their brothers performed a great share of the labor. Before they left, their size and height were measured by their owners. At length they were again taken out, the brothers handcuffed, and all put on board a steamboat, where were about forty slaves, mostly men, and taken to Baltimore. The voyage occupied one day and a night. When arrived in Baltimore, they were thrown into a slave-pen kept by a partner of Bruin and Hill. He was a man of coarse habits, constantly using the most profane language, and grossly obscene and insulting in his remarks to women. Here they were forbidden to pray together, as

they had previously been accustomed to do; but by rising very early in the morning, they secured to themselves a little interval which they could employ, uninterrupted, in this manner. They, with four or five other women in the prison, used to meet together, before daybreak, to spread their sorrows before the Refuge of the afflicted; and in these prayers the hard-hearted slave-dealer was daily remembered. The brothers of Mary and Emily were very gentle and tender in their treatment of their sisters, which had an influence upon other men in their company.

At this place they became acquainted with Aunt Rachel, a most godly woman, about middle age, who had been sold into the prison away from her husband. The poor husband used often to come to the prison and beg the trader to sell her to *his* owners, who he thought were willing to purchase her, if the price was not too high. But he was driven off with brutal threats and curses. They remained in Baltimore about three weeks.

The friends in Washington, though hitherto unsuccessful in their efforts to redeem the family, were still exerting themselves in their behalf; and one evening a message was received from them by telegraph, stating that a person would arrive in the morning train of cars, prepared to bargain for the family, and that a part of the money was now ready. But the trader was inexorable, and in the morning, an hour before the cars were to arrive, they were all put on board the brig Union, ready to sail for New Orleans. The messenger came, and brought nine hundred dollars in money, the gift of a grandson of John Jacob Astor. This was finally appropriated to the ransom of Richard Edmondson, as his wife and children were said to be suffering in Washington; and the trader would not sell the girls to them upon any consideration, nor would he even suffer Richard to be brought back from the brig, which had not yet sailed. The bargain was, however, made, and the money deposited in Baltimore.

On this brig the eleven women were put in one small apartment, and the thirty or forty men in an adjoining one. Emily was very seasick most of the time, and her brothers feared she would die. They used to come and carry her out on deck and back again, buy little comforts for their sisters, and take all possible care of them.

Frequently head winds blew them back so that they made very slow progress; and in their prayer-meetings, which they held every night, they used to pray that head winds might blow them to New York; and one of the sailors declared that if they could get within one hundred miles of New York, and the slaves would stand by him, he would make way with the captain, and pilot them into New York himself.

When they arrived near Key West, they hoisted a signal for a pilot, the captain being aware of the dangers of the place, and yet not knowing how to avoid them. As the pilot-boat approached, the slaves were all fastened below, and a heavy canvas thrown over the grated hatchway door, which entirely excluded all circulation of air, and almost produced suffocation. The captain and pilot had a long talk about the price, and some altercation ensued, the captain not being willing to give the price demanded by the pilot; during which time there was great suffering below. The women became so exhausted that they were mostly helpless; and the situation of the men was not much better, though they managed with a stick to break some holes through the canvas on their side, so as to let in a little air, but a few only of the strongest could get there to enjoy it. Some of them shouted for help as long as their strength would permit; and at length, after what seemed to them an almost interminable interview, the pilot left, refusing to assist them; the canvas was removed, and the brig obliged to turn tack, and take another course. Then, one after another, as they got air and strength, crawled out on deck. Mary and Emily

were carried out by their brothers as soon as they were able to do it.

Soon after this the stock of provisions ran low, and the water failed, so that the slaves were restricted to a gill a day. The sailors were allowed a quart each, and often gave a pint of it to one of the Edmondsons for their sisters; and they divided it with the other women, as they always did every nice thing they got in such ways.

The day they arrived at the mouth of the Mississippi a terrible storm arose, and the waves rolled mountain high, so that, when the pilot-boat approached, it would sometimes seem to be entirely swallowed by the waves, and again it would emerge, and again appear wholly buried. At length they were towed into and up the river by a steamer, and there for the first time saw cotton plantations, and gangs of slaves at work on them.

They arrived at New Orleans in the night, and about ten the next day were landed and marched to what they called the show-rooms, and, going out into the yard, saw a great many men and women sitting around, with such sad faces that Emily soon began to cry, upon which an overseer stepped up and struck her on the chin, and bade her "stop crying, or he would give her something to cry about." Then pointing, he told her "there was the calaboose, where they whipped those who did not behave themselves!" As soon as he turned away, a slave-woman came and told her to look cheerful, if she possibly could, as it would be far better for her. One of her brothers soon came to inquire what the woman had been saying to her; and when informed, encouraged Emily to follow the advice, and endeavored to profit by it himself.

That night all four brothers had their hair cut close, their mustaches shaved off, and their usual clothing exchanged for a blue jacket and pants, all of which so altered their appearance that at first their sisters did not know them.

Then, for three successive days, they were all obliged to stand in an open porch fronting the street, for passers-by to look at, except, when one was tired out, she might go in for a little time, and another take her place. Whenever buyers called, they were paraded in the auction-room in rows, exposed to coarse jokes and taunts. When any one took a liking to any girl in the company, he would call her to him, take hold of her, open her mouth, look at her teeth, and handle her person rudely, frequently making obscene remarks; and she must stand and bear it, without resistance. Mary and Emily complained to their brothers that they could not submit to such treament. They conversed about it with Wilson, a partner of Bruin and Hill, who had the charge of the slaves at this prison. After this they were treated with more decency.

Another brother of the girls, named Hamilton, had been a slave in or near New Orleans for sixteen years, and had just purchased his own freedom for one thousand dollars; having once before earned that sum for himself, and then had it taken from him. Richard being now really free, as the money was deposited in Baltimore for his ransom, found him out the next day after their arrival at New Orleans, and brought him to the prison to see his brothers and sisters. The meeting was overpoweringly affecting.

He had never before seen his sister Emily, as he had been sold away from his parents before her birth.

The girls' lodging-room was occupied at night by about twenty or thirty women, who all slept on the bare floor, with only a blanket each. After a few days, word was received (which was *really incorrect*) that half the money had been raised for the redemption of Mary and Emily. After this they were allowed, upon their brother's earnest request, to go to their free brother's house and spend their nights, and return in the mornings, as they had suffered greatly from the mosquitoes and other insects, and their feet were swollen and sore.

While at this prison, some horrible cases of cruelty came to their knowledge, and some of them under their own observation. Two persons, one woman and one boy, were whipped to death in the prison while they were there, though they were not in the same pen, or owned by the same trader, as themselves.

None of the slaves were allowed to sleep in the daytime, and sometimes little children sitting or standing idle all day would become so sleepy as not to be able to hold up their eyelids; but if they were caught thus by the overseer, they were cruelly beaten. Mary and Emily used to watch the little ones, and let them sleep until they heard the overseers coming, and then spring and rouse them in a moment.

One young woman, who had been sold by the traders for the worst of purposes, was returned, not being fortunate (?) enough to suit her purchaser; and, as is their custom in such cases, was most cruelly flogged, — so much so that some of her flesh mortified, and her life was despaired of. When Mary and Emily first arrived at New Orleans they saw and conversed with her. She was then just beginning to sit up; was quite small, and very fine-looking, with beautiful straight hair, which was formerly long, but had been cut off short by her brutal tormentors.

The overseer who flogged her said, in their hearing, that he would never flog another girl in that way — it was too much for any one to bear. They suggest that perhaps the reason why he promised this was because he was obliged to be her nurse, and of course saw her sufferings. She was from Alexandria, but they have forgotten her name.

One young man and woman of their company in the prison, who were engaged to be married, and were sold to different owners, felt so distressed at their separation that they could not do or did not labor well; and the young man was soon sent back, with the complaint that he would not answer the purpose. Of course, the money was to be refunded,

and he flogged. He was condemned to be flogged each night for a week; and, after about two hundred lashes by the overseer, each one of the male slaves in the prison was required to come and lay on five lashes with all his strength, upon penalty of being flogged himself. The young woman, too, was soon sent there, with a note from her new mistress, requesting that she might be whipped a certain number of lashes, and enclosing the money to pay for it; which request was readily complied with.

While in New Orleans they saw gangs of women cleaning the streets, chained together, some with a heavy iron ball attached to the chain; a form of punishment frequently resorted to for household servants who had displeased their mistresses.

Hamilton Edmondson, the brother who had purchased his own freedom, made great efforts to get good homes for his brothers and sisters in New Orleans, so that they need not be far separated from each other. One day Mr. Wilson, the overseer, took Samuel away with him in a carriage, and returned without him. The brothers and sisters soon found that he was sold, and gone they knew not whither; but they were not allowed to weep, or even look sad, upon pain of severe punishment. The next day, however, to their great joy, he came to the prison himself, and told them he had a good home in the city with an Englishman, who had paid a thousand dollars for him.

After remaining about three weeks in this prison, the Edmondsons were told that in consquence of the prevalence of the yellow fever in the city, together with the fact of their not being acclimated, it was deemed dangerous for them to remain there longer; and besides this, purchasers were loth to give good prices under these circumstances. Some of the slaves in the pen were already sick; some of them old, poor, or dirty, and for these reasons greatly exposed to sickness. Richard Edmondson had already been ransomed, and

must be sent back ; and, upon the whole, it was thought best to fit out and send off a gang to Baltimore, without delay.

The Edmondsons received these tidings with joyful hearts, for they had not yet been undeceived with regard to the raising of the money for their ransom. Their brother who was free procured for them many comforts for the voyage, such as a mattress, blankets, sheets, and different kinds of food and drink ; and, accompanied to the vessel by their friends there, they embarked on the brig Union just at night, and were towed out of the river. The brig had nearly a full cargo of cotton, molasses, sugar, etc. ; and of course the space for the slaves was exceedingly limited. The space allotted the females was a little, close, filthy room, perhaps eight or ten feet square, filled with cotton within two or three feet of the top of the room, except the space directly under the hatchway door. Richard Edmondson kept his sisters upon deck with him, though without a shelter ; prepared their food himself, made up their bed at night on the top of barrels, or wherever he could find a place, and then slept by their side. Sometimes a storm would arise in the middle of the night, when he would spring up and wake them, and, gathering up their bed and bedding, conduct them to a kind of a little pantry, where they could all three just stand, till the storm passed away. Sometimes he contrived to make a temporary shelter for them out of bits of boards, or something else on deck.

After a voyage of sixteen days, they arrived at Baltimore, fully expecting that their days of slavery were numbered. Here they were conducted back to the same old prison from which they had been taken a few weeks before, though they supposed it would be but for an hour or two. Presently Mr. Bigelow, of Washington, came for Richard. When the girls found that they were not to be set free too, their grief and disappointment were unspeak-

able. But they were *separated*, — Richard to go to his home, his wife, and children, and they to remain in the slave-prison. Wearisome days and nights again rolled on. In the mornings they were obliged to march round the yard to the music of fiddles, banjos, etc. ; in the daytime they washed and ironed for the male slaves, slept some, and wept a great deal. After a few weeks their father came to visit them, accompanied by their sister.

His object was partly to ascertain what were the very lowest terms upon which their keeper would sell the girls, as he indulged a faint hope that in some way or other the money might be raised, if time enough were allowed. The trader declared he should soon send them to some other slave-market, but he would wait two weeks, and, if the friends could raise the money in that time, they might have them.

The night their father and sister spent in the prison with them, he lay in the room over their heads ; and they could hear him groan all night, while their sister was weeping by their side. None of them closed their eyes in sleep.

In the morning came again the wearisome routine of the slave-prison. Old Paul walked quietly into the yard, and sat down to see the poor slaves marched around. He had never seen his daughters in such circumstances before, and his feelings quite overcame him. The yard was narrow, and the girls, as they walked by him, almost brushing him with their clothes, could just hear him groaning within himself, " Oh, my children, my children ! "

After the breakfast, which none of them were able to eat, they parted with sad hearts, the father begging the keeper to send them to New Orleans, if the money could not be raised, as perhaps their brothers there might secure for them kind masters.

Two or three weeks afterwards Bruin and Hill visited

the prison, dissolved partnership with the trader, settled accounts, and took the Edmondsons again in their own possession.

The girls were roused about eleven o'clock at night, after they had fallen asleep, and told to get up directly, and prepare for going home. They had learned that the word of a slave-holder is not to be trusted, and feared they were going to be sent to Richmond, Virginia, as there had been talk of it. They were soon on their way in the cars with Bruin, and arrived at Washington at a little past midnight.

Their hearts throbbed high when, after these long months of weary captivity, they found themselves once more in the city where were their brothers, sisters, and parents. But they were permitted to see none of them, and were put into a carriage and driven immediately to the slave-prison at Alexandria, where, about two o'clock at night, they found themselves in the same forlorn old room in which they had begun their term of captivity.

This was the latter part of August. Again they were employed in washing, ironing, and sewing by day, and always locked up by night. Sometimes they were allowed to sew in Bruin's house, and even to eat there. After they had been in Alexandria two or three weeks, their eldest married sister, not having heard from them for some time, came to see Bruin, to learn, if possible, something of their fate; and her surprise and joy were great to see them once more, even there. After a few weeks their old father came again to see them. Hopeless as the idea of their emancipation seemed, he still clung to it. He had had some encouragement of assistance in Washington, and he purposed to go North to see if anything could be done there; and he was anxious to obtain from Bruin what were the very lowest possible terms for which he would sell the girls. Bruin drew up his terms in the following document, which we subjoin: —

ALEXANDRIA, VA., Sept. 5, 1848.

The bearer, Paul Edmondson, is the father of two girls, Mary Jane and Emily Catharine Edmondson. These girls have been purchased by us, and once sent to the South; and, upon the positive assurance that the money for them would be raised if they were brought back, they were returned. Nothing, it appears, has as yet been done in this respect by those who promised, and we are on the very eve of sending them South the second time; and we are candid in saying that, if they go again, we will not regard any promises made in relation to them. The father wishes to raise money to pay for them, and intends to appeal to the liberality of the humane and the good to aid him, and has requested us to state in writing *the conditions upon which we will sell his daughters.*

We expect to start our servants to the South in a few days; if the sum of twelve hundred ($1200) dollars be raised and paid to us in fifteen days, or we be assured of that sum, then we will retain them for twenty-five days more, to give an opportunity for the raising of the other thousand and fifty ($1050) dollars; otherwise we shall be compelled to send them along with our other servants.

BRUIN & HILL.

Paul took his papers, and parted from his daughters sorrowfully. After this, the time to the girls dragged on in heavy suspense. Constantly they looked for letter, or message, and prayed to God to raise them up a deliverer from some quarter. But day after day and week after week passed, and the dreaded time drew near. The preliminaries for fitting up the gang for South Carolina commenced. Gay calico was bought for them to make up into "show dresses," in which they were to be exhibited on sale. They made them up with far sadder feelings than they would have sewed on their own shrouds. Hope had almost died out of their bosoms. A few days before the gang were to be sent off, their sister made them a sad farewell visit. They mingled their prayers and tears, and the girls made up little tokens of remembrance to send by her as parting gift to their brothers, and sisters, and aged father

and mother, and with a farewell sadder than that of a death-bed the sisters parted.

The evening before the coffle was to start drew on. Mary and Emily went to the house to bid Bruin's family good-by. Bruin had a little daughter who had been a pet and favorite with the girls. She clung round them, cried, and begged them not to go. Emily told her that, if she wished to have them stay, she must go and ask her father. Away ran the little pleader, full of her errand; and was so very earnest in her importunities, that he, to pacify her, said he would consent to their remaining, if his partner, Captain Hill, would do so. At this time Bruin, hearing Mary crying aloud in the prison, went up to see her. With all the earnestness of despair, she made her last appeal to his feelings. She begged him to make the case his own, to think of his own dear little daughter,— what if she were exposed to be torn away from every friend on earth, and cut off from all hope of redemption, at the very moment, too, when deliverance was expected! Bruin was not absolutely a man of stone, and this agonizing appeal brought tears to his eyes. He gave some encouragement that, if Hill would consent, they need not be sent off with the gang. A sleepless night followed, spent in weeping, groaning, and prayer. Morning at last dawned, and, according to orders received the day before, they prepared themselves to go, and even put on their bonnets and shawls, and stood ready for the word to be given. When the very last tear of hope was shed, and they were going out to join the gang, Bruin's heart relented. He called them to him, and told them they might remain! Oh, how glad were their hearts made by this, as they might *now* hope on a little longer! Either the entreaties of little Martha or Mary's plea with Bruin had prevailed.

Soon the gang was started on foot, — men, women, and children, two and two, the men all handcuffed together,

the right wrist of one to the left wrist of the other, and a chain passing through the middle from the handcuffs of one couple to those of the next. The women and children walked in the same manner throughout, handcuffed or chained. Drivers went before and at the side, to take up those who were sick or lame. They were obliged to set off *singing!* accompanied with fiddles and banjos! — "*For they that carried us away captive required of us a song, and they that wasted us required of us mirth.*" And this is a scene of daily occurrence in a Christian country! — and Christian ministers say that the right to do these things is *given by God himself!!*

Meanwhile poor old Paul Edmondson went northward to supplicate aid. Any one who should have traveled in the cars at the time might have seen a venerable-looking black man, all whose air and attitude indicated a patient humility, and who seemed to carry a weight of overwhelming sorrow, like one who had long been acquainted with grief. That man was Paul Edmondson.

Alone, friendless, unknown, and, worst of all, black, he came into the great bustling city of New York, to see if there was any one there who could give him twenty-five hundred dollars to buy his daughters with. Can anybody realize what a poor man's feelings are, who visits a great, bustling, rich city, alone, and unknown, for such an object? The writer has now, in a letter from a slave father and husband who was visiting Portland on a similar errand, a touching expression of it: —

"I walked all day, till I was tired and discouraged. Oh! Mrs. S——, when I see so many people who seem to have so many more things than they want or know what to do with, and then think that I have worked hard, till I am past forty, all my life, and don't own even my own wife and children, it makes me feel sick and discouraged!"

So, sick at heart and discouraged, felt Paul Edmondson.

He went to the Anti-Slavery Office, and made his case known. The sum was such a large one, and seemed to many so exorbitant, that, though they pitied the poor father, they were disheartened about raising it. They wrote to Washington to authenticate the particulars of the story, and wrote to Bruin and Hill to see if there could be any reduction of price. Meanwhile, the poor old man looked sadly from one adviser to another. He was recommended to go to the Rev. H. W. Beecher, and tell his story. He inquired his way to his door, — ascended the steps to ring the door-bell, but his heart failed him, — he sat down on the steps weeping!

There Mr. Beecher found him. He took him in, and inquired his story. There was to be a public meeting that night to raise money. The hapless father begged him to go and plead for his children. He did go, and spoke as if he were pleading for his own father and sisters. Other clergymen followed in the same strain, — the meeting became enthusiastic, and money was raised on the spot, and poor old Paul laid his head that night on a grateful pillow, — not to sleep, but to give thanks!

Meanwhile the girls had been dragging on anxious days in the slave-prison. They were employed in sewing for Bruin's family, staying sometimes in the prison and sometimes in the house.

It is to be stated here that Mr. Bruin is a man of very different character from many in his trade. He is such a man as never would have been found in the profession of a slave-trader, had not the most respectable and religious part of the community defended the right to buy and sell, as being conferred by God himself. It is a fact, with regard to this man, that he was one of the earliest subscribers to the "National Era," in the District of Columbia; and when a certain individual there brought himself into great peril by assisting fugitive slaves, and there was no

one found to go bail for him, Mr. Bruin came forward and performed this kindness.

While we abhor the horrible system and the horrible trade with our whole soul, there is no harm, we suppose, in wishing that such a man had a better occupation. Yet we cannot forbear reminding all such that, when we come to give our account at the judgment-seat of Christ, every man must speak *for himself alone;* and that Christ will not accept as an apology for sin the word of all the ministers and all the synods in the country. He has given fair warning, "Beware of false prophets;" and if people will not beware of them, their blood is upon their own heads.

The girls, while under Mr. Bruin's care, were treated with as much kindness and consideration as could possibly consist with the design of selling them. There is no doubt that Bruin was personally friendly to them, and really wished most earnestly that they might be ransomed; but then he did not see how he was to lose two thousand five hundred dollars. He had just the same difficulty on this subject that some New York members of churches have had, when they have had slaves brought into their hands as security for Southern debts. He was sorry for them, and wished them well, and hoped Providence would provide for them when they were sold, but still he could not afford to lose his money; and while such men remain elders and communicants in churches in New York, we must not be surprised that there remain slave-traders in Alexandria.

It is one great art of the enemy of souls to lead men to compound for their participation in one branch of sin by their righteous horror of another. The slave-trader has been the general scapegoat on whom all parties have vented their indignation, while buying of him and selling to him.

There is an awful warning given in the fiftieth Psalm to those who in word have professed religion, and in deed consented to iniquity, where from the judgment-seat Christ is

represented as thus addressing them: "What hast *thou* to do to declare my statutes, or that thou shouldst take my covenant into thy mouth, seeing thou hatest instruction, and castest my words behind thee? When thou sawest a thief, then thou consentedst with him, and hast been partaker with adulterers."

One thing is certain, that all those who do these things, openly or secretly, must, at last, make up their account with a Judge who is no respecter of persons, and who will just as soon condemn an elder in the church for slave-trading as a professed trader; nay, He may make it more tolerable for the Sodom and Gomorrah of the trade than for them,—for it may be, if the trader had the means of grace that they have had, that he would have repented long ago.

But to return to our history. The girls were sitting sewing near the open window of their cage, when Emily said to Mary, "There, Mary, is that white man we have seen from the North." They both looked, and in a moment more saw their own dear father. They sprang and ran through the house and the office, and into the street, shouting as they ran, followed by Bruin, who said he thought the girls were crazy. In a moment they were in their father's arms, but observed that he trembled exceedingly, and that his voice was unsteady. They eagerly inquired if the money was raised for their ransom. Afraid of exciting their hopes too soon, before their free papers were signed, he said he would talk with them soon, and went into the office with Mr. Bruin and Mr. Chaplin. Mr. Bruin professed himself sincerely glad, as undoubtedly he was, that they had brought the money; but seemed much hurt by the manner in which he had been spoken of by the Rev. H. W. Beecher at the liberation meeting in New York, thinking it hard that no difference should be made between him and other traders, when he had shown himself so much more considerate and humane than the great body

of them. He, however, counted over the money and signed the papers with great good will, taking out a five-dollar gold piece for each of the girls, as a parting present.

The affair took longer than they supposed, and the time seemed an age to the poor girls, who were anxiously walking up and down outside the room, in ignorance of their fate. Could their father have brought the money? Why did he tremble so? Could he have failed of the money, at last? Or could it be that their dear mother was dead, for they had heard that she was very ill!

At length a messenger came shouting to them, "You are free! You are free!" Emily thinks she sprang nearly to the ceiling overhead. They jumped, clapped their hands, laughed, and shouted aloud. Soon their father came to them, embraced them tenderly, and attempted to quiet them, and told them to prepare to go and see their mother. This they did, they know not how, but with considerable help from the family, who all seemed to rejoice in their joy. Their father procured a carriage to take them to the wharf, and, with joy overflowing all bounds, they bade a most affectionate farewell to each member of the family, not even omitting Bruin himself. The "good that there is in human nature" for once had the upper hand, and all were moved to tears of sympathetic joy. Their father, with subdued tenderness, made great efforts to soothe their tumultuous feelings, and at length partially succeeded. When they arrived at Washington, a carriage was ready to take them to their sister's house. People of every rank and description came running together to get a sight of them. Their brothers caught them up in their arms, and ran about with them, almost frantic with joy. Their aged and venerated mother, raised up from a sick-bed by the stimulus of the glad news, was there, weeping and giving thanks to God. Refreshments were prepared in their sister's house for all who called, and, amid greetings

and rejoicings, tears and gladness, prayers and thanksgivings, but without sleep, the night passed away, and the morning of November 4, 1848, dawned upon them free and happy.

This last spring, during the month of May, as the writer has already intimated, the aged mother of the Edmondson family came on to New York, and the reason of her coming may be thus briefly explained. She had still one other daughter, the guide and support of her feeble age, or as she calls her in her own expressive language, "the last drop of blood in her heart." She had also a son, twenty-one years of age, still a slave on a neighboring plantation. The infirm woman in whose name the estate was held was supposed to be drawing near to death, and the poor parents were distressed with the fear that, in case of this event, their two remaining children would be sold for the purpose of dividing the estate, and thus thrown into the dreaded Southern market. No one can realize what a constant horror the slave-prisons and the slave-traders are to all the unfortunate families in the vicinity. Everything for which other parents look on their children with pleasure and pride is to these poor souls a source of anxiety and dismay, because it renders the child so much more a merchantable article.

It is no wonder, therefore, that the light in Paul and Milly's cottage was overshadowed by this terrible idea.

The guardians of these children had given their father a written promise to sell them to him for a certain sum, and by hard begging he had acquired a hundred dollars towards the twelve hundred which were necessary. But he was now confined to his bed with sickness. After pouring out earnest prayers to the Helper of the helpless, Milly says, one day she said to Paul, "I tell ye, Paul, I 'm going up to New York myself, to see if I can't get that money."

"Paul says to me, 'Why, Milly dear, how can you?

Ye ain't fit to be off the bed, and ye 's never in the cars in your life.'

"'Never you fear, Paul,' says I; 'I shall go trusting in the Lord; and the Lord, He 'll take me, and He 'll bring me, — that I know.'

"So I went to the cars and got a white man to put me aboard; and, sure enough, there I found two Bethel ministers; and one set one side o' me, and one set the other, all the way; and they got me my tickets, and looked after my things, and did everything for me. There did n't anything happen to me all the way. Sometimes, when I went to set down in the sitting-rooms, people looked at me and moved off so scornful! Well, I thought, I wish the Lord would give you a better mind."

Emily and Mary, who had been at school in New York State, came to the city to meet their mother, and they brought her directly to the Rev. Henry W. Beecher's house, where the writer then was.

The writer remembers now the scene when she first met this mother and daughters. It must be recollected that they had not seen each other before for four years. One was sitting each side the mother, holding her hand; and the air of pride and filial affection with which they presented her was touching to behold. After being presented to the writer, she again sat down between them, took a hand of each, and looked very earnestly first on one and then on the other; and then, looking up, said, with a smile, "Oh, these children, — how they do lie round our hearts!"

She then explained to the writer all her sorrows and anxieties for the younger children. "Now, madam," she says, "that man that keeps the great trading-house at Alexandria, *that man*," she said, with a strong, indignant expression, "has sent to know if there 's any more of my children to be sold. That man said he wanted to see *me!* Yes, ma'am, he said he 'd give twenty dollars to see me. I

would n't see him, if he 'd give me a hundred! He sent for me to come and see him, when he had my daughters in his prison. I would n't go to see him, — I did n't want to see them there!"

The two daughters, Emily and Mary, here became very much excited, and broke out in some very natural but bitter language against all slave-holders. "Hush, children! you must forgive your enemies," she said. "But they 're so wicked!" said the girls. "Ah, children, you must hate the *sin*, but love the *sinner*." "Well," said one of the girls, "mother, if I was taken again and made a slave of, I 'd kill myself." "I trust not, child, — that would be wicked." "But, mother, I *should*; I know I never could bear it." "Bear it, my child?" she answered, "it 's they that bears the sorrow here is they that has the glories there."

There was a deep, indescribable pathos of voice and manner as she said these words, — a solemnity and force, and yet a sweetness, that can never be forgotten.

This poor slave-mother, whose whole life had been one long outrage on her holiest feelings, — who had been kept from the power to read God's Word, whose whole pilgrimage had been made one day of sorrow by the injustice of a Christian nation, — she had yet learned to solve the highest problem of Christian ethics, and to do what so few reformers can do, — hate the *sin*, but love the *sinner!*

A great deal of interest was excited among the ladies in Brooklyn by this history. Several large meetings were held in different parlors, in which the old mother related her history with great simplicity and pathos, and a subscription for the redemption of the remaining two of her family was soon on foot. It may be interesting to know that the subscription list was headed by the lovely and benevolent Jenny Lind Goldschmidt.

Some of the ladies who listened to this touching story

were so much interested in Mrs. Edmondson personally, they wished to have her daguerreotype taken; both that they might be strengthened and refreshed by the sight of her placid countenance, and that they might see the beauty of true goodness beaming there.

She accordingly went to the rooms with them, with all the simplicity of a little child. "Oh," said she, to one of the ladies, "you can't think how happy it 's made me to get here, where everybody is *so kind* to me! Why, last night, when I went home, I was so happy I could n't sleep. I had to go and tell my Saviour, over and over again, how happy I was."

A lady spoke to her about reading something. "Law bless you, honey! I can't read a letter."

"Then," said another lady, "how have you learned so much of God, and heavenly things?"

"Well, 'pears like a *gift* from above."

"Can you have the Bible read to you?"

"Why, yes; Paul, he reads a little, but then he has so much work all day, and when he gets home at night he 's so tired! and his eyes is bad. But then the *Sperit* teaches us."

"Do you go much to meeting?"

"Not much now, we live so far. In winter I can't never. But, oh! what meetings I have had, alone in the corner, — my Saviour and only me!" The smile with which these words were spoken was a thing to be remembered. A little girl, daughter of one of the ladies, made some rather severe remarks about somebody in the daguerreotype rooms, and her mother checked her.

The old lady looked up, with her placid smile. "That puts me in mind," she said, "of what I heard a preacher say once. 'My friends,' says he, 'if you know of anything that will make a brother's heart glad, *run quick and tell it;* but if it is something that will only cause a sigh,

bottle it up, bottle it up!' Oh, I often tell my children, 'Bottle it up, bottle it up!'"

When the writer came to part with the old lady, she said to her: "Well, good-by, my dear friend; remember and pray for me."

"Pray for *you!*" she said earnestly. "Indeed I shall, — I can't help it." She then, raising her finger, said, in an emphatic tone, peculiar to the old of her race, "Tell you what! we never gets no good bread ourselves till we begins *to ask for our brethren.*"

The writer takes this opportunity to inform all those friends, in different parts of the country, who generously contributed for the redemption of these children, that they are *at last free!*

The following extract from the letter of a lady in Washington may be interesting to them: —

"I have seen the Edmondson parents, — Paul and his wife Milly. I have seen the *free* Edmondsons, — mother, son, and daughter, — the very day after the great era of *free life* commenced, while yet the inspiration was on them, while the mother's face was all light and love, the father's eyes moistened and glistening with tears, the son calm in conscious manhood and responsibility, the daughter (not more than fifteen years old, I think) smiling a delightful appreciation of joy in the present and hope in the future, thus suddenly and completely unfolded."

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CHAPTER VII

[The case of Emily Russell.]

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CHAPTER VIII

KIDNAPPING

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CHAPTER IX

SLAVES AS THEY ARE, ON TESTIMONY OF OWNERS

The investigation into the actual condition of the slave population at the South is beset with many difficulties. So many things are said *pro* and *con*, — so many said in one connection and denied in another, — that the effect is very confusing.

Thus, we are told that the state of the slaves is one of blissful contentment; that they would not take freedom as a gift; that their family relations are only now and then invaded; that they are a stupid race, almost sunk to the condition of animals; that generally they are kindly treated, etc., etc.

In reading over some two hundred Southern newspapers this fall, the author has been struck with the very graphic and circumstantial pictures, which occur in all of them, describing fugitive slaves. From these descriptions one may learn a vast many things. The author will here give an assortment of them, taken at random. It is a commentary on the contented state of the slave population that the writer finds two or three always, and often many more, in every one of the hundreds of Southern papers examined.

In reading the following little sketches of "slaves as they are," let the reader notice: —

1. The color and complexion of the majority of them.
2. That it is customary either to describe slaves by some *scar*, or to say "*No scars recollected.*"
3. The *intelligence* of the parties advertised.
4. The number that *say they are free* that are to be *sold to pay jail-fees.*

Every one of these slaves has a history, — a history of woe and crime, degradation, endurance, and wrong. Let us open the chapter: —

"South-side Democrat," October 28, 1852. Petersburgh, Virginia: —

REWARD.

Twenty-five dollars, with the payment of all necessary expenses, will be given for the apprehension and delivery of my man CHARLES, if taken on the Appomattox River, or within the precincts of Petersburgh. He ran off about a week ago, and if he leaves the neighborhood, will no doubt make for Farmville and Petersburgh. He is *a mulatto*, rather below the medium height and size, but well proportioned, and very active and sensible. He is aged about 27 years, has a mild, submissive look, *and will, no doubt, show the marks of a recent whipping, if taken.* He must be delivered to the care of Peebles, White, Davis & Co.

R. H. De Jarnett,
Lunenburgh.

Oct. 25—3t.

Poor Charles! — *mulatto!* — has a mild, submissive look, and will probably show marks of a recent whipping!

"Kosciusko Chronicle," November 24, 1852: —

COMMITTED

To the Jail of Attila County, on the 8th instant, a negro boy, who calls his name GREEN, and says he belongs to James Gray, of Winston County. Said boy is about 20 years old, *yellow complexion*, round face, *has a scar on his face, one on his left thigh, and one in his left hand*, is about 5 feet 6 inches high. Had on when taken up a cotton check shirt, Linsey pants, new cloth cap, and was riding a large roan horse about 12 or 14 years old and thin in order. The owner is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges, and take him away, or he will be sold to pay charges.

E. B. Sanders, Jailer A. C.

Oct. 12, 1842. nl2tf.

"Capitolian Vis-a-Vis," West Baton Rouge, November 1, 1852: —

$100 REWARD.

Runaway from the subscriber, in Randolph County on the 18th of October, a *yellow* boy, named JIM. This boy is 19 years old, *a light mulatto with dirty sunburnt hair inclined to be straight;* he is just 5 feet 7 inches high, and slightly made. He

had on when he left a black cloth cap, black cloth pantaloons, a plaided sack coat, a fine shirt, and brogan shoes. One hundred dollars will be paid for the recovery of the above-described boy, if taken out of the State, or fifty dollars if taken in the State.

MRS. S. P. HALL.
Huntsville, Mo.

Nov. 4, 1852.

"American Baptist," December 20, 1852: —

TWENTY DOLLARS REWARD FOR A PREACHER.

The following paragraph, headed "Twenty Dollars Reward," appeared in a recent number of the "New Orleans Picayune:"

"Run away from the plantation of the undersigned the negro man Shedrick, a preacher, 5 feet 9 inches high, about 40 years old, but looking not over 23, *stamped N. E. on the breast, and having both small toes cut off.* He is of a very dark complexion, with eyes small but bright, *and a look quite insolent.* He dresses good, and was arrested as a runaway at Donaldsonville, some three years ago. The above reward will be paid for his arrest, by addressing Messrs. Armant Brothers, St. James parish, or A. Miltenberger & Co., 30 Carondelet-street."

Here is a preacher who is branded on the breast and has both toes cut off, — and *will* look insolent yet! There 's depravity for you!

[More than fifty similar advertisements are added.]

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From these advertisements, and hundreds of similar ones, one may learn the following things: —

1. That the arguments for the enslaving of the *negro* do not apply to a large part of the actual slaves.

2. That they are not, in the estimation of their masters, very stupid.

3. That they are not remarkably contented.

4. That they have no particular reason to be so.

5. That multitudes of men claiming to be free are constantly being sold into slavery.

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CHAPTER X

"POOR WHITE TRASH"

When the public sentiment of Europe speaks in tones of indignation of the system of American slavery, the common reply has been, "*Look at your own lower classes.*" The apologists of slavery have pointed England to *her own poor.* They have spoken of the heathenish ignorance, the vice, the darkness, of her crowded cities, — nay, even of her agricultural districts.

Now, in the first place, a country where the population is not crowded, where the resources of the soil are more than sufficient for the inhabitants, — a country of recent origin, not burdened with the worn-out institutions and clumsy lumber of past ages, — ought not to be satisfied to do *only* as well as countries which have to struggle against all these evils.

It is a poor defense for America to say to older countries, "We are no worse than you are." She ought to be infinitely better.

But it will appear that the institution of slavery has produced not only heathenish, degraded, miserable slaves, but it produces a class of white people who are, by universal admission, more heathenish, degraded, and miserable. The institution of slavery has accomplished the double feat, in America, not only of degrading and brutalizing her black working classes, but of producing, notwithstanding a fertile soil and abundant room, a poor white population as degraded and brutal as ever existed in any of the most crowded districts of Europe.

The way that it is done can be made apparent in a few words. 1. The distribution of the land into large plantations, and the consequent sparseness of settlement, make any

system of common-school education impracticable. 2. The same cause operates with regard to the preaching of the gospel. 3. The degradation of the idea of labor, which results inevitably from enslaving the working class, operates to a great extent in preventing respectable workingmen of the middling classes from settling or remaining in slave States. Where carpenters, blacksmiths, and masons are advertised every week with their own tools, or in company with horses, hogs, and other cattle, there is necessarily such an estimate of the laboring class that intelligent, self-respecting mechanics, such as abound in the free States, must find much that is annoying and disagreeable. They may endure it for a time, but with much uneasiness; and they are glad of the first opportunity of emigration.

Then, again, the filling up of all branches of mechanics and agriculture with slave labor necessarily depresses free labor. Suppose, now, a family of poor whites in Carolina or Virginia, and the same family in Vermont or Maine; how different the influences that come over them! In Vermont or Maine, the children have the means of education at hand in public schools, and they have all around them in society avenues of success that require only industry to make them available. The boys have their choice among all the different trades, for which the organization of free society makes a steady demand. The girls, animated by the spirit of the land in which they are born, think useful labor no disgrace, and find, with true female ingenuity, a hundred ways of adding to the family stock. If there be one member of a family in whom diviner gifts and higher longings seem a call for a more finished course of education, then cheerfully the whole family unites its productive industry to give that one the wider education which his wider genius demands; and thus have been given to the world such men as Roger Sherman and Daniel Webster.

But take this same family and plant them in South

Carolina or Virginia — how different the result! No common school opens its doors to their children; the only church, perhaps, is fifteen miles off, over a bad road. The whole atmosphere of the country in which they are born associates degradation and slavery with useful labor; and the only standard of gentility is ability to live without work. What branch of useful labor opens a way to its sons? Would he be a blacksmith? — The planters around him prefer to *buy* their blacksmiths in Virginia. Would he be a carpenter? — Each planter in his neighborhood owns one or two now. And so coopers and masons. Would he be a shoemaker? — The plantation shoes are made in Lynn and Natick, towns of New England. In fact, between the free labor of the North and the slave labor of the South, there is nothing for a poor white to do. Without schools or churches, these miserable families grow up heathen on a Christian soil, in idleness, vice, dirt, and discomfort of all sorts. They are the pest of the neighborhood, the scoff and contempt, or pity even of the slaves. The expressive phrase, so common in the mouths of the negroes, of "poor white trash," says all for this luckless race of beings that can be said. From this class spring a tribe of keepers of small groggeries, and dealers, by a kind of contraband trade, with the negroes, in the stolen produce of plantations. Thriving and promising sons may perhaps hope to grow up into negro-traders, and thence be exalted into overseers of plantations. The utmost stretch of ambition is to compass money enough, by any of a variety of nondescript measures, to "buy a *nigger* or two," and begin to appear like other folks. Woe betide the unfortunate negro man or woman, carefully raised in some good, religious family, when an execution or the death of their proprietors throws them into the market, and they are bought by a master and mistress of this class! Oftentimes the slave is infinitely the superior, in every respect, — in

person, manners, education, and morals; but, for all that, the law guards the despotic authority of the owner quite as jealously.

From all that would appear, in the case of Souther, which we have recorded, he must have been one of this class. We have certain indications, in the evidence, that the two white witnesses, who spent the whole day in gaping, unresisting survey of his diabolical proceedings, were men of this order. It appears that the crime alleged against the poor victim was that of getting drunk and trading with these two very men, and that they were sent for probably by way of showing them "what a nigger would get by trading with them." This circumstance at once marks them out as belonging to that band of half-contraband traders who spring up among the mean whites, and occasion owners of slaves so much inconvenience by dealing with their hands. Can any words so forcibly show what sort of white men these are, as the idea of their standing in stupid, brutal curiosity, a whole day, as *witnesses* in such a hellish scene?

Conceive the misery of the slave who falls into the hands of such masters! A clergyman, now dead, communicated to the writer the following anecdote: In traveling in one of the Southern States, he put up for the night in a miserable log shanty, kept by a man of this class. All was dirt, discomfort, and utter barbarism. The man, his wife, and their stock of wild, neglected children, drank whiskey, loafed, and predominated over the miserable man and woman who did all the work and bore all the caprices of the whole establishment. He — the gentleman — was not long in discovering that these slaves were in person, language, and in every respect, superior to their owners; and all that he could get of comfort in this miserable abode was owing to their ministrations. Before he went away, they contrived to have a private interview, and begged him to buy them. They

told him that they had been decently brought up in a respectable and refined family, and that their bondage was therefore the more inexpressibly galling. The poor creatures had waited on him with most assiduous care, tending his horse, brushing his boots, and anticipating all his wants, in the hope of inducing him to buy them. The clergyman said that he never so wished for money as when he saw the dejected visages with which they listened to his assurances that he was too poor to comply with their desires.

This miserable class of whites form, in all the Southern States, a material for the most horrible and ferocious of mobs. Utterly ignorant, and inconceivably brutal, they are like some blind, savage monster, which, when aroused, tramples heedlessly over everything in its way.

Singular as it may appear, though slavery is the cause of the misery and degradation of this class, yet they are the most vehement and ferocious advocates of slavery.

The reason is this. They feel the scorn of the upper classes, and their only means of consolation is in having a class below them, whom they may scorn in turn. To set the negro at liberty would deprive them of this last comfort; and accordingly no class of men advocate slavery with such frantic and unreasoning violence, or hate abolitionists with such demoniac hatred. Let the reader conceive of a mob of men as brutal and callous as the two white witnesses of the Souther tragedy, led on by men like Souther himself, and he will have some idea of the materials which occur in the worst kind of Southern mobs.

The leaders of the community, those men who play on other men with as little care for them as a harper plays on a harp, keep this blind, furious monster of the MOB, very much as an overseer keeps plantation-dogs, as creatures to be set on to any man or thing whom they may choose to have put down.

These leading men have used the cry of "*abolitionism*" over the mob, much as a huntsman uses the "set on" to his dogs. Whenever they have a purpose to carry, a man to put down, they have only to raise this cry, and the monster is wide awake, ready to spring wherever they shall send him.

Does a minister raise his voice in favor of the slave? — Immediately, with a whoop and hurrah, some editor starts the mob on him, as an abolitionist. Is there a man teaching his negroes to read? — The mob is started upon him: he must promise to give it up, or leave the State. Does a man at a public hotel-table express his approbation of some anti-slavery work? — Up come the police, and arrest him for seditious language;[1] and on the heels of the police, thronging round the justice's office, come the ever-ready mob, — men with clubs and bowie-knives, swearing that they will have his heart's blood. The more respectable citizens in vain try to compose them; it is quite as hopeful to reason with a pack of hounds, and the only way is to smuggle the suspected person out of the State as quickly as possible. All these are scenes of common occurrence at the South. Every Southern man knows them to be so, and they know, too, the reason *why* they are so; but so much do they fear the monster that they dare not say what they know.

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[1] The writer is describing here a scene of recent occurrence in a slave State, of whose particulars she has the best means of knowledge. The work in question was *Uncle Tom's Cabin.*

PART IV

CHAPTER I

THE INFLUENCE OF THE AMERICAN CHURCH ON SLAVERY

THERE is no country in the world where the religious influence has a greater ascendency than in America. There is no country where the clergy are more powerful. This is the more remarkable, because in America religion is entirely divorced from the state, and the clergy have none of those artificial means for supporting their influence which result from rank and wealth. Taken as a body of men, the American clergy are generally poor. The salaries given to them afford only a bare support, and yield them no means of acquiring property. Their style of living can be barely decent and respectable, and no more. The fact that, under these circumstances, the American clergy are probably the most powerful body of men in the country, is of itself a strong presumptive argument in their favor. It certainly argues in them, as a class, both intellectual and moral superiority.

It is a well-known fact that the influence of the clergy is looked upon by our statesmen as a most serious element in making up their political combinations; and that that influence is so great that no statesman would ever undertake to carry a measure against which all the clergy of the country should unite. Such a degree of power, though it be only a power of opinion, argument, and example, is not without its dangers to the purity of any body of men. To be courted by political partisans is always a dangerous thing for the integrity and spirituality of men who profess to be governed

by principles which are not of this world. The possession, too, of so great a power as we have described involves a most weighty responsibility; since, if the clergy do possess the power to rectify any great national immorality, the fact of its not being done seems in some sort to bring the sin of the omission to their door.

We have spoken, thus far, of the clergy alone; but in America, where the clergyman is, in most denominations, elected by the church, and supported by its voluntary contributions, the influence of the church and that of the clergy are, to a very great extent, identical. The clergyman is the very ideal and expression of the church. They choose him, and retain him, because he expresses more perfectly than any other man they can obtain, their ideas of truth and right. The clergyman is supported, in all cases, by his church, or else he cannot retain his position in it. The fact of his remaining there is generally proof of identity of opinion, since, if he differed very materially from them, they have the power to withdraw from him, and choose another.

The influence of a clergyman, thus retained by the free consent of the understanding and heart of his church, is in some respects greater even than that of a papal priest. The priest can control only by a blind spiritual authority, to which, very often, the reason demurs, while it yields an outward assent; but the successful free minister takes captive the affections of the heart by his affections, overrules the reasoning powers by superior strength of reason, and thus, availing himself of affection, reason, conscience, and the entire man, possesses a power, from the very freedom of the organization, greater than can ever result from blind spiritual despotism. If a minister cannot succeed in doing this to some good extent in a church, he is called unsuccessful; and he who realizes this description most perfectly has the highest and most perfect kind of power, and expresses the idea of a successful American minister.

In speaking, therefore, of this subject, we shall speak of the church and the clergy as identical, using the word church in the American sense of the word, for that class of men, of all denominations, who are *organized* in bodies distinct from nominal Christians, as professing to be actually controlled by the precepts of Christ.

What, then, is the influence of the church on this great question of slavery ?

Certain things are evident on the very face of the matter.

1. It has not put an end to it.

2. It has not prevented the increase of it.

3. It has not occasioned the repeal of the laws which forbid education to the slave.

4. It has not attempted to have laws passed forbidding the separation of families, and legalizing the marriage of slaves.

5. It has not stopped the internal slave-trade.

6. It has not prevented the extension of this system, with all its wrongs, over new territories.

With regard to these assertions it is presumed there can be no difference of opinion.

What, then, have they done ?

In reply to this, it can be stated, —

1. That almost every one of the leading denominations have, at some time, in their collective capacity, expressed a decided disapprobation of the system, and recommended that something should be done with a view to its abolition.

2. One denomination of Christians has pursued such a course as entirely, and in fact, to free every one of its members from any participation in slave-holding. We refer to the Quakers. The course by which this result has been effected will be shown by a pamphlet soon to be issued by the poet J. G. Whittier, one of their own body.

3. Individual members, in all denominations, animated by the spirit of Christianity, have in various ways entered their protest against it.

It will be well now to consider more definitely and minutely the sentiments which some leading ecclesiastical bodies in the church have expressed on this subject.

It is fair that the writer should state the sources from which the quotations are drawn. Those relating to the action of Southern judicatories are principally from a pamphlet compiled by the Hon. James G. Birney, and entitled "The Church the Bulwark of Slavery." The writer addressed a letter to Mr. Birney, in which she inquired the sources from which he compiled. His reply was, in substance, as follows: That the pamphlet was compiled from original documents, or files of newspapers, which had recorded these transactions at the time of their occurrence. It was compiled and published in England, in 1842, with a view of leading the people there to understand the position of the American church and clergy. Mr. Birney says that, although the statements have long been before the world, he has never known one of them to be disputed; that, knowing the extraordinary nature of the sentiments, he took the utmost pains to authenticate them.

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These things sufficiently show the estimate which the Southern clergy and church have formed and expressed as to the relative value of slavery and the right of free inquiry. It shows, also, that they consider slavery as so important that they can tolerate and encourage acts of lawless violence, and risk all the dangers of encouraging mob law, for its sake. These passages and considerations sufficiently show the stand which the Southern church takes upon this subject.

For many of these opinions, shocking as they may appear, some apology may be found in that blinding power of custom and all those deadly educational influences which always attend the system of slavery, and which must necessarily produce a certain obtuseness of the moral sense in

the mind of any man who is educated from childhood under them.

There is also, in the habits of mind formed under a system which is supported by continual resort to force and violence, a necessary deadening of sensibility to the evils of force and violence, as applied to other subjects. The whole style of civilization which is formed under such an institution has been not unaptly denominated by a popular writer "the bowie-knife style;" and we must not be surprised at its producing a peculiarly martial cast of religious character, and ideas very much at variance with the spirit of the gospel. A religious man, born and educated at the South, has all these difficulties to contend with, in elevating himself to the true spirit of the gospel.

It was said by one that, after the Reformation, the best of men, being educated under a system of despotism and force, and accustomed from childhood to have force, and not argument, made the test of opinion, came to look upon all controversies very much in a Smithfield light, — the question being not as to the propriety of burning heretics, but as to which party ought to be burned.

The system of slavery is a simple retrogression of society to the worst abuses of the Middle Ages. We must not therefore be surprised to find the opinions and practices of the Middle Ages, as to civil and religious toleration, prevailing.

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But now another consideration comes to the mind. These Southern Christians have been united in ecclesiastical relations with Christians of the Northern and free States, meeting with them, by their representatives, yearly, in their various ecclesiastical assemblies. One might hope, in case of such a union, that those debasing views of Christianity, and that deadness of public sentiment, which were the inevitable result of an education under the slave-system,

might have been qualified by intercourse with Christians in free States, who, having grown up under free institutions, would naturally be supposed to feel the utmost abhorrence of such sentiments. One would have supposed that the church and clergy of the free States would naturally have used the most strenuous endeavors, by all the means in their power, to convince their brethren of errors so dishonorable to Christianity, and tending to such dreadful practical results. One would have supposed also, that, failing to convince their brethren, they would have felt it due to Christianity to clear themselves from all complicity with these sentiments, by the most solemn, earnest, and reiterated protests.

Let us now inquire what has, in fact been the course of the Northern church on this subject.

Previous to making this inquiry, let us review the declarations that have been made in the Southern church, and see what principles have been established by them.

1. That slavery is an innocent and lawful relation, as much as that of parent and child, husband and wife, or any other lawful relation of society. (Harmony Pres., S. C.)

2. That it is consistent with the most fraternal regard for the good of the slave. (Charleston Union Pres., S. C.)

3. That masters ought not to be disciplined for selling slaves without their consent. (New-school Pres. Church, Petersburgh, Va.)

4. That the right to buy, sell, and hold men for purposes of gain, was given by express permission of God. (James Smylie and his Presbyteries.)

5. That the laws which forbid the education of the slave are right, and meet the approbation of the reflecting part of the Christian community. (Ibid.)

6. That the fact of slavery is not a question of morals at all, but is purely one of political economy. (Charleston Baptist Association.)

7. The right of masters to dispose of the time of their slaves has been distinctly recognized by the Creator of all things. (Ibid.)

8. That slavery, as it exists in these United States, is not a moral evil. (Georgia Conference, Methodist.)

9. That, without a new revelation from heaven, no man is entitled to pronounce slavery wrong.

10. That the separation of slaves by sale should be regarded as separation by death, and the parties allowed to marry again. (Shiloh Baptist Ass., and Savannah River Ass.)

11. That the testimony of colored members of the churches shall not be taken against a white person. (Methodist Church.)

In addition, it has been plainly avowed, by the expressed principles and practice of Christians of various denominations, that they regard it right and proper to put down all inquiry upon this subject by Lynch law.

One would have imagined that these principles were sufficiently extraordinary, as coming from the professors of the religion of Christ, to have excited a good deal of attention in their Northern brethren. It also must be seen that, as principles, they are principles of very extensive application, underlying the whole foundations of religion and morality. If not true, they were certainly heresies of no ordinary magnitude, involving no ordinary results. Let us now return to our inquiry as to the course of the Northern church in relation to them.

CHAPTER II

In the first place, have any of these opinions ever been treated in the church as heresies, and the teachers of them been subjected to the censures with which it is thought proper to visit heresy?

After a somewhat extended examination upon the subject, the writer has been able to discover but one instance of this sort. It may be possible that such cases have existed in other denominations, which have escaped inquiry.

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If the history of the action of all the bodies thus united can be traced downwards, we shall find that, by reason of this tolerance of an admitted sin, the anti-slavery testimony has every year grown weaker and weaker. If we look over the history of all denominations, we shall see that at first they used very stringent language with relation to slavery. This is particularly the case with the Methodist and Presbyterian bodies.

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In 1850 was passed the cruel fugitive slave law. What deeds were done then! Then to our free States were transported those scenes of fear and agony before acted only on slave soil. Churches were broken up. Trembling Christians fled. Husbands and wives were separated. Then to the poor African was fulfilled the dread doom denounced on the wandering Jew, — "Thou shalt find no ease, neither shall the sole of thy foot have rest; but thy life shall hang in doubt before thee, and thou shalt fear day and night, and shalt have no assurance of thy life." Then all the world went one way, — all the wealth, all the power, all the fashion. Now, if ever, was a time for Christ's church to stand up and speak for the poor.

The General Assembly met. She was earnestly memorialized to speak out. Never was a more glorious opportunity to show that the kingdom of Christ is not of this world. A protest then, from a body so numerous and respectable, might have saved the American church from the disgrace it now wears in the eyes of all nations. Oh, that she had once spoken! What said the Presbyterian Church?

She said *nothing*, and the thanks of political leaders were accorded to her. She had done *all* they desired.

Meanwhile, under this course of things, the number of presbyteries in slave-holding States had increased from *three* to *twenty!* and this church has now under its care from fifteen to twenty thousand members in slave States.

So much for the course of a decided anti-slavery body in union with a few slave-holding churches. So much for a most discreet, judicious, charitable, and brotherly attempt to test by experience the question, What communion hath light with darkness, and what concord hath Christ with Belial? The slave-system is darkness, — the slave-system is Belial! and every attempt to harmonize it with the profession of Christianity will be just like these. Let it be here recorded, however, that a small body of the most determined opponents of slavery in the Presbyterian Church seceded and formed the *Free Presbyterian Church*, whose terms of communion are an entire withdrawal from slave-holding. Whether this principle be a correct one, or not, it is worthy of remark that it was adopted and carried out by the Quakers, — the only body of Christians involved in this evil who have ever succeeded in freeing themselves from it.

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Who is the real, who is the true and noble lover of the South? — they who love her with all these faults and incumbrances, or they who fix their eyes on the bright ideal of what she might be, and say that these faults are no proper part of her? Is it true love to a friend to accept the ravings of insanity as a true specimen of his mind? Is it true love to accept the disfigurement of sickness as a specimen of his best condition? Is it not truer love to say, "This curse is no part of our brother; it dishonors him; it does him injustice; it misrepresents him in the eyes of all nations. We love his better self, and we will have no fellowship with his betrayer. This is the part of true, generous, Christian love."

But will it be said, "The abolition enterprise was begun in a wrong spirit, by reckless, meddling, impudent fanatics"? Well, supposing that this were true, how came it to be so? If the church of Christ had begun it *right*, these so-called fanatics would not have begun it *wrong*. In a deadly pestilence, if the right physicians do not prescribe, everybody will prescribe, — men, women, and children will prescribe, — because something must be done. If the Presbyterian Church in 1818 had pursued the course the Quakers did, there never would have been any fanaticism. The Quakers did all by brotherly love. They melted the chains of Mammon only in the fires of a divine charity. When Christ came into Jerusalem, after all the mighty works that he had done, while all the so-called better classes were non-committal or opposed, the multitude cut down branches of palm-trees and cried Hosanna! There was a most indecorous tumult. The very children caught the enthusiasm, and were crying Hosannas in the temple. This was contrary to all ecclesiastical rules. It was a highly improper state of things. The Chief Priests and Scribes said unto Jesus, "Master, speak unto these that they hold their peace." That gentle eye flashed as He answered, "I TELL YOU, IF THESE SHOULD HOLD THEIR PEACE, THE VERY STONES WOULD CRY OUT."

Suppose a fire bursts out in the streets of Boston, while the regular conservators of the city, who have the keys of the fire-engines, and the regulation of fire-companies, are sitting together in some distant part of the city, consulting for the public good. The cry of fire reaches them, but they think it a false alarm. The fire is no less real, for all that. It burns, and rages, and roars, till everybody in the neighborhood sees that something must be done. A few stout leaders break open the doors of the engine-houses, drag out the engines, and begin, regularly or irregularly, playing on the fire. But the destroyer still advances. Messengers

come in hot haste to the hall of these deliberators, and, in the unselect language of fear and terror, revile them for not coming out.

"Bless me!" says a decorous leader of the body, "what horrible language these men use!"

"They show a very bad spirit," remarks another; "we can't possibly join them in such a state of things."

Here the more energetic members of the body rush out, to see if the thing be really so; and in a few minutes come back, if possible more earnest than the others.

"Oh, there is a fire! — a horrible, dreadful fire! The city is burning, — men, women, children, all burning, perishing! Come out, come out! As the Lord liveth, there is but a step between us and death!"

"I am not going out; everybody that goes gets crazy," says one.

"I've noticed," says another, "that as soon as anybody goes out to look, he gets just so excited, — I won't look."

But by this time the angry fire has burned into their very neighborhood. The red demon glares into their windows. And now, fairly aroused, they get up and begin to look out.

"Well, there *is* a fire, and no mistake!" says one.

"Something ought to be done," says another.

"Yes," says a third; "if it was n't for being mixed up with such a crowd and rabble of folks, I'd go out."

"Upon my word," says another, "there are *women* in the ranks, carrying pails of water! There, one woman is going up a ladder to get those children out. What an indecorum! If they'd manage this matter properly, we would join them."

And now come lumbering over from Charlestown the engines and fire-companies.

"What impudence of Charlestown," say these men, "to be sending over here, — just as if we could not put our own fires out! They have fires over there, as much as we do."

And now the flames roar and burn, and shake hands across the streets. They leap over the steeples, and glare demoniacally out of the church windows.

"For Heaven's sake, DO SOMETHING!" is the cry. "Pull down the houses! Blow up those blocks of stores with gunpowder! *Anything* to stop it."

"See, now, what ultra, radical measures they are going at," says one of these spectators.

Brave men, who have rushed into the thickest of the fire, come out, and fall dead in the street.

"They are impracticable enthusiasts. They have thrown their lives away in foolhardiness," says another.

So, church of Christ, burns that awful fire! Evermore burning, burning, burning, over church and altar; burning over senate house and forum; burning up liberty, burning up religion! No *earthly* hands kindled that fire. From its sheeted flame and wreaths of sulphurous smoke glares out upon thee the eye of that ENEMY who was a murderer from the beginning. It is a fire that BURNS TO THE LOWEST HELL!

Church of Christ, there *was* an hour when this fire might have been extinguished by thee. Now, thou standest like a mighty man astonished, — like a mighty man that cannot save. But the Hope of Israel is not dead. The Saviour thereof in time of trouble is yet alive.

If every church in our land were hung with mourning, — if every Christian should put on sackcloth, — if "the priest should weep between the porch and the altar," and say, "Spare thy people, O Lord, and give not thy heritage to reproach!" — that were not too great a mourning for such a time as this.

Oh, church of Jesus! consider what hath been said in the midst of thee. What a heresy hast thou tolerated in thy bosom! *Thy* God the defender of slavery! — *thy* God the patron of slave-law! Thou hast suffered the character of

thy God to be slandered. Thou hast suffered false witness against thy Redeemer and thy Sanctifier. The Holy Trinity of heaven has been foully traduced in the midst of thee; and that God whose throne is awful in justice has been made the patron and leader of oppression.

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CHAPTER III

MARTYRDOM

[The case of Lovejoy.]

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CHAPTER IV

SERVITUDE IN THE PRIMITIVE CHURCH COMPARED WITH AMERICAN SLAVERY

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CHAPTER V

TEACHINGS AND CONDITION OF THE APOSTLES

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CHAPTER VI

APOSTOLIC TEACHING ON EMANCIPATION

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CHAPTER VII

ABOLITION OF SLAVERY BY CHRISTIANITY

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CHAPTER VIII

JUSTICE AND EQUITY VERSUS SLAVERY

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CHAPTER IX

IS THE SYSTEM OF RELIGION WHICH IS TAUGHT THE SLAVE THE GOSPEL?

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CHAPTER X

WHAT IS TO BE DONE?

The thing to be done, of which I shall chiefly speak, is that the whole American church, of all denominations, should unitedly come up, not *in form*, but *in fact*, to the noble purpose avowed by the Presbyterian Assembly of 1818, to seek the ENTIRE ABOLITION OF SLAVERY THROUGHOUT AMERICA AND THROUGHOUT CHRISTENDOM.

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Brethren in the South, there are many of you who are truly convinced that slavery is a sin, a tremendous wrong; but if you confess your sentiments, and endeavor to propagate your opinions, you think that persecution, affliction, and even death await you. How can we ask you, then, to come forward? *We* do not ask it. Ourselves weak, irresolute and worldly, shall we ask you to do what perhaps we ourselves should not dare? But we will beseech *Him* to speak to you, who dared and endured more than this for your sake, and who can strengthen you to dare and endure for his. He can raise you above all temporary and worldly considerations. He can inspire you with that love to him-

self which will make you willing to leave father and mother, and wife and child, yea, to give up life itself, for his sake. And if He ever brings you to that place where you and this world take a final farewell of each other, where you make up your mind solemnly to give all up for his cause, where neither life nor death, nor things present nor things to come, can move you from this purpose, — then will you know a joy which is above all other joy, a peace constant and unchanging as the eternal God from whom it springs.

Dear brethren, is this system to go on forever in your land? Can you think these slave-laws anything but an abomination to a just God? Can you think this internal slave-trade to be anything but an abomination in his sight?

Look, we beseech you, into those awful slave-prisons which are in your cities. Do the groans and prayers which go up from those dreary mansions promise well for the prosperity of our country?

Look, we beseech you, at this mournful march of the slave-coffles; follow the bloody course of the slave-ships on your coast. What, suppose you, does the Lamb of God think of all these things? He whose heart was so tender that he wept, at the grave of Lazarus, over a sorrow that He was so soon to turn into joy, — what does He think of the constant, heart-breaking, yearly repeated anguish? What does he think of Christian wives forced from their husbands, and husbands from their wives? What does he think of Christian daughters, whom his church first educates, indoctrinates, and baptizes, and then leaves to be sold as merchandise?

Think you such prayers as poor Paul Edmondson's, such death-bed scenes as Emily Russell's, are witnessed without emotion by that generous Saviour, who regards what is done to his meanest servant as done to himself?

Did it never seem to you, O Christian, when you have

read the sufferings of Jesus, that you would gladly have suffered with Him? Does it never seem almost ungenerous to accept eternal life as the price of such anguish on his part, while you bear no cross for Him? Have you ever wished you could have watched with Him in that bitter conflict at Gethsemane, when even his chosen slept? Have you ever wished that you could have stood by Him when all forsook Him and fled, — that you could have owned when Peter denied, — that you could have honored Him when buffeted and spit upon? Would you think it too much honor, could you, like Mary, have followed Him to the cross, and stood a patient sharer of that despised, unpitied agony? *That* you cannot do. That hour is over. Christ, now, is exalted, crowned, glorified, — all men speak well of Him; rich churches rise to Him, and costly sacrifice goes up to Him. What chance have you, among the multitude, to prove your love, — to show that you would stand by Him discrowned, dishonored, tempted, betrayed, and suffering? Can you show it in any way but by espousing the cause of his suffering poor? Is there a people among you despised and rejected of men, heavy with oppression, acquainted with grief, with all the power of wealth and fashion, of political and worldly influence, arrayed against their cause, — Christian, you can acknowledge Christ in them!

If you turn away indifferent from this cause, — "if thou forbear to deliver them that are drawn unto death, and those that be ready to be slain; if thou sayest, Behold, we knew it not, doth not he that pondereth the heart consider it, and he that keepeth the soul, doth he not know it, shall he not render to every man according to his works?"

In the last judgment will He not say to you, "I have been in the slave-prison, — in the slave-coffle. I have been sold in your markets; I have toiled for naught in your fields; I have been smitten on the mouth in your courts of

justice; I have been denied a hearing in my own church, — and ye cared not for it. Ye went, one to his farm, and another to his merchandise." And if ye shall answer, "*When*, Lord?" He shall say unto you, "Inasmuch as ye have done it to the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL ACCOUNT OF UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

[This account was first published in the edition of the book for which Mrs. Stowe's Introduction was written, in 1878. Later researches have brought to light further titles, and these additions are indicated by being inclosed in brackets [ ]. The opportunity has also been taken to revise and correct the original list.]

British Museum, *September* 14, 1878.

Dear Sirs, — I well remember the interest which the late Mr. Thomas Watts took in the story of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," from the moment that he had read it. Mr. Watts, besides being an accomplished philologist and one of the greatest linguists that ever lived, never neglected the current literature of his time, including the novels and romances of his own country and America. Scott and Dickens, Washington Irving and Fenimore Cooper charmed him more than the dull books which great scholars are commonly supposed to be always reading. In Mrs. Beecher Stowe's work he admired not only the powerful descriptions of life in the Slave States, the strokes of character, the humor and the pathos, but above all he was impressed with the deep earnestness of purpose in the writer, and used to express it as his opinion that it was a work destined to prove a most powerful agent in the uprooting of slavery in America. No one in this country was better acquainted than Mr. Watts with the politics of the United States; and in the war which eventually ensued on the subject of slavery, between the Northern and Southern States, he was always a consistent supporter of the policy of President Lincoln.

Of the reasons which induced him to prevail upon Mr. (now Sir Anthony) Panizzi to make a collection for the Library of the British Museum of the different translations of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," the extracts given from his letter to Professor Stowe are a sufficient explanation.

At your desire I have the pleasure to forward to you, as a supplement to Mr. Watts's letter, the accompanying list of editions and translations of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," contained in the Library of the British Museum, as well as of others which have not yet been obtained. Of the latter there is a Servian translation which has been ordered but not yet received.

When this shall have been added, the various languages into which "Uncle Tom's Cabin" has been translated will be exactly twenty in number, — a copy of each being in the British Museum. These several languages, in alphabetical order, are as follows: viz., Armenian, Bohemian, Danish, Dutch, Finnish, Flemish (only a modification of Dutch, but often treated as a distinct language), French, German, Hungarian or Magyar, Illyrian (by Mr. Watts called Wendish), Polish, Portuguese, Romaic or Modern Greek, Russian, Servian, Spanish, Swedish, Wallachian, Welsh.

There may still be translations in other languages, of which sure intelligence has not yet been obtained.

In some of the languages mentioned, as, for instance, in French and German, there are several distinct versions. A summary of these is given at the end of the general Bibliographical List herewith appended.

I remain, dear sirs,

Yours very truly,

GEORGE BULLEN.

MESSRS. HOUGHTON, OSGOOD & CO.

The letter of Mr. Watts to which Mr. Bullen refers was addressed to Professor Stowe about 1860, and is as follows: —

Extract from a Letter from the late THOMAS WATTS, ESQ., *Librarian of the British Museum, to* PROFESSOR STOWE.

DEAR SIR, — It is certainly one of the most striking features of the popularity of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" that it has been translated into so many languages, and among them into so many obscure ones, languages which it has been so hard for popularity to penetrate. Even the masterpieces of Scott and Dickens have never been translated into Welsh, while this American novel has forced its way, in various shapes, into the languages of the ancient Britons.

There is a complete and excellent translation by Hugh Williams, there is an abridged one by W. Williams, and there is a strange incorporation of it, almost entire, into the body of a tale

by Rev. William Rees called "Aelwyd F' Ewythr Robert" (or "Uncle Robert's Hearth").

In the east of Europe it has found as much acceptance as in the west. The "Edinburgh Review" mentioned some time ago that there was one into Magyar. There are, in fact, three in that language, — one by Tringi, one by Tarbar, and one (probably an abridged one) for the use of children. There are two translations into the Illyrian, and two into the Wallachian. There is one Polish translation, and an adaptation by Miss Arabella Palmer into Russian. A full translation into Russian appears to have been forbidden till lately, lest it might get into circulation among the serfs, among whom it might prove as hazardous to introduce it as the Portuguese version published in Paris among the slaves of Brazil.

Of course the book exists also in Danish, Swedish, and Dutch (one Dutch edition being published in the island of Batavia). In the great literary languages of the Continent the circulation has been immense. In the "Bibliographie de la France," at least four versions are mentioned which have run through various editions, and in the Leipsic Catalogue for 1852 and 1853 the distinct German versions enumerated amounted to no less than thirteen.

In the Asiatic languages the only version I have yet seen is the Armenian. Copies of all these versions have been procured or ordered for the British Museum.

It is customary in all great libraries to make a collection of versions of the Scriptures in various languages and dialects, to serve, among other purposes, for those of philological study. I suggested to Mr. Panizzi, then at the head of the printed book department, that in this point of view it would be of considerable interest to collect the versions of "Uncle Tom."

The translation of the same text by thirteen different translators at precisely the same epoch of a language is a circumstance perhaps altogether unprecedented, and it is one not likely to recur, as the tendency of modern alterations in the law of copyright is to place restrictions on the liberty of translators. The possession, too, of such a book as "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is very different from that of such a book as "Thomas à Kempis," in the information it affords to the student of a language. There is every variety of style, from that of animated narration and passionate wailing to that of the most familiar dialogue, and dialogue not only in the language of the upper classes but of the lowest.

The student who has once mastered "Uncle Tom" in Welsh or Wallachian is not likely to meet any further difficulties in his progress through Welsh or Wallachian prose. These considerations, united to those of another character, which had previously led to the collection by the Museum of translations of the plays of Shakespeare, the Antiquary, the Pickwick Club, etc., led to the adoption of my views, and many of these versions have already found their way to the shelves of the Museum, while others are on the way. When all are assembled the *notes* and prefaces of different translators would furnish ample material for an instructive article in a review.

I regret that my account of these versions should be so much less extended than I had hoped to make it, but the duties of an officer in the British Museum, especially at this period of the year, render it almost impossible for him to make any use whatever of the treasures committed to his charge, which are as a rule as much closed to him as they are open to the public. You must excuse on this account all my shortcomings, and believe me, dear sir,

Yours very truly,

THOMAS WATTS.

The following is a list of the various editions and translations of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," contained in the library of the British Museum: —

I. *Complete Texts* and abridgments, extracts, and adaptations, versified or dramatized, of the original English.

II. *Translations*, in alphabetical order, of the languages, nineteen in number: viz. Armenian, Bohemian, Danish, Dutch, Finnish, Flemish, French, German, Hungarian or Magyar, Illyrian, Italian, Polish, Portuguese, Romaic or Modern Greek, Russian, Spanish, Swedish, Wallachian, Welsh.

In these are also comprised abridgments, extracts, and adaptations.

III. *Appendix.* Containing a list of the various works relating to "Uncle Tom's Cabin;" also critical notices of the work whether separately published or contained in reviews, magazines, newspapers, etc.

I. ORIGINAL ENGLISH.

Uncle Tom's Cabin; or, Life among the Lowly . . . One hundred and tenth thousand. 2 vols.
John P. Jewett & Co. Boston, U. S. 1852. 12°

Uncle Tom's Cabin; or, Life among the Lowly . . . With introductory remarks by J. Sherman.
H. G. Bohn. London. 1852. 8°

Uncle Tom's Cabin; or, Negro Life in the Slave States of America.
T. Bosworth (Aug. 14th). *London.* 1852. 8°

Uncle Tom's Cabin; or, Life among the Lowly . . . With a Preface by the Author, written expressly for this edition.
T. Bosworth (Oct. 13th). *London.* 1852. 8°

Uncle Tom's Cabin . . . With twenty-seven Illustrations on wood by G. Cruikshank, Esq.
J. Cassell. London. 1852. 8°

Uncle Tom's Cabin. With a new Preface by H. B. Stowe.
Clarke & Co. London. [1852.] 8°

The People's Illustrated Edition. Uncle Tom's Cabin; or, Negro Life in the Slave States of America. With 50 Engravings.
Clarke & Co. London. 1852. 8°

Uncle Tom's Cabin; or, Negro Life in the Slave States of America. [With a Preface signed G.]
Clarke & Co. London. 1852. 12°

Uncle Tom's Cabin; or, Negro Life in the Slave States of America. Third edition. [With a Preface by G.]
Clarke & Co. London. 1852. 8°

Uncle Tom's Cabin; or, Negro Life in the Slave States of America. (The seventh thousand of this edition.)
C. H. Clarke & Co. London. 1852. 8°

Uncle Tom's Cabin; or, Negro Life in the Slave States of America . . . reprinted . . . from the tenth American edition.
Clarke & Co. London. 1852. 8°

Uncle Tom's Cabin, "the Story of the Age."
J. Gilbert. London. 1852. 18°

Uncle Tom's Cabin: a Tale of Life among the Lowly; or, Pictures of Slavery in the United States of America. Third edition. Embellished with eight spirited Engravings.
Ingram, Cooke & Co. London. 1852. 8°

Uncle Tom's Cabin; or, the History of a Christian Slave. With an Introduction by E. Burritt. With 16 Illustrations, etc.
Partridge & Oakey. London. 1852. 8°

Uncle Tom's Cabin; or, the History of a Christian Slave . . . With [an Introduction and] twelve Illustrations on Wood, designed by Anelay.
Partridge & Oakey. London. 1852. 8°

Another edition. Uncle Tom's Cabin; or, the History of a Christian Slave. With an Introduction [and Illustrations by H. Anelay].
Partridge and Oakey (Sept. 18th). *London.* [1852.] 8°

Uncle Tom's Cabin; or, Negro Life in the Slave States of America. With eight Engravings. [With a Preface signed G.]
Routledge & Co. London. 1852. 8°

Uncle Tom's Cabin; or, Negro Life in the Slave States of America. Third edition. With forty Illustrations.
Routledge & Co. and Clarke & Co. London. 1852. 8°

Uncle Tom's Cabin; or, Life among the Lowly. With introductory remarks by J. Sherman.
J. Snow. London. 1852. 8°

Second edition. Complete for seven pence. Uncle Tom's Cabin . . . Reprinted verbatim from the American edition. Fiftieth thousand.
G. Vickers. London. [1852.] 4°

Uncle Tom's Cabin. *Tauchnitz, Leipzig.* 1852. 16°. Being part of the Collection of "British Authors." Vol. 243, 44.

Cassell's edition of Uncle Tom's Cabin [by H. E. B. S.].
London. 1852. 12°

Uncle Tom's Cabin. *London.* 1852. 8°. Forming Vol. 84 of the "Parlour Library."

Uncle Tom's Cabin; or, Negro Life in the Slave States of America. *London.* 1852. 8°. Being No. 121 of the "Standard Novels."

Uncle Tom's Cabin; or, Life among the Lowly. New illustrated edition.
Adam & Charles Black. Edinburgh. 1853. 8°

Uncle Tom's Cabin; or, Negro Life in Slave States of America.
Clarke, Beeton & Co. London. [1853.] 16°

Uncle Tom's Cabin; or, Life among the Lowly . . . With above one hundred and fifty illustrations.
N. Cooke. London. 1853. 8°

Uncle Tom's Cabin; or, Life among the Lowly. Illustrated edition. Designs by Billings, etc.
S. Low, Son & Co. London. 1853. 8°

Uncle Tom's Cabin; or, Slave Life in America. [With a Biographical Sketch of Mrs. H. E. B. Stowe.]
T. Nelson & Sons. London, Edinburgh, printed 1853. 8°

Uncle Tom's Cabin: a Tale of Life among the Lowly. With a Preface by the . . . Earl of Carlisle.
G. Routledge & Co. London. 1853. 8°

Uncle Tom's Cabin. Adapted for young persons by Mrs. Crowe. With 8 Illustrations.
G. Routledge & Co. London. 1853. 8°

Uncle Tom's Cabin: a Tale of Slave Life, etc.
London. 1853. 8°
Forming part of the "Universal Library." Fiction, Vol. I.

Uncle Tom's Cabin . . . Standard illustrated edition.
London, Ipswich [printed 1857]. 12°
One of a series called the "Run and Read Library."

Uncle Tom's Cabin . . . With a Preface by . . . the Earl of Carlisle. A new edition.

Routledge & Sons. London. [1864.] 8°

Uncle Tom's Cabin . . . Standard illustrated edition. *London.* 1870. 8°. Forming part of the "Lily Series."

All about Little Eva, from Uncle Tom's Cabin.

London. 1853. 12°

All about Poor Little Topsy, from Uncle Tom's Cabin.

London. 1853. 12°

A Peep into Uncle Tom's Cabin. By "Aunt Mary" [i. e. Miss Low]. With an Address from Mrs. H. B. Stowe to the Children of England and America.

S. Low & Son. London. (Jewett & Co., Boston, U. S.) 1853. 8°

A selection of passages from Uncle Tom's Cabin.

Pictures and Stories from Uncle Tom's Cabin (designed to adapt Mrs. Stowe's narrative to the understanding of the youngest readers).

Edinburgh. 1853. 4°

The Juvenile Uncle Tom's Cabin. Arranged for young readers. By Mrs. Crowe.

Routledge & Co. London. 1853. 12°

An abridgment. With four Illustrations.

Uncle Tom's Cabin for Children. By Mrs. Crowe.

Routledge & Sons. London. 1868. 12°

This is another edition of the preceding abridgment. With two Illustrations.

Uncle Tom's Cabin. A drama of real life. In three Acts [and in prose]. Adapted from Mrs. Beecher Stowe's celebrated Novel.

London. 1854. 12°

Contained in Vol. XII. of "Lacy's acting edition of Plays."

Uncle Tom's Cabin. A drama in six Acts, by G. L. Aiken.

New York. 1868. 12°

Contained in "French's Standard Drama."

II. TRANSLATIONS.

(Brother Thomas's Cabin. A story by H. B. Stowe, an American Lady.)

Armenian. 2 Vols. (*Venice.*) 1854. 12°

Stryc Tomás, aneb Obrazy ze zivota cernych otroku v Americe, Z Anglického paní H. B. S. [much abridged].

Bohemian. Brne [*Brünn*]. 1854. 8°

Onkel Thomas, eller Negerlivet i Amerikas Slaverstater . . . Oversat fra den nordamerikanske original af Capt. Schädtler.

Danish. Kjöbenhavn. 1853. 8°

Onkel Toms Hytte, eller Negerliv i de amerikanske Slavestater . . . Oversat of P. V. Grove.

Danish. Kjöbenhavn. 1856. 8°

De Negerhut. [Uncle Tom's Cabin] . . . Naar den 20en Amerikaanschen druk, uit het Engelsch vertaald door C. M. Mensing.

Dutch. 2 Deel. *Haarlem.* 1853. 8°

Setä Tumon Tupa, lyhykäisesti kerottu ja kanniilla kuvanksilla valaistu. [Abridged translation into Finnish of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" by Mrs. H. E. Beecher Stowe.

Finnish. Turussa [*Åbo*]. 1856. obl. 4°

De Hut van Onkel Tom, eene Slaven-Geschiedenis. Naer het Engelsch.

Flemish. 3 Deel. *Gent.* [1852.] 8°

La Cabane de l'Oncle Tom, ou les noirs en Amérique. Traduction neuve, corrigée et accompagnée de notes par L. de Wailly et E. Texier. Troisième édition.

French. Paris. [1852.] 8°

La Cabane de l'Oncle Tom . . . traduction complète par A. Michiels, avec une biographie de l'auteur.

French. Paris. 1852. 12°

La Case de l'Oncle Tom, ou Sort des Nègres Esclaves. Traduction nouvelle par M. L. Carion, précédée d'une étude sur l'ouvrage [by H. Carion].

French. 2 tom. *Paris, Cambrai* [printed], 1853. 12°

La Case de l'Oncle Tom; ou Tableaux de l'Esclavage dans les États-Unis d'Amérique . . . Traduction nouvelle par Old Nick [pseud. i. e. P. E. Dauran Forgues] et A. Joanne.

French. Paris. 1853. 8°

La Case de l'Oncle Tom . . . Traduction faite à la demande de l'Auteur par Madame L. S. Belloc, avec une préface de Madame Beecher Stowe, écrite par elle pour cette traduction, précédée d'une notice sur sa vie par Madame L. S. Belloc, et ornée de son portrait gravé par M. F. Girard.

French. Paris. 1853. 12°

Mme. H. B. S. La Case de l'Oncle Tom, traduite et accompagnée de notes par M. L. Pilatte. Nouvelle édition, revue et corrigée, augmentée d'une préface de l'Auteur écrite spécialement pour cette édition, et d'une introduction par George Sand. Traduction autorisée . . . par Mme. Beecher Stowe.

French. Paris. 1853. 12°

Le Père Tom, ou vie des nègres en Amérique. Traduction de La Bédollière.

French. Paris. 1853. 12°

La Case de l'Oncle Tom, ou vie des nègres en Amérique . . . Traduction de L. Enault.

French. Paris. 1853. 8°

One of a series called "Bibliothèque des Chemins de Fer."

La Case du Père Tom, ou vie des nègres en Amérique. Traduction de La Bédollière. Nouvelle édition, augmentée d'une notice par G. Sand. Illustrations, etc.

French. Paris. [1859 ?] 4°

La Case de l'Oncle Tom. Drame en huit actes. Par MM. Dumanoir et D'Ennery. Représenté pour la première fois, à Paris, sur le Théâtre de l'Ambigu-Comique le 10 Janvier, 1853.

French. Paris. 1859. 4°

Contained in the "Théâtre Contemporain Illustré." 80e Série.

L'Oncle Tom. Drame en cinq actes et neuf tableaux. Par MM. E. Texier et L. de Wailly. Représenté pour la première fois à Paris, sur le Théâtre de la Gaité le 23 Janvier 1853.

French. Paris. 1853. 8°

Contained in the Bibliothèque Dramatique of Michel Lévy. Tome 49.

Another Edition. *Paris.* 1859. 4°

Contained in the "Théâtre Contemporain."

Onkel Tom's Hütte. Eine Negergeschichte. 3 Bdchen.

German. Berlin und *Dessau* [printed], 1852. 8°

Forms Bdch. 4–6, Jahrg. 5 of the "Allgemeine Deutsche Volks-Bibliothek."

Oheim Tom's Hütte, oder das Leben bei den Niedrigen . . . Uebersetzt von H. R. Hutten.

German. Boston, U. S. Cambridge, U. S. [printed], 1853. 8°

Onkel Tom, oder Schilderungen aus dem Leben in den Sklavenstaaten Nordamerika's . . . Nach den 35sten englischen Auflage von J. S. Lowe.

German. 2 Bdc. *Hamburg, Leipzig* [printed], 1853. 8°

Onkel Tom's Hütte. Ein Roman aus dem Leben der Sklaven in Amerika. (Mit sechs sauberen Holzschnitten geziert.) 2 Bdc.

German. Berlin. [1853.] 8°

Onkel Tom's Hütte, oder das Negerleben in den Sklavenstaaten des freien Nordamerika . . . In deutscher Auffassungsweise für deutsche Leser bearbeitet von Dr. Ungewitter. Dritte Ausgabe, mit 6 Illustrationen.

German. Wien [printed] und *Leipzig.* 1853. 8°

Onkel Tom's Hütte, oder Negerleben in den Sklavenstaaten von Amerika . . . Mit der Biographie der Verfasserin, und einer Vorrede von E. Burritt. Vollständige und wohlfeilste Stereotyp-Ausgabe. Neunte Auflage. Nebst Portrait.

German. Leipzig. 1853. 8°

This forms Bd. I of the "Neue Volks-Bibliothek, herausgegeben von A. Schrader."

Onkel Tom's Hütte. Aus dem Englischen. Mit 6 Holzschnitten.

German. Berlin. 1853. 8°

Onkel Tom's Hütte, oder Negerleben in den Sklavenstaaten Amerika's. Aus dem Englischen. Mit fünfzig Illustrationen. Vierte Auflage.

German. Leipzig. 1854. 8°

[Onkel Tom's Hütte. Eine Negergeschichte.

German. 3 Bdc. *Wittenberg.* 1856. 12°

Contained in the Neuer Haus und Familienschatz.]

Onkel Tom's Hütte, nach dem Englischen . . . für die reifere Jugend bearbeitet von M. Gans. Mit einer Abbildung in Farbendruck.

German. Pesth. 1853. 8°

Forming Bd. 1 of the "Neues Lesekabinet für die reifere Jugend."

Onkel Tom's Hütte, oder Leiden der Negersklaven in Amerika. [By Mrs. H. E. B. Stowe.] Im Auszuge für das Volk bearbeitet. Mit einem Titelbilde.

German. Berlin. 1853. 16°

Onkel Tom's Hütte. Erzählung für Kinder bearbeitet. [From Mrs. Stowe's tale.] Neues Bilder . . . und Lesebuch, etc.
German. Nürnberg. [1854?] obl. 4°

Onkel Tom's Hütte, für Kinder. Nach dem Englischen [of Mrs. Stowe] von A. Härtel.
German. Leipzig. [1854?] 16°

Tamás Bátya Kunyhója; vagy, Neger elet a rabszolga — tartó Amerikai államokban. B. S. H. után Angolból, Irinyi József.
Hungarian. 2 Kötet. *Pesten.* 1853. 12°

Tamás Bátya. Gyermekek számára. Kidolgozta M . . . Rokus. [Brother Thomas. For Children. Elaborated by Rokus M . . .]
Hungarian. Pesten. 1856. 8°

Tamás Bátya, vagy egy Szerecsen rabszolga története. H. B. Stowe utan irta Tatár Péter. [Brother Thomas, or story of a Negro Slave. Written by P. Tatar after H. B. Stowe. A versified abridgment.]
Hungarian. Pest. 1857. 8°

Stric Tomaz ali zivlenje zamorcov v Ameriki . . . Svobodno za Slovence zdelal J. B.
Illyrian. Celovec [*Klagenfurt, in Carinthia*]. 1853. 8°

Stric Tomova Koca, ali zivljenje zamorcov v robnih derzavah svobodne severne Amerike . . . Iz némskega poslovénil [and abridged] F. Malavasie. S sterimi podobsinami.
Illyrian. Ljubljana [*Laibach, in Carniola*]. 1853. 8°

La Capanna dello Zio Tommaso; ossia la vita dei Negri in America. Di Enrichetta Beecher Stowe.
Italian. Lugano. 1853. 8°

Chata Wuja Tomasza, czyli zycie niewolników . . . Przetlumaczyl. F. Dydacki.
Polish. 2 Tom. *Lwow* [*Lemberg, in Galicia*]. 1853. 8°

Chatka Ojca Toma, czyli zycie murzynów w stanach niewolniczych Ameryki Pólnocnej: romans . . . Przeklad Waclawa P. Tom. 1. (Przeklad I. Iwickiego. Tom. 2.)
Polish. 2 Tom. *Warszawa.* 1865. 8°.

A Cabana do Pai Thomaz, ou a vida dos pretos na America, Romance moral escripto em Inglez por Mrs. H. B. S. e traduzido em portuguez por F. L. Alvares d'Andrada, *etc.* (Juizo da obra por Mme. George Sand [*pseud.* i. e. Amantine Lucile Aurore Dudevant. With plates].)
Portuguese. 2 Tom. *Paris.* 1853. 12°

Ἡ καλύβη τοῦ Θωμᾶ, ἢ ὁ βίος τῶν Μαύρων ἐν Ἀμερικῇ. Μυθιστορία Ἐρριέττας Στόβης, μεταφράσθεισα ἐκ τοῦ Ἀγγλικοῦ ὑπὸ Ι. Καρασούτσα.
Romaic or Modern Greek. 2 Vols. Ἀθήνησι [*Athens.*] 1860. 8°

Khizhina dyadi Toma: roman.
Russian. St. Petersburg. 1858. 8°

Khizhina dyadi Toma: povyest, etc.
Russian. St. Petersburg. 1865. 8°

La Cabaña del Tio Tomas. Novela escrita en Ingles.
Spanish. 2 tom. *Mexico.* 1853. 12°

La Cabaña dei tio Tom, novela . . . traducida al Castellano por A. A. Orihuela.

Spanish. Bogota. 1853. 8°

La Cabaña del tio Tomás, ó los Negros en Américà. Traducida por los Redactores del Clamor Publico, é ilustrada con cinco laminàs finas grabadas en acero.

Spanish. Barcelona. 1853. 8°

La Choza del Negro Tomas, ó vida de los Negros en el Sur de los Estados-Unidos. Novela escrita en Inglés . . . traducida al Castellano.

Spanish. 2 tom. *Madrid.* 1853. 8°

La Choza de Tomas. Novela . . . traducida al Castellano. Edicion ilustrada con 26 grabados aparte del testo.

Spanish. Madrid, Paris. 1853. 4°

La Choza de Tom . . . traducida por W. Ayguals de Izco. Segunda edicion.

Spanish. Madrid. 1853. 4°

Onkel Toms Stuga. Bearbetad för Barn. [An abridgment for children.]

Swedish. Stockholm. 1868. 16°

Koliba lui Moshu Toma, etc.

Wallachian. 2 tom. *Jassy.* 1853. 8°

Bordeiulu Unkiului Tom, etc.

Wallachian. 2 tom. *Jassy.* 1853. 8°

Crynodeb o Gaban 'Newyrth Tom; nan Frywyd Negroaidd yn America . . . Cyfiethiedig gan y Lefiad [with a prefatory notice by W. Williams].

Welsh. Abertawy. [1853.] 12°

[Caban Newyrth Tom'wedi ei Gyfeithu gan y Lefiad.

Welsh. 2 parts. *Abestawy.* [No date.] 12°

Caban F'Ewyrth Twm . . . gyda . . . gerfluniau gan G. Cruikshank. Cyfieithad H. Williams.

Welsh. Llundain. 1853. 12°

Caban F'Ewythr Tomos, neu hanes caethwas Cristnogol . . . Crynodeb o waith Harriet Beecher Stowe.

Welsh. Caernarfon. [1860?] 12°

III. APPENDIX.

The Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin; presenting the original facts and documents upon which the story is founded. Together with corroborative Statements, verifying the truth of the Work. By Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe.

Clarke, Beeton & Co.; and Thomas Bosworth. London. [1853.] 8°

A Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin. *Tauchnitz, Leipzig.* 1853. 16°

Forming Vols. 266–67 of the "Collection of British Authors."

A Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin. Second Edition.

Sampson Low, Son & Co. London. 1853. 8°

La Clef de la Case de l'Oncle Tom. Avec les pièces justificatives. Ouvrage traduit par Old Nick [*pseud.* i. e. Paul Émile Dauran Forgues] & A. Joanne.

Paris. 1853. 8°

La Clef de la Case de l'Oncle Tom.

Paris. 1857.

This is another copy of the preceding, with a new title-page and a different date.

Schlüssel zu Onkel Tom's Hütte. Enthaltend die ursprünglichen Thatsachen und Documente, die dieser Geschichte zu Grunde liegen. Zweite Auflage.

Leipzig. 1853. 8°

Forming Bnd. 5 and 7 of the "Neue Volks-Bibliothek, herausgegeben von A. Schrader."

La Llave de la Cabaña del Tio Tom. Traducida de la ultima edicion por G. A. Larrosa.

Madrid, Barcelona [printed], 1855. 8°

REVIEWS AND NOTICES OF "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN," SEPARATELY PUBLISHED; ALPHABETICALLY ARRANGED UNDER THE AUTHORS' NAMES.

Adams (F. Colburn). Uncle Tom at Home. A review of the reviewers and repudiators of Uncle Tom's Cabin, by Mrs. Stowe.

Philadelphia. 1853. 12°

Another Edition. *London.* [1853.] 12°

Brimblecomb (Nicholas) *pseud.?* Uncle Tom's Cabin in Ruins. Triumphant defense of Slavery: in a series of Letters to H. B. Stowe.

Boston, U. S. 1853. 8°

Clare (Edward). The Spirit and Philosophy of Uncle Tom's Cabin.

London. 1853. 12°

Criswell (R.). Uncle Tom's Cabin contrasted with "Buckingham Hall, the Planter's Home;" or, a fair view of both sides of the Slavery Question.

New York. 1853. 12°

Denman (Thomas) *Baron Denman.* "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Bleak House," Slavery and Slave Trade. Seven articles by Lord Denman, reprinted from the "Standard." With an article containing facts connected with Slavery, by Sir G. Stephen, reprinted from the "Northampton Mercury."

London. 1853. 12°

Second Edition. *London.* 1853. 12°

Helps (*Sir* Arthur). A letter on Uncle Tom's Cabin. By the author of "Friends in Council."

Cambridge, U. S. 1852. 8°

Henson (Josiah). "Uncle Tom's Story of his Life." An Autobiography of J. Henson, from 1789 to 1876. With a Preface by Mrs. H. B. Stowe, and an introductory note by G. Sturge and S. Morley. Edited by J. Lobb. [With a Portrait.] Fortieth thousand.

London, 1877. 8°

Senior (Nassau William). American Slavery: a reprint of an article on "Uncle Tom's Cabin," of which a portion was inserted in the 206th number of the Edinburgh Review; and of Mr. Sumner's Speech of the 19th and 20th of May, 1856. With a notice of the events which followed that speech.

London, 1856. 8°

Published without the author's name.

Another Edition. *London*. [1862.] 8°

Published with the author's name.

Thompson (George). American Slavery. A lecture delivered in the Music Hall, Store St., Dec. 13th, 1852. Proving by unquestionable evidence the correctness of Mrs. Stowe's portraiture of American Slavery, in her popular work, "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

London. 1853. 12°

REVIEWS AND NOTICES OF "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN," WHICH HAVE APPEARED IN VARIOUS PERIODICALS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM; ALPHABETICALLY ARRANGED.

Note. — Those in the *Welsh* language are printed together at the end.

The "*Athenæum*." *London*. 1852, p. 574. Notice.
1852, p. 1173. Contrast between "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and the works by Hildreth and W. L. G. Smith.
1859, p. 549. Contrasts the literary merits of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "The Minister's Wooing."
1863, p. 78. Notice of the Influence of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

The "*Baptist Magazine*." *London*. 1852. Vol. 44, p. 206. Notice.

The "*Baptist Reporter*." *London*. 1852. N. S. Vol. 9, p. 206. Notice.

"*Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*." *Edinburgh*. 1853. Vol. 74, p. 393. Review of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "Key."

"The *Christian Reformer*." *London*. 1853. 3d Series, Vol. 8, p. 472. Review.

The "*Christian Witness*." *London*. 1852. 8°. Vol. 9, p. 344. Review.

"The *Critic*." *London*. 1852. fol. p. 293. Notice.

"*Dublin University Magazine*." *Dublin*. Vol. 40, Nov., 1852. 8°. Review.

"The *Eclectic Review*." *London*. 1852. 8°. N. S. Vol. 4. Notice. Do. Vol. 7. 1854. Notice.

"The *Edinburgh Review*." *London*. 1855. No. 206. The article "American Slavery," written by N. W. Senior, and twice reprinted by the author with additions.

"*Fraser's Magazine*." *London*. 1852. 8°. Vol. 46. A critique by A. H.

"The *Free Church Magazine*." *Edinburgh*. 1852. 8°. N. S. Vol. 1, p. 359. Notice.

"The *General Baptist Repository*." *London*. 1852. 8°. Vol. 31, p. 339. Notice.

"The *Inquirer*." *London*. 1852. fol. Vol. 2, p. 644. Review.

"The *Literary Gazette.*" *London.* 1852. fol. Notice.

"The *Local Preacher's Magazine.*" *London.* 1853. 8°. N. S. Vol. 1. Notice.

"The *Methodist New Connexion Magazine.*" *London.* 1852. 8°. 3d Series, Vol. 20. Review.

"The *Mother's Magazine.*" *London.* 1852. Review.

"The *North British Review.*" *Edinburgh.* 1853. 8°. Vol. 18. Review.

"The *Quarterly Review.*" *London.* 1857. Vol. 101. Review of "Dred" and "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

"*Sharpe's London Magazine,*" conducted by Mrs. S. C. Hall. *London.* 1852, 1853. 8°. N. S. Vol. 1. Review.
N. S. Vol. 2. Notice, with Miss Bremer's opinion of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

"The *Spectator.*" *London.* 1852. 8°. Notice.

"*Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.*" *Edinburgh.* 1852. 8°. 2d Series. Notice.

"The *Westminster Review.*" *London.* 1853. 8°. N. S. Vol. 4. Review.

Welsh Reviews and Notices.

"*Y Cylchgrawn*" [The Circulator]. *Abertawy.* 1853. 8°. Vol. 3. Review of Welsh translation.

"*Y Diwygiwr*" [The Reformer]. *Llanelli.* 1852. 8°. Vols. 17 and 18. Notices of Welsh translations.

"*Y Dysgedydd*" [The Instructor]. *Dolgellan.* 1853. 8°. Notices of Welsh translations.

"*Yr Eurgrawn Wesleyaidd*" [The Wesleyan Golden Treasury]. Llanidloes. 1853. 8°. Vol. 2. Review of Welsh translations.

"*Y Greal*" [The Miscellany]. *Llangollen.* 1853. 8°. Vol. 2. Review.

"*Yr Haul*" [The Sun]. *Llanymddyfri.* 18°. Vol. 4. Extracts and Reviews.

"*Y Traethodydd*" [The Essayist]. *Dinbych.* 1853. 8°. Vol. 9. Notice.

Reviews and Notices in United States Periodicals.

"The *Literary World.*" *New York.* 1852. fol. Vol. 10. Review.

"*Littell's Living Age.*" *Boston.* 1852. 8°. Reviews from American and English Periodicals.

"The *New Englander.*" *New Haven.* 1852. 8°. Vol. 10. Review.

"The *New York Quarterly Review.*" *New York.* 1853. Vol. 1. Review.

"The *North American Review.*" *Boston.* 1853. 8°. Vol. 77. Review.

"The *United States Review.*" *New York.* 1853. 8°. Vol. 1.

A Critique in "Blackwood's Magazine." Article, "Slavery and Slave Power in the United States." The writer speaks of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" as "A romance without the slightest pretension to truth, and the foundation of a wholesale attack on the institutions and character of the people of the United States."

Reviews and Notices in Foreign Periodicals.

"*Boekzaal der Geleerde Wereld.*" *Dutch. Amsterdam.* 1853. 12°. Review, by "J. J. V. T."

"*De Tijd.*" *Dutch. 'SGravenhage,* 1853. 8°. Deel 17. Notice, with portrait of Mrs. Stowe.

"*Vaderlandsche Letteroefeningen.*" *Dutch. Amsterdam.* 1853. 8°. Review.

"*De Eendragt.*" *Flemish. Gent.* 1853. Jaerzang 7. Review, by "R."

"*Revue Critique des Livres Nouveaux.*" *French. Paris.* 1852. 8°. Review, by "H. A. P."

"*Revue Contemporaine.*" *French. Paris.* 1852. 8°. Tome 4. Article, "Les Nègres en Amérique,' by Philarète Chasles.

"*Revue des Deux Mondes.*" *French. Paris.* 1852. 8°. 6th series. Tome 16. Article, "Le Roman Abolitioniste en Amérique," by Émile Montégut.

"*Blätter für literarische Unterhaltung.*" *German. Leipzig.* 1853. 4°. Band I. Review, by Rudolf Gottschall.

"*Europa.*" *German. Leipzig.* 1853. fol. Review and Notices.

"*Das Pfennig-Magazin.*" *German. Leipzig.* 1852. fol. Notices.

"*Unterhaltungen am häuslichen Herd.*" *German. Leipzig.* 1853. 8°. Review.

"*Il Cimento.*" *Italian. Torino.* 1852. 8°. Review.

Titles of Various Editions, Translations, Abridgments, Adaptations, Keys, Reviews, etc., not contained in the Library of the British Museum at the Time when the Foregoing Lists were compiled.

[Uncle Tom's Cabin; or, Life among the Lowly. New Edition, with Illustrations, and a Bibliography of the Work by George Bullen, Esq., F. S. A., Keeper of the Department of Printed Books, British Museum. Together with an Introductory Account of the Work.
Houghton, Osgood & Co. Boston. 1878. 8°]

[Uncle Tom's Cabin; or, Life among the Lowly. New Edition, with an Introductory Account of the Work by the Author.
Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Boston. 1885. 12°]

[Uncle Tom's Cabin; or, Life among the Lowly. Illustrated by E. W. Kemble. [With introduction.] 2 Vols.
Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Boston. 1891. 16°]

[Uncle Tom's Cabin; or, Life among the Lowly. *Universal Edition.*
Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Boston. 1892. 12°]

[Uncle Tom's Cabin. *Brunswick Edition.*
Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Boston. 1893. 18°]

[Uncle Tom's Cabin; or, Life among the Lowly. With an Introduction setting forth the History of the Novel, and a Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin.
Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Boston. 2 vols. 1896. Crown 8°]

[Uncle Tom's Cabin. A Tale of Life among the Lowly. With Portrait and Twenty-seven Illustrations [woodcuts] by George Cruikshank.
Hutchinson & Co. London. [no date.] 8°]

[The Christian Slave. A Drama, founded on a Portion of Uncle Tom's Cabin. Dramatized by Harriet Beecher Stowe, expressly for the Readings of Mrs. Mary E. Webb.
Phillips, Sampson & Co. Boston. 1855. 16°]

Strejcek Tom, cili: Otroctví ve svobodné Americe. Povídka pro mlady a dospely vek, vzdelaná dle anglického romance od paní Harriet Beecher Stowe.
Bohemian. Prague. 1853. 12°]

[Onkel Toms Hytte. Tredie Oplag.
Danish. 2 vols. *V. Pio.* [*Kjöbenhavn?*] 1876.]

De Hut van Oom Tom, of het Leven der Negerslaven in Noord-Amerika. Naar het Fransch van de La Bédollière, door W. L. Ritter.
Dutch. Batavia. 1853. 8°

A copy of this version is in the possession of Professor Stowe.

De Neger hut, of het Leven der Negerslaven in Amerika. Uit Engelsch vertaald door P. Munnich. Eerste Deel.
Dutch. Soerabaya [at the East End of Java]. 1853. 8°

A copy of this version is also in the possession of Professor Stowe.

[De Negerhut. (Uncle Tom's Cabin.) Een Verhaal uit het Slavenleven in Noord-Amerika. Naar den 20sten Amerikaanschen Druk. Uit het Engelsch vertaald door C. M. Mensing. Volks-Uitgave.
Dutch. Amsterdam. 1874. 12°]

La Cabane de l'Oncle Tom. Traduction revue par L. de Wailly et E. Texier.
French. Paris. 1852. 8°

La Cabane de l'Oncle Tom. Traduction complète par A. Michiels. 2e Édition.
French. Paris. 1852. 12°

La Case de l'Oncle Tom. Traduite par L. Pilatte.
French. 2 tom. *Paris.* 1852. 12°

La Case de l'Oncle Tom. Traduction de La Bédollière. Illustrations Anglaises.
French. Paris. 1852. 4°

Another Edition. *Paris.* 1852. large 8°

Another Edition. *Paris.* 1852. sm. 8°

La Cabane de l'Oncle Tom. Traduction par A. Michiels. 3e Édition.
French. Paris. 1853. 12°

4e Édition. *Paris.* 1853. 12°

La Cabane de l'Oncle Tom. Traduction de MM. Wailly et Texier.
French. Paris. 1853. 4°

2e Edition. *Paris.* 1853. 12°.

La Case du Père Tom. Traduction de La Bédollière. Nouvelle Edition, augmentée d'une notice de G. Sand.
French. Paris. 1853. 12°

La Case de l'Oncle Tom. Traduit par L. Énault.
French. Paris. 1853. fol.

La Case de l'Oncle Tom. Traduction par MM. C. Rowey et A. Rolet.
French. Paris. 1853. 12°

Another Edition. *Paris.* 1853. 8°

La Cabane de l'Oncle Tom. Traduction par Texier et Wailly.
French. Paris. 1853. 4°

Contained in the "Musée Littéraire du Siècle."

La Case de l'Oncle Tom. Traduction de L. Énault.
French. Paris. 1853. 16°

Contained in the "Bibliothéque des Chemins de Fer."

Another Edition. *Paris.* 1853. 12°

Contained in the "Bibliothéque des meilleurs romans étrangers."

La Case de l'Oncle Tom. Traduit par Victor Ratier. Edition revue par l'Abbé Jouhanneaud.
French. Limoges et Paris. 1853. 8°

"Édition modifiée à l'usage de la Jeunesse."

La Case de l'Oncle Tom. Racontée aux enfants, par Mme Arabella Palmer. Traduite de l'anglais, par A. Viollet. [With Illustrations.]
French. Paris. 1853. 12°

La Case de l'Oncle Tom. Traduction de La Bédollière.
French. Paris. 1854. 4°

Contained in the "Panthéon Populaire."

La Case de l'Oncle Tom. Traduction de V. Ratier. Revue par l'Abbé Jouhanneaud.
French. Limoges et Paris. 1857. 12°

La Case de l'Oncle Tom. Traduit par La Barré.
French. 3 vols. *Paris.* 1861. 12°

La Case de l'Oncle Tom. Traduction par Mme L. S. Belloc. Avec une préface de Mme Beecher Stowe. Ornée de son Portrait.
French. Paris. 1862. 12°

Contained in the "Bibliothèque Charpentier."

Reprinted. *Paris.* 1872. 12°

La Case de l'Oncle Tom. Traduit par M. L. Pilatte. Nouvelle édition, augmentée d'une préface de l'auteur et d'une introduction par G. Sand.
French. Paris. 1862. 12°

La Case du Père Tom. Traduction de La Bédollière. Notice de G. Sand. Illustrations Anglaises.
French. Paris. 1863. 4°

Contained in the "Panthéon Populaire."

Reprinted. *Paris.* 1874. 4°

La Case de l'Oncle Tom. Traduite par L. Enault.
French. Paris. 1864. 12°

Contained in the "Bibliothèque des meilleurs romans étrangers."

Reprinted. *Paris.* 1865. 12°
Do. *Paris.* 1873. 12°
Do. *Paris.* 1875. 12°
Do. *Paris.* 1876. 12°

La Case de l'Oncle Tom. Traduction de L. Barré.
French. Paris. 1865.

[La Case de l'Oncle Tom; ou, Vie des Nègres en Amérique. Roman Américain traduit par Louis Énault.
French. Paris. 1872. 16°]

[La Case de l'Oncle Tom. Traduit par M. Léon Pilatte. Nouvelle édition, augmentée d'une introduction par George Sand.
French. Paris. 1875. 12°]

La Case de l'Oncle Tom. Traduction revue par E. du Chatenet.
French. Limoges. 1876. 8°

Abrégé de l'histoire de l'Oncle Tom, à l'usage de la jeunesse.
French. Leipzig. 1857. 16°

Forming Vol. 24 of the "Petite Bibliothèque Française."

La Case de l'Oncle Tom. Drame en huit Actes: par MM. Dumanoir et d'Ennery. Musique de M. Artus. Théâtre de l'Ambigu Comique.
Paris. 1853. 12°

La Case de l'Oncle Tom. Romance tirée du roman de ce nom, jouée à l'Ambigu, paroles de E. Lecart.
Paris. 1853. 4°

La Case de l'Oncle Tom. Chanson nouvelle, d'après le drame de ce nom. [By "L. C."]
Paris. 1853. 4°

Onkel Tom, oder Sklavenleben in der Republik Amerika.
German. Berlin. 1852. 8°

Onkel Tom's Hütte, oder Negerleben in den Sklavenstaaten Amerikas. Aus dem Englischen. 2 Thle.
German. Berlin. 1852. 8°

Onkel Tom's Hütte, oder Negerleben in den Sklavenstaaten Amerikas. Aus dem Englischen.
German. 30 Lieferungen. *Leipzig.* 1852. 8°

Onkel Tom's Hütte. Uebersetzt von F. C. Nordestern.
German. 6 Hefte. *Wien.* 1852. 8°

Onkel Tom, oder Negerleben in den nordamerikanischen Sklavenstaaten. Uebersetzt von W. E. Dragulin.
German. 4 Bde. *Leipzig.* 1852. 8°

Forming Bd. 9–12 of the "Amerikanische Bibliothek."

Onkel Tom's Hütte, oder Negerleben in den Sclavenstaaten des freien Nordamerika. Frei bearbeitet von Ungewitter.
German. Leipzig. 1852. 8°

Forming Bd. 317 of the "Belletristisches Lese-Cabinet."

Sclaverei in dem Lande der Freiheit, oder das Leben der Neger in den Sclavenstaaten Nordamerika's. Nach der 15 Auflage von Onkel Tom's Cabin.

German. 4 Bdc. *Leipzig.* 1852. 8°

Onkel Tom's Hütte, oder die Geschichte eines christlichen Sclaven von H. B. Stowe.

German. 11 Bdchen. 1852–53. 4°

Forming Bdchen 1871–1881 of "Das Belletristische Ausland."

Onkel Tom's Hütte, oder Sklavenleben in den Freistaaten Amerika's. Aus dem Englischen. Zweite Auflage.

German. 3 Thle. *Berlin.* 1853. 8°.

Onkel Tom's Hütte, oder die Geschichte eines christlichen Sklaven. Aus dem Englischen übertragen von L. Du Bois.

German. 3 Thle. *Stuttgart.* 1853. 16°.

Onkel Tom's Hütte, oder Negerleben in den Sklavenstaaten von Amerika. Aus dem Englischen.

German. Leipzig. 1853. 8°.

Forming Bd. 1 of the "Neue Volks-Bibliothek."

Onkel Tom's Hütte, oder Negerleben in den Sklavenstaaten von Nordamerika. Mit 50 Illustrationen. Zweite Auflage.

German. Leipzig. 1853. 8°.

Dritte, mit Anmerkungen vermehrte Auflage.

Leipzig. 1853. 8°.

Vierte Auflage. *Leipzig.* 1854. 8°.

Onkel Tom's Hütte, oder Sclaverei im Lande der Freiheit. *German.* Dritte Auflage. 4 Bdc.

German. 4 Bdc. *Leipzig.* 1853. 16°.

Onkel Tom's Hütte, oder Negerleben in Nordamerika. Im Auszuge bearbeitet.

German. Berlin. 1853. 16°.

[Onkel Tom's Hütte, oder Negerleben in den Sklavenstaaten von Amerika. Aus dem Englischen übersetzt.

German. Leipzig. 1878. 16°.

In the Universal-Bibliothek.]

Onkel Tom's Schicksale. Erzählung für die Jugend, von Max Schasler.

German. 2 Bdchen. *Berlin.* 1853. 8°.

Onkel Tom's Schicksale. Erzählungen für die Jugend. Für die deutsche Jugend bearbeitet von Max Schasler.

German. 2 Bdchen. *Berlin.* 1853. 8°.

Forming Bdchen 1 of the "Hausbibliothek der Jugend."

La Capanna di Papa Tom. Libera Versione dal Franchese, etc.

Italian. Napoli. 1853. 8°.

A copy of this version is in the possession of Professor Stowe.

[La Capanna dello Zio Tom. Nuovo Versione Italiana, Elegamente Illustrata dal Sig. Bonamore.

Italian. Milano. 1883. 8°.]

[Chata Wuja Tomasza, czyli zycie niewolników w Zjednoczonych Stanach Pólnocnej Ameryki.
Polish. 2 Tom. *Warszawa.* 1877. 32°.]

Khizhina dyadi Toma, etc.
Russian. Moscow. 1858. 8°.

Khizhina dyadi Tom, etc.
Russian. St. Petersburg. 1858. 8 .

Dyadya Tom, etc. [Uncle Tom; or, Life of the Negro-Slaves in America. A tale adapted from the English by M. F. Butovich. Abridged.]
Russian. St. Petersburg. 1867. 8°.

[Khizhina dyadi Toma: Povyest, etc.
Russian. St. Petersburg and *Moscow.* 1874. 16°]

Chicha-Tomina Koliba.
Servian. Belgrade. 1854. 8°.

[La Cabaña del Tio Tom. Traducida al Castellano por A. A. Orihuela.
Spanish. Paris. 1852. 16°.]

[Onkel Toms Stuga, eller Negerlifvet i Amerikanska Slafstaterna. Öfversättning af S. J. Callerholm.
Swedish. Göteborg. 1873. 8°.]

[Onkel Toms Stuga. Skildring ur de Vanlottades Lif.
Swedish. Stockholm. 1882. 16°.]

[Three editions were also published between 1860 and 1865 by Alb. Bonnier, Stockholm.]

[Aelwyd F'Ewythr Robert: neu, Hanes Caban F'Ewythr Tomos. Gan y Parch. William Rees.
Welsh. Dinbych. 1853. 16°.

[A Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin; presenting the Original Facts and Documents upon which the story is founded. Together with Corroborative Statements verifying the Truth of the Work. By Harriet Beecher Stowe.
John P. Jewett & Co. Boston. 1853. 8°]

Nyckeln till Onkel Toms Stuga. [Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin.] Werkliga Tilldragelser pä hwilka Romanen af samma mann hwilar. Uldrag efter Mrs. H. Beecher Stowe. Öfwersatt efter Engelska Originalet.
Swedish. Stockholm. 1853. 16°.

[The Southern View of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." From The Southern Literary Messenger. By the Editor [John R. Thompson].
No place or date. 8°]

[Uncle Tom in England. The London Times on Uncle Tom's Cabin. A Review from the London Times of Friday, September 3d, 1852.
Bunce & Bro. New York. 1852. 8°, paper]

[Uncle Tom in Paris; or, Views of Slavery Outside the Cabin. Together with Washington's Views of Slavery, now for the first Time Published. By Adolphus M. Hart. [Also containing the London Times Review of September 3d, 1852.]
William Taylor & Co. Baltimore. 1854. 12°]

[Notes on Uncle Tom's Cabin: Being a Logical Answer to the Allegations and Inferences against Slavery as an Institution. With a supple-

mentary note on the Key, and an Appendix of Authorities. By the Rev. E. J. Stearns, A. M., Late Professor in St. John's College, Annapolis, Md.

Lippincott, Grambo & Co. Philadelphia. 1853. 16°]

[Father Henson's Story of his own Life. With an Introduction by Mrs. H. B. Stowe.

John P. Jewett & Co. Boston. 1858. 12°

While Josiah Henson was not really the original of Uncle Tom (the latter being an entirely imaginary character), yet his life was in many respects a parallel to that of Mrs. Stowe's hero.]

[Reviews in Leading Periodicals as follows:—

Prospective Review. London. 1852. Vol. 8. p. 490.——1853. Vol. 9. p. 248.

Chambers's Edinburgh Journal. Edinburgh. 1852. Vol. 19. pp. 155, 187.——1853. Vol. 19. p. 85.

Southern Literary Messenger. Richmond. 1852. Vol. 18. pp. 620, 721.——1853. Vol. 19. p. 321.

Southern Quarterly Review. Charleston, S. C. 1853. Vol. 23. p. 81. ——1854. Vol. 24. p. 214.

Christian Observer. London. 1852. Vol. 52. p. 695.

Irish Quarterly Review. Dublin. 1856. Vol. 6. p. 766.

Western Journal and Civilian. St. Louis. 1853. Vol. 9. p. 133. ——Vol. 10. p. 319 (A. Beatty).

Putnam's Monthly Magazine. New York. 1853. Vol. 1. p. 97. ("Success of U. T. C.")

Atlantic Monthly. Boston. 1879. Vol. 43. p. 407 (W. D. Howells). ——1896. Vol. 78. p. 311 ("The Story of U. T. C.," by C. D. Warner).

Manhattan. New York. 1882. Vol. 1. p. 28 (W. H. Forman).

Andover Review. Boston. 1885. Vol. 4. p. 363. ("Is it a Novel?")

Magazine of American History. New York. 1890. Vol. 23. p. 16 (F. Y. McCray).

Magazine of Western History. New York. 1890. Vol. 12. p. 24. ("Origin of U. T. C.," by H. D. Teetor.)

[Discourses on Special Occasions and Miscellaneous Papers. By Cornelius Van Santvoord.

M. W. Dodd, New York. 1856. 12°

Contains a chapter entitled "Uncle Tom's Cabin and Colonization."]

SUMMARY.

From the foregoing it will be seen that in the Library of the British Museum there are 35 editions of the original English, the complete text, and 9 of abridgments or adaptations.

Of translations in different languages there are 19: viz.

Armenian, 1; Bohemian, 1; Danish, 2 distinct versions; Dutch, 1; Finnish, 1; Flemish, 1; French, 8 distinct versions and 2 dramas; German, 5 distinct versions and 4 abridgments; Hungarian, 1 complete version, 1 for children, and 1 versified abridgment; Illyrian, 2 distinct versions; Italian, 1; Polish, 2 distinct versions; Portuguese, 1; Romaic or Modern Greek, 1; Russian, 2 distinct versions; Spanish, 6 distinct versions; Swedish, 1 abridgment for children; Wallachian, 2 distinct versions; Welsh, 3 distinct versions.

Of the "Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin," there are 3 editions in English, 2 in French, 1 in German, and 1 in Spanish.

Of works on the subject of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," separately published, there are 9.

Of Reviews and Notices of it in Periodicals there are 49: viz. 31 for the United Kingdom, of which 7 are Welsh; 6 for the United States; and 12 for other countries.

This list is, however, by no means complete.

Of Translations, etc., *not* in the British Museum list, there are: Bohemian, 1, a distinct version from that mentioned above; Danish, 1; Dutch, 2; French, 5 distinct versions, 1 drama, and a chanson; German, 4 distinct versions; Italian, 2; Polish, 1; Russian, 3 distinct versions and 1 abridgment; Servian, 1; Swedish, 3 and a translation of the "Key;" and Welsh, 1.

[Of English editions, adaptations, reviews, etc., not in the British Museum list, there are 6 complete editions, 1 dramatization of a portion, 1 edition of the "Key," 1 edition of Father Henson's Life, 4 reviews published separately, 4 reviews in British periodicals, and 9 reviews in American periodicals.]

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